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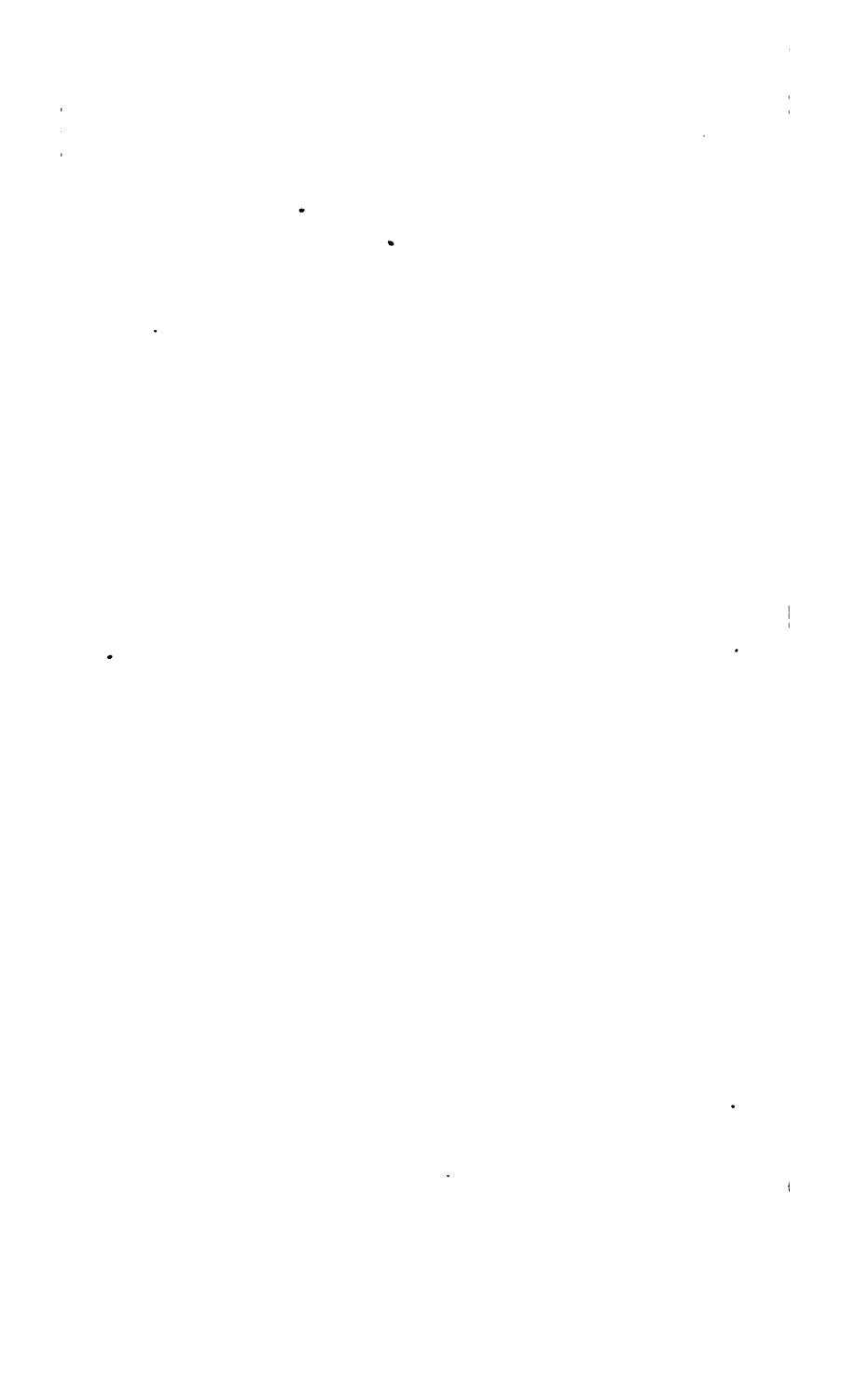


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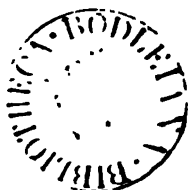


THE  
MANUSCRIPTS OF ERDÉLY.

A Romance.

BY

GEORGE STEPHENS.



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"A scholar's fancy,  
A quab, 'tis nothing else—a very quab."

FORD.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

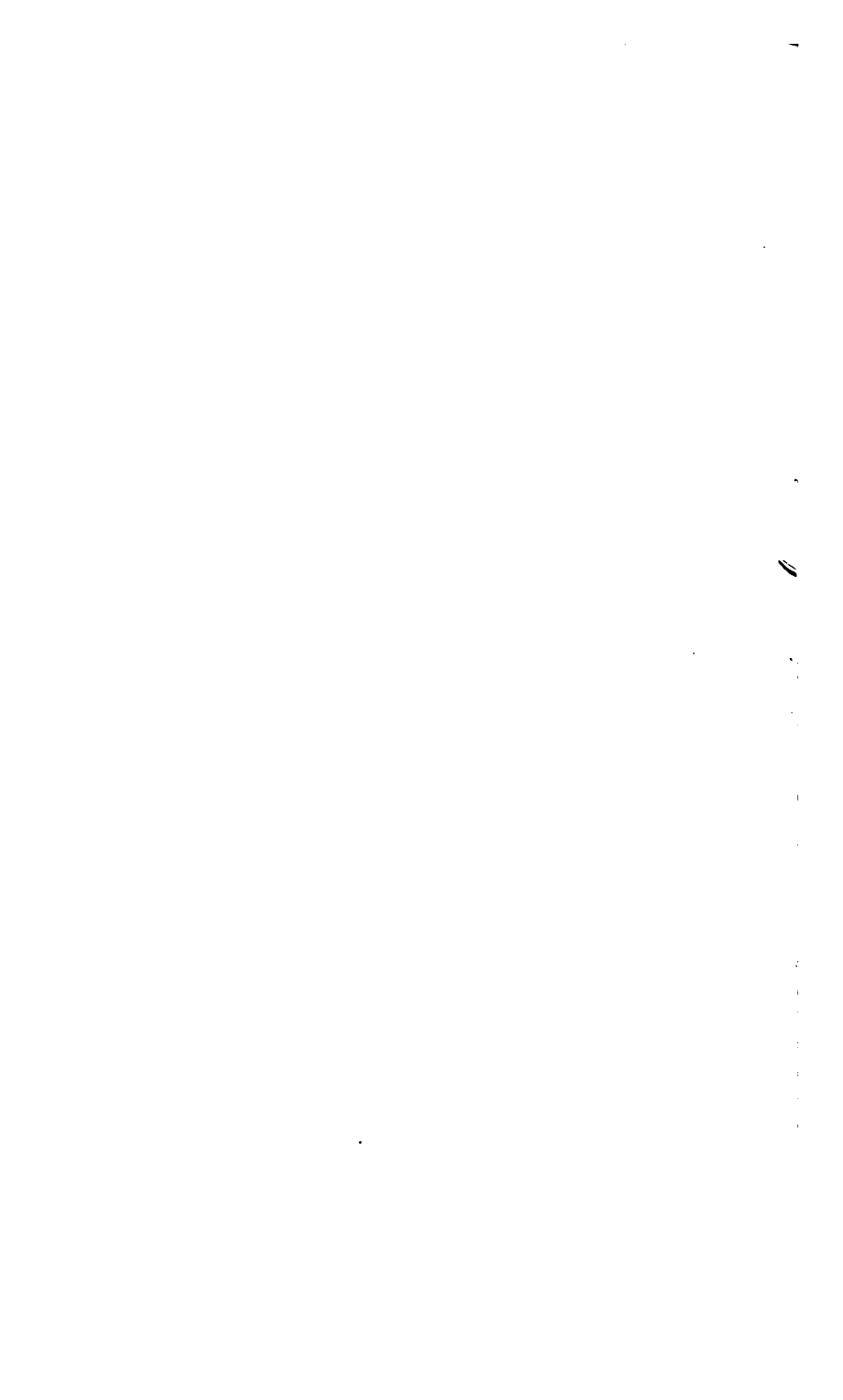
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THE  
MANUSCRIPTS OF ERDÉLY.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Ἡ τῆς βουλῆς ἰσχύς ψυχῇ πολλῶς ἰστῆν.

*Libanius ; Orat. Parentalis, c. lxxi. p. 96.*

It is doubtful what was the original rank in life, and the parentage of the celebrated individual, who stand forward a principal agent in the following narrative.

The birth of George Martinuzzi occurred, it is supposed, in Croatia,\* somewhere about the latter part of the fifteenth century, and proved the advent of as fatal calamities to his adopted country, as ever overwhelmed the liberties of a gallant people. It is true that the consequences of the fall of Presburg had been quickly retrieved by a peace with the Archduke Ferdinand, and that any imaginary disgrace might be considered as obliterated in the brilliant affair, which happened shortly

\* Martinus ipse in literis ad Wrantium scriptis disertè ait se e Croatia ortum. Apud Pray. Ansal. P. v. page 271.

after, of two thousand cattle-keepers putting to route the whole infidel force in the gorge of the Red Tower.\* But Rhodes, which had long held the Ottoman emperor at bay, having at length submitted to his arms,† his mind had leisure to revert to his ancient and fascinated enemy. He fixed his basilisk eye on the Magyar nation, as on a prey. For awhile he seemed to hesitate; but a slight affront, which, in an evil hour, his representative received at the court of Lewis,‡ though promptly avenged by the massacre of 20,000 prisoners, served as an apology and signal for the memorable irruption of 1526. Ere that event, however ominous the clouds which frequently darkened the eastern hemisphere of Europe, they invariably gathered without bursting. Hungary, during this temporary interval of breathing-time, seems to have been lulled into a false and fatal supineness, and to have taken no rational measures of defence, in the event of a renewed invasion. Solyman, who, according to Istuanfius, was looked upon at this period as another Sardanapalus, lingered in his capital, occupied in consolidating his conquests and resources, and recruiting the strength of his vast empire, as Jove's bird might retire to his impregnable aërie, and new plume his wing, for a flight more soaring than the last.

At length, the blow, so long suspended, fell with redoubled weight. In the summer of the year already adverted to, 250,000 Ottomans turned the flank of Transylvania, and rushed like a torrent down upon the sandy *steppes* of Lower Hungary. The bulwark of Christendom§ had already been taken by assault. To oppose the inroad

\* Istuanf. lib. iii.

† Lud. Tuber. Comm. lib. xi. and Nic. Olah. Chron. ad an. 1521.

‡ Comment. a Bar. ab Herberstein.

§ Belgrade,—for long the bulwark of Christendom, as, for centuries before, of the Byzantine empire. Bonfinius writes, that Charlemagne stopt short his vague and nominal conquests at Belgrade, lest he should appear to insult the frontiers of the eastern empire; *Ne orientalis imperii fines lædere videretur.* Ant. Bonfin. Decad. 1. Lib. ix.

of this destroying host, Lewis took the field in person: and ambitious to distinguish his reign by a splendid achievement, he fatally resolved to stand the shock at the head of very inferior forces. "Green in his estate,"\* the royal stripling was accustomed to defer, as a matter of course, to the advice of priestly counsellors. It was an hereditary failing. Not long before, his predecessor, Ladislas, had yielded to the fanaticism of the Archbishop of Strigonic, whilst that prelate inflamed the minds of the deluded peasantry to a degree of religious enthusiasm, which, although in the first instance directed against the Turks, came to wreak itself indiscriminately on Mahometan and Christian.† This phrenetic fire was with difficulty extinguished by a sanguinary victory, gained over the wretched crusaders at Temeswar, by John of Zapola, hereditary waivode of Transylvania.‡ Unadmonished by his father's error, Lewis, as superstitious as he was brave, had blindly committed his conduct to the guidance of ecclesiastics. Several prelates received military appointments,§ and a friar of the order of St. Francis precipitated the fate of Hungary. Paul Tomorri, Archbishop of Colocza, took the lead of the palatine Etienne Bathori,|| to whose office of customary right the baton of generalissimo belonged,¶ and virtu-

\* Bacon.

† Nic. Olah. Chron. Istvanf. lib. v., and Hist. Chron. Pannoniar. auth. Theod. de Bry, p. 21.

‡ Istvanf. lib. v. Hist. de l'Emp. Ott. Chron. and Hist. Univers. lib. v., p. 355.

§ For the origin of the "Milites Ecclesiastici" in Hungary, consult Ladisl. Posthum. Regis. Decret. art. 3. It was issued A. D. 1454.

|| Hist. de Tro. de Hong, par F. de Genille., and Istvanf. l. viii., and Hist. Universelle par Gasp. Peucer, lib. vii. p. 291.

¶ We know not if all history can furnish another example of a subject being possessed of such privileges, or rather prerogatives, as were attached to the rank of palatine of Hungary. The election of some one of his magnates to that high office, (for life, see Pet. de Reva, Cent. vi.), was obligatory upon the king. His was the first voice in the diet; his the right to the regency during the minority of the crown. In war he

ally commanded at the battle of Mohacs, fought on the 29th of August, 1526.\* On the night preceding this *dies iræ*, King Lewis was admonished by a terrible phantom, (*"Un fantome hideux, decharné, les yeux ardents, les jambes torses"*) not to quit his advantageous position, but to await the junction of John of Zapola, who was advancing by rapid marches from Transylvania, with a considerable reinforcement. The brave monarch, however, influenced by the counsel of Tomorry, and eager to strike a brilliant and decided blow, before the diligence of the waivode could pretend to share the honour and participate in the triumph, disdained the salutary and supernatural warning. In the ardour and inexperience of youth, and actuated by the pride of prowess, and the impatience of inaction, he felt persuaded that every obstacle must yield to the invincible virtue of the sword and the cross. His own life, and those of 22,000 men, 7 bishops, 28 magnates, and 500 nobles, paid the forfeit of his rash subserviency to the archbishop, who, if he was the author, was also the victim of the public calamity. The butchery did not cease for many following days. Buda was delivered up to pillage; the entire country, from the Drave to the Raab, was devastated; and 200,000 Christians were computed to have been either slaughtered, or borne away to slavery.† Fear and trembling reigned throughout the land.

was general-in-chief; in civil broils the authorised mediator between king and people. If, from any cause, the crown was incapacitated to rule, or happened to be absent, the palatine, *ex officio dignitate*, discharged all the royal functions. See Tripartit. Opus decret. constitut. Artic. Regum, incl. Reg. Hung., vol. ii. p. 141—183. Besides the revenues from the salt-pits, he received the rents of the two isles on the coast of Dalmatia, afterwards possessed by the Venetians.

\* Some authorities say October.

† For the particulars of the battle of Mohacs, see Istuanfius, Peucer, F. de Genille, Cantimir, P. de Reva, c. vi. The details in *L'Histoire des Révolutions de Hongrie*, are the most copious; they are chiefly extracted from Broderith, "qui y était présent."

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*In* Hungarian mothers, fancying the howl of the night portended the coming of a known, in their distraction, "to pluck the boneless gums of the babe that milk bury him alive, lest his shrill cries might lurking place. It appears manifestly from that the whole of Hungary lay prostrate the victor. Her claims and liberties—and prosperity—were alike trodden down; day to the present, she might have been as the Ottoman empire, had Solymán not shortly constrained, by the necessity of withdraw his forces into Asia, in order to quell the rebellion of the Caramanian princes.

These historical occurrences, which we have only glanced over more cursorily in this preface than we might have done were ours a long time engrossed the attention of all men, and of great measure, for the obscurity which surrounded his family and earlier years of Martinuzzi. We looked amidst incidents more immediately connected with his life, which could hardly be retraced years subsequent to his death. Since Martinuzzi, after his destinies had taken him to so high an elevation, invariably eschewed a public life, his origin. We have only, therefore, to check the contradictions of his chroniclers. The M. Bechet, canon of Uzes,\* (though chiefly from Thuanus and Istvanfius), seems to us more likely to cavil, and we shall consequently adhere, in a great measure, to his authority in the preliminary account of Martinuzzi, which is requisite to lay before our readers.

The personage, the interesting scene of which we have undertaken to exhibit, was consi-

\* Histoire du Ministère du C. Martinuzzi designée à la signature de Prince Ragotski, Prince Souverain de Transylvanie, 1715.

bishop Sigismund of Fünfkirchen, to the protection of J. Corvinus, natural son of King Mathias; and his childhood was spent in the castle of Hunniade, in Transylvania. Afterwards, together with his sister, he came to reside under the roof of the Grafne, or Countess Scepas, mother of John of Zapola. The children were recommended to her service by the same prelate of Fünfkirchen, who introduced them as the offspring of one Gregory Uthysenitsch, whom he represented to be the descendant of an illustrious family, plunged by the civil calamities of the period in ruin. Further explanation the bishop declined affording, and it seems to have been the impression of the countess, that in fostering the little George Martinuzzi, she was solacing the paternal solicitude of her right reverend friend.

Be that as it may, George soon found himself at home; his childish sports and those of his sister, Rose, were shared by the youthful count, and the little Beatrice de Zapola. Indeed, over the former (although several years his senior) our foundling presently gained such an ascendant, as only ceased long afterwards with the life of that personage. When George Martinuzzi had attained the age of manhood, for some unexplained cause, he quitted the residence of the young waivode, of Transylvania, and retired to the monastery of the order of St. Paul the hermit, at Ladium, near Erlau. Here, having struggled into the knowledge of classical literature and science, amid no ordinary impediments, he betook himself to the ecclesiastical life. Bishop Sigismund, of Fünfkirchen, his early benefactor, was now no more. On the accession of John of Zapola, after the battle of Mohacs, Martinuzzi declined accepting his pressing invitation to come to Buda, but when, in the ensuing year, the troubles of the kingdom were renewed, and the invasion of the Archduke Ferdinand drove his beloved sovereign into exile, the young priest deemed it his duty to leave the sanctuary of the cloister, and followed his friend to Po-



land, to proffer him his services. He found the king at the house of Jerome Lascus,\* afterwards Palatine of Seradia, a man, to use the words of the historian, "for his honourable descent and learned virtue of great fame and reputation amongst the Polonians."† Martinuzzi was welcomed with open arms by the expelled monarch; the more so, that he brought word that the regalia of St. Stephen was yet at Vissegrade, and had not hitherto fallen into the hands of his competitor.

The reader should understand that this was a relic of antiquity, held in the most superstitious regard by every true Hungarian, from its being devoutly believed to have been fabricated by angels. It was the sacred gift of pope Benedict the Fifth,‡ to Stephen the Holy, the first Christian possessed of the regal dignity in Hungary, from which era it had been preserved with reverential awe, as a deposit of inestimable worth. The regal rights and privileges were reputed to be inseparable from its possession. In it is centered, remarks one historian,§ "omnis religio, salus, decusque Hungarorum.—Quis precor," he asks elsewhere, "ambigere ausit sacram coronam in tutelâ præpotentis Dei esse?" without its assistance there could be no legitimate claim preferred to the sovereignty. "Quand bien meme vous verriez la couronne de St. Etienne sur la tête d'un Bœuf vous n'en devriez pas moins le reconnoître pour roi," was the celebrated saying of an Hungarian.¶

\* See Hieron. Lasky, Hist. Arc. leg. ad Solim. in adparatu ad Hist. Hung. Dec. 1. Monum. 1.

† Vir inter Sarmatas ab illustri nobilitate eruditæque virtutis nomine clarissimus.

‡ For this, Bonifacius, Dec. 11, lib. 1. auctor est. The crown was, however, the gift of Silvester II.

§ Petr. de Reva, de Mon. & S. Cor. reg. Hung. lib. 1.—Thus author indulges, throughout his centuries, in repeated hyperbolic admiration of the subject of his history, (the Monarchical and Sacred Crown of Hungary), in which the enclosures of the Latin Syntax are not unfrequently over-leaped.

¶ Nicolas de Gara, Palatine under the reign of Mary I.

The joy of the king at learning that the sacred regalia had escaped the spoiler, may therefore easily be conceived. Martinuzzi, in company with Lascus, was privately despatched as John's ambassador to Constantinople.

The interest of Solyman, and his hatred of the empire, must have ably seconded, or even prevented the eloquence of the holy father. It is certain, that, whether directly, or through the medium of the Basha, he so forcibly impressed upon the mind of the sultan, the impolicy of permitting the archduke to press upon his dominions by the acquisition of the Roman Dacia, that Solyman himself proposed to crown John of Zapola, in Buda, if he would consent to hold his sceptre as a fief of the Porte. It was somewhat prior to this, that Ferdinand, in right of his consort, and what was called at the time the family compact, advanced his claim to the Hungarian crown; and having, on the evacuation of the Turks, entered the country with an imperial army, he already was possessed of the greater part of the kingdom. Martinuzzi had scarcely taken his leave, when the ambassadors of Ferdinand are ushered into the presence of the Ottoman emperor. They rashly require of him the cession of the places he had captured from king Lewis, as the price of the friendship of the archduke. A haughty and bitter smile curled the lip of Solyman for a moment. Then, rising indignantly, he spake: memorable was his reply. "Say to him who sent you," exclaimed the fierce sultan, "that you have beheld my armies on the point of re-entering Hungary—the keys of all my fortresses in that kingdom are here in my hands, and I shall suspend them round my neck;\* thus accoutred, I hie me in the first place to the plain of Mohacs:† there bid your master await me if he have the courage, and let arms again decide, on that plain, whether this territory be his right, or that of king John, my feu-

\* "Omnium clades ad collum meum appendam."

† "Mohacs, fatalem gentis Hungariæ locum."—Petrus de Reva.

datory. Should I lie vanquished  
 the slain; when, by severing my  
 ders, the keys of Hungary will  
 mark me, sir, if we do not me  
 master, I march on to Buda; if I  
 capital, 'tis in Vienna I shall  
 known how dreadfully Solyman  
 the ensuing month, like an unhe  
 his accustomed quarry, and re-se  
 triumph on the throne of Hungary  
 Meantime, the sister of Martin  
 the graf, or count, Peter Pereny,  
 month afterwards gave birth to a ma  
 whose being was dearly purchased  
 maternal parent. Peter Pereny,  
 conspicuous a part on the trouble  
 was descended of an illustrious house  
 At the time that the throne beca  
 quence of King Lewis having bit the  
 possession of Vissegrade, and so, a  
 the "Duumviri," held at his disposal  
 of the kingdom,† which, by the pres  
 were deposited in the castle that over  
 This nobleman was endowed with  
 which command respect. His magn  
 profusion; his courage was unacquai  
 his mind disdained subordination;  
 have been governed throughout his  
 wavering impulse, which is apt to beco  
 of minds, not nicely balanced by su  
 There was, however, something gran  
 promising hauteur with which he inv

- Istvanfusi, l. x. p. 152; and Joann. Zermagli  
 Ted. & Joann. Comment. lib. 1. § viii; and B  
 and Joann. Histor. libro xxviii. p. 279.

• Peter de Reva.

self aloof from the herd of imperial courtiers and time-servers, in aid of whose monarch, fortune, rank, country, and reputation had been alike sacrificed. The noble exile stood, like Hannibal, at the court of Antiochus, "amongst them, but not of them,"—his body seemed to swell beyond the fetters of their conventional alliance. Pereny knew not how to succumb even to conquer. What could be a finer spectacle than the generosity and magnificence displayed by the Hungarian noble, in the days of his glory; ere yet his character had been tarnished, and his fortune at once assailed by adversity, and broken in upon by ingratitude and disappointment?—the hundred tables daily groaning beneath that charitable munificence, which catered hospitality to a whole banat, and where the choicest chivalry in the land were proud to partake of his entertainments:—his boast of never putting foot in stirrups without a hundred high-mettled coursers being led before him:—the housings of these were of rich cloth embroidered with gold, and the bridles, head-pieces, and all the harnessing were of corresponding magnificence:—a like number, no less richly caparisoned, awaited him at his door:—the vast number of knights admitted into his train, which gave his life-guard the aspect of royal brilliancy:—the 12,000 vassals and retainers, all admirably mounted and equipped, who, more devoted to the will of their chief, than to the sovereign, or to the laws, obeyed his mandate with unhesitating promptitude. Eloquent, active, and enterprising, the Hungarian noble, formidable alike from those personal accomplishments, and eminent for the extent of his feudal territories, and the offices and jurisdictions with which he was invested, might have wrought the salvation of his native land; but as his means were

\* The brilliancy of the cortege of the Hungarian magnate, has been deemed worthy of historical notice. See Comment. Rer. Mosc. a Baro ab Herberstein. p. 208, 209. Also Lud. Tuber. Comm. de Temp. su. lib. xi. s. 2.

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directed, they only tended to aggravate state of embroilment, and accelerate her ultrathraldom; his many distinguished virtues, being strong and unstable, and proved on that account to his country, and even ruinous to him. He admitted, within the still chambers of his mind, but cankered vice, and also his otherwise brilliant qualities were attended with that defect we have mentioned. Like unto Reuben, despite "the exalted dignity and the excellency of power," he was as water and might not excel." The victim, like Haman, whose advancement "availed him so long as he saw Mordecai the Jew, sitting in the gate," the distorted vision, the *caca invidia* alloyed whatever distinctions and honours were on him. He could ill brook his station of inferiority, and was still dissatisfied, so long as a brother-in-law surpass him in authority and rank with the king. But let us not in this early story yield to gloomy forebodings. Querelant about.\* On the election of John Zapola to the Count Pereny, disregarding equally the authority of Ferdinand, and the rival claim preferred by the Bathori, then absent in Bohemia, came to Alba Regalis, with the regal ensigns, to the coronation of the waivode. The ceremony was performed at the hands of the bishop of Gyoma† and Vacia, and a few days afterwards Pereny acknowledged the signal service of the king by appointing him to be one of the governors of the province of Transylvania. Whether this dignity, however inadequate to the cravings of an unprincipled man, or whether, even thus early, he had grown jealous

\* Loy.

† It was the claim and privilege of the archbishop of Esztergom to crown the kings of Hungary.

credit acquired by Martinuzzi, on finding it eclipse his own, cannot now be ascertained; nor indeed, in the chronicles of the time, do we find any motive alleged for the strange tergiversation of Pereny. The fact we are about to relate is at least certain, \* the particular inducement must for ever remain among the impenetrabilia of a hasty and uncertain character. † On the subsequent invasion of Hungary by the Archduke Ferdinand, and the flight of the king that followed his discomfiture at Tocay, Pereny, who had illegally retained possession of the diadem, ‡ presented the sacred treasure to the Austrian, as he had lately done to John of Zapola. The coronation of Ferdinand, and Ann his wife, sister of the unfortunate Lewis, was celebrated by the same prelate of Strigonie § with great pomp at Alba Regalis. The inconstancy of Pereny did not end here. After the restoration of Zapola, the graf renewed his fealty where he had first pledged it, and presently contrived to come to terms and reconcile himself to John. He was reinstated in his title and office of waivode || of Transylvania, and soon found himself so well established in the king's favour, as, being at this time a widower, openly to make his addresses to the princess Beatrice. ¶ The point of time at which we are now arrived, brings us to the convention, which ended in the fatal accord between the Hungarian monarch and the Archduke, (newly elected king of Bohemia.) Herein it was capitulated, that John of Zapola should retain Hungary during the remainder of his lifetime, but that,

\* See Perez Papai in Rud. rediv. ad ann. 1526; and Lampe in Histor. Eccles. Reform. p. 67.

† Perenus Vir incertæ fidei. Istvanfius.

‡ Perenus qui (diadema) contra legem sancitam apud se detineret. — Petrus de Reva, cent. vi.

§ Op. Tripart. p. 311.

|| Waivode signifies præfectus militiæ or general of the army. Rycant.

¶ Ipse vero Pereny, ab eo tempore, Johanni usque ad ejus obitum, fidem, et obedientiam utcumque servavit. Joan Zermagh. Rer. gest. inter Ferd. & Joann. lib. ii. s. 11.

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on his demise, that kingdom should be thenceforth annexed to Austria. In this expedient for closing gates of anarchy, which is said to have been suggested to both parties, by their common mediator and Jerome Lascus, the historian, was deposited the seeds of future wars and contentions. Viewed in every light, John was incompetent, of his own will to conclude and subscribe to any such compromise. The constitution of the realm was an elective monarchy; further, John held his crown as a fief of the Porte; in this unprincipled cession of the kingdom, neither Solymán, on the one part, nor the magnates of the assembled national diet, on the other, had been consulted. At the veto of either, the compact was void.\* Ferdinand, however, may have reflected, it would be only a useless expenditure of blood and treasure, any longer to contest the crown of Stephen with the present competitor; whilst Stephen's assent to the reversion of the kingdom to Zápolya's assent to the reversion of the kingdom, at all events, opened a loop-hole for the chance of the future. Whether either of the royal negotiators was ever sincere in the engagements he entered into is uncertain; but not long after the aforesaid accommodation, at the repeated instances of his mother, John was induced, notwithstanding his advanced age, to contract a matrimonial alliance with his cousin's daughter, the daughter of Sigismund the First, king of Poland. The loveliness of his bride might have made the match acceptable to the monarch, while the desire of thwarting the views of the princes of the House of Austria, so anxiously on the watch for the aggrandizement of their families,

\* Ce ne fut pas sans indignation que les Hongrois virent faire une transaction de cette nature, sans la participation des états; comment l'un ou l'autre avait eu la propriété du royaume ou qu'il eût eu le patrimoine dont ils eussent eu la libre et entière disposition.—*Histoire des Hongrois*. Tom. 1. lib. 11. p. 142.

recommended the union to his haughty and independent magnates.\* Thus, in due course of time, another powerful obstacle between the archduke and the attainment of his ambitious projects, made its appearance, in the person of the Infant Czerina, who, we take occasion to advertise our readers, has done us the honour of assuming the part of heroine in the eventful tale, which, according to our humble ability, we shall presently proceed to tell. Shortly after the birth of Czerina, the graf, Pereny, was betrothed to the princess Beatrice; but the espousals had not been celebrated when the death of her royal brother intervened. John for some time had been in a declining state of health, notwithstanding which, he followed in his chariot the large army he had despatched to Hermanstadt, to put down the rebel Transylvanian chieftains, Maylat and Balassi. In the course of that campaign, the father of our heroine expired, and left his kingdom as a sort of waif, free spoil to the earliest in the field, or more like the *præda* of a chancery suit, which is (or was) wont to be parcelled and preyed upon, *sine die*, by any party, but the one most concerned. Ferdinand immediately marched an army into Hungary, and invested Buda. Martinuzzi, the counsellor of John in the most momentous affairs of government, had long before that monarch's demise been installed in the see of Waradin, and nominated to the waivodeship of Transylvania, besides having been created grand treasurer. He now found himself appointed, by the will of his royal patron, joint regent with the Queen-dowager Isabella, during the minority of the youthful queen, who was bequeathed to his especial guardianship, and recommended to his care.† Fortunately for the nation, this pre-eminence in dignity

\* J. Zermagh, *Rer. gest. inter Ferd. & Joann.* lib. ii. s. xi. *Comment. Pet. de Reva*, cent. vi. p. 725.

† *Histoire du Card. Martinusius*, lib. ii. p. 115.



could not have been conferred more deservedly, nor such plenitude of power have been intrusted into abler hands.

Count Pereny, perhaps mortified at his brother-in-law's new accumulation of honour, again revolted, with other Hungarian nobles, to the side of Ferdinand, who was well pleased to take advantage of those civil discords, on which he rested his present influence, and founded his hopes of future dominion. Pereny was present at the investment of Buda, which was first relieved by a victory, obtained by Martinuzzi over the Austrian forces, in which the general-in-chief (Roccardolph,) was mortally wounded, and the siege was afterwards wholly raised, by the advance of Solyman himself at the head of immense forces. Pereny again took shelter in the Austrian dominions, where it was reported that Ferdinand purposed rewarding services, which the fugitive had the inclination, but not the power to perform, by giving him in marriage his sister, the Queen Mary, relict of the unfortunate Lewis. If ever such alliance was seriously intended by the parties most interested, they were not allowed to remain long in its contemplation; for, after awhile, we find the unhappy exile thrown into the state prison of Vienna, on some charge of treasonable practices, the nature of which does not clearly appear.

The national party, having escaped the more imminent danger of overthrow from their avowed enemy, the arch-duke, was now to be obnoxious to the hardly less fatal offices of their Ottoman allies. Solyman soon dictated the price, at which he rated his friendship and protection. Under pretence of guarding against any subsequent invasion of Hungary by the Imperialists, he engarrisoned with his forces most of the fortresses and towns of that kingdom; relegating the child of Zapola to the province of Transylvania, and some of the bordering Banats, her hereditary inheritance, and the only fragments of the Hungarian dominions, which remained uncursed by a

foreign yoke. The sultan, however, solemnly engaged to deliver up the other states to "the heir of his good friend John," when she was grown of an age, capable of taking upon herself the reins of government. Czerina and her mother sought refuge, in the first instance, in the city of Lippha, beyond the river Tibiscus, and afterwards, on Hermanstadt becoming the seat of the Transylvanian government, they took up their residence in that capital. Some few years elapsed when the Count Pereny, having effected his escape from the dungeons of Vienna, again appears upon the scene, to renew his suit for the hand of the Princess Beatrice. At the earnest instance of the Queen-dowager, backed by the authoritative sanction of Solyman, the hand of the graf was accepted. A day was appointed for the nuptials, which were intended to be solemnized at Buda, under the auspices, and graced by the presence of the all-powerful sultan. The Princess Beatrice, in company with her affianced husband, and under the escort of a small troop, repaired from Transylvania to the Hungarian capital.

On the skirts of the forest of Belivar, the party was surprised by one of those strong bodies of Wallachian marauders, which, in that age, superadded the horrors of rapine and pillage, to the other evils that accumulated on the wretched Magyari.—Pereny and his attendants were put to flight, and the princess was borne away, but whither was never ascertained. The gathering strength of a most wild rumour soon fixed upon Vicchy of Eissenburg, for the leader of these Wallachians: he was a Hungarian nobleman of the highest rank, a near kinsman of the Princess Beatrice, and further related to the throne, having married the cousin of the late monarch. At the period of King John's demise, this man was governor of Temeswar, and high constable of the kingdom; but shortly after that event, he resigned both offices. As the character of Vicchy had hitherto ranked above all suspicion, the testimony of several of Pereny's

retinue, though seemingly corroborated by their earnest and unanimous asseveration, was rejected by most men as being utterly incredible. It was thought right, however, to cite Eissenburg to appear before the tribunal of the king (*judicium regale*), to answer to the charge. To the surprise of every one, he disregarded the summons. He was a second time required to surrender himself, under the penalty of otherwise being declared guilty of the weighty accusation preferred against him: still, whether in contumacy or apprehension, cannot be affirmed, he neglected to deliver up his person; and although every body knew, he was all along residing on his own estate, by the laws of Hungary, until his crime was established, and sentence pronounced, his patent of nobility secured him from arrest.\* At last, however, the notoriety of the affair, and the absence of Eissenburg, being deemed sufficient to supersede the necessity of any more formal process, the detail of evidence was somewhat summarily followed up by an attainder of outlawry.

The brideless bridegroom, after the calamitous occurrence we have just narrated, only showed himself for a short period at the court of Hermanstadt; and then, having consigned his son, Maximilian, to the guardianship of the boy's uncle, the regent Martinuzzi, he left his native land, with the view, it was conjectured, of drowning the bitter memory of his loss in other scenes, and the excitement of travel. For many subsequent years the movements of the wanderer cannot be traced; but some time anterior to the date of the following history, Peter Pereny was currently reported to have fallen a victim to the plague, in one of the villages of Styria. His son, Maximilian, assumed his style and titles, and took possession of the family estates.

\* *Voluerunt etiam quod nec nos, nec posteri nostri aliquo unquam tempore (militantes vel) servientes (patriæ) capiant, nisi primo citati fuerint et ordine judicario convicti.* 11 Dec. St. Stephen.

Meanwhile Transylvania was menaced with being appropriated by the sultan, under the same insidious pretexts, that had answered but too successfully with Hungary. But the destinies of the house of Zapola were committed to no ordinary hands, and the regent was not likely a second time to be taken by surprise. By the intrigues of the Queen-dowager Isabella, who, grown jealous of the conjunct authority of Martinuzzi, distrusted his purposes, the affections of the nobles were alienated from him, and a deep conspiracy was concerted for his destruction. Isabella's principal agent herein was Valentinian Count Turascus, who had been some years before tricked into prison by Solyman, and had only lately effected his escape; he was a Hungarian general of the greatest reputation.

About the time that Solyman directed the pasha of Buda to penetrate Transylvania with all his forces, and Peter, prince of Moldavia, a savage marauding chief, poured his wild hordes into the same province, count Turascus took the opportunity, after several jars, followed by formal and superficial reconciliations, to break out into open revolt against Martinuzzi, whom he proclaimed a tyrant and a traitor. To add to the desperate state of things, a fourth army made an irruption into the principality. This consisted of a strong body of Imperialists, aided by a few Spanish regiments, the whole under the command of Castaldo, marquis of Piadena. And now, assailed at once by foreign force, and shaken to the centre by intestine division, all men prognosticated, from such fatal concurrence, the ruin of their country. The dominions of John of Zapola seemed on the point of passing from the rule of his house wholly and for ever, when the enterprising valour of one man changed the aspect of affairs. The lord regent, substituting the spear for the crosier, and, so to speak, buckling on the cuirass over the cassock, hurried from one end of the land to the other, and roused by his eloquence and exhortations, the

whole population to arms. In an incredible short space of time, there was a general rally of the Hungarian patriots, and he found himself at the head of between fifty and sixty thousand combatants. It is not for us to follow Martinuzzi through the brilliant operations of that campaign, which only closed by the utter discomfiture of the queen's party, and the rout and dispersion of his opponents, whether foreign or domestic. He first encountered the pasha of Buda, who, after suffering a complete overthrow, fled, with such precipitation as, according to the historian, to retire in one day over an extent of country, which it had taken him a week to measure in advance. Valentinian Count Turascus was then laying siege to Chonad; and Martinuzzi, informed of his position, made a hasty and fatiguing march to that city. Allowing his soldiers only a small interval for refreshment, he surprised the rebel camp in the darkness of the night, took four thousand prisoners, and left two thousand five hundred dead on the field of battle. This important victory entirely broke the spirit of the malcontents; the grafs, maylat, and balassi, who were preparing to revolt, made their submissions, and no better resource was left to a great number of the mutinous barons, holding like hostile sentiments, though of inferior rank. But the mild disposition of Martinuzzi, or his prudence, tempered the insolence of his triumph; and his sequent conciliatory conduct, was productive of more solid benefit to his country, than was the victory itself. Turascus returned to Hermanstadt, not as a conqueror, but as a captive.

Being shortly after set at liberty, he was treated with the greatest confidence and regard. Indebted, therefore, for honours and attentions, in lavishing which Martinuzzi was remitting, Valentinian Turascus became gradually, by gratitude, as well as interest, not disinclined to join the opinion of those, who, for other reasons, desired the stability of the regent's government. Hardly allowing his



retrocession of the Banat of Temeswar, and again bound himself to evacuate the rest of Hungary, when the heir of John of Zapola should arrive at an age to govern. Ferdinand engaged, that no imperial army should thenceforward transgress the boundary of the Theisse. That monarch at the same time came to terms with the sultan, and the foundation of the accord, as Augerius Busbequius reports, was the payment of an annual tribute to the Porte of 30,000 Hungarian ducats; he, moreover, nominated Martinuzzi to the archbishopric of Strigonie,\* which comprised the chief cities, contained in that small division of Lower Hungary, which the Austrians had first acquired after the death of king John, and since tenaciously held. The dignity of the Roman purple was not long behind.†— Cardinal Martinuzzi, thus triumphant against the foreign enemy, immediately seized the helm of state, as his self-inherent indisputable right. Though he did not think fit to assume the title of king, he at least reserved to himself, whenever he pleased, the power of ascending the throne; however ambitious his views in that regard, it appeared impossible they should exceed, what his courage and capacity warranted his entertaining. He possessed a steady confidence in himself, which is the pledge of greatness, and he bore his exaltation with that calm and unassuming equanimity, which ever accompanies conscious greatness. It was soon seen, that his versatile genius could turn itself with equal facility to the toils of government, to the spirit-stirring occupation of the camp, and the quietude of the schools. In fact, the long continuance of his administration, after having abolished the co-ordinate

the possession of this see gives the title of Primate, and the office of Archbishop of Hungary.

and l. xvi., and Hist. du Card. Martin. l. v. and Histoire des Rois de Hongrie, par M. Fumée Sieur de Genille, liv. iv.

non tam cum tantæ dignitatis et fastigii accessionem moderatè  
genuit—læm.

authority of the queen, supposes the arts of policy as well as of war—*Ore manuque, consultor patriæ*.\*

The spirit of Isabella, as a woman, and her maternal apprehensions, alike quailed before the ascendancy of the prelate, as the genius of Antony cowered and felt rebuked, within the sphere of Cæsar. The few leading and preliminary events, with which we have detained the reader in the above, we are afraid, tedious abstract, happened several years before the opening of our story. They will be found to interweave with the course of the narrative, and we trust the candid reader will excuse any incompleteness, incident to the foregoing faint and imperfect summary, since its only object was to imbue him with the spirit of the scene, on which he will shortly enter.

\* Prudent. Apotheosis.



## CHAPTER II.

## INTRODUCTORY, (CONTINUED.)

*Erat eo tempore maximis ad invicem hostilitatibus totus regni facta turbatio ; crebra ubique ; latrocinia, viarum obsessio ; ardebantur passim, immo fiebant incendia infinita.*

WE shall have to make mention of the hordes of nomadic Moldavians and Wallachians, which, ever since the invitation of Ladislas, laid waste and depopulated the south-eastern extremity of Christian Europe. Some previous notice of these people would seem, therefore, indispensable to the reader's right understanding of the ensuing pages.

Wallachia and Moldavia (called by the Turks, Bugdan) had been successively over-run and subjected, by the Goths, the Visigoths, the Huns,\* the Gepidæ, the Bulgarians, and the Tartars. Apprehensive, in case of further resistance, of being reduced, like Greece, to slavery, they submitted, in 1418† to the Ottoman arms, and their national existence was made thenceforth dependent on the yearly payment of a trifling tribute (2000 crowns per

\* *Татары*, alluding to the flight of the people of Pannonia at the approach of Attila, adds — “*Solis Walachis ipsorum qui erant pastores quæ in Pannonia remanentibus.*”

† An inscription in Templo Leutschoniz, says 1484.

annum) to the sultan.\* However, at the time we commemorate, the population of modern Wallachia † presented rather the semblance of innumerable parties of banditti than the usual characteristics of a distinct, though conquered nation. Dark indeed, and stained with blood, are the annals of these people — “C’étoient des hommes sauvages,” says the historian, “qui par leur aspect et surtout par leur mœurs ressembloient plus à des bêtes féroces qu’à des hommes — Ils n’avoient d’autre nourriture que le lait de leur troupeaux. Ils passoient les jours entiers dans les cavernes d’où ils ne sortoient que pour fendre sur les voyageurs qu’ils depouilloient et tuoient impitoyablement. Ils ne connoissoient point de profession plus noble que celle de vivre de rapines et de brigandages.” And yet, predatory as had long been their habits, and ignorant and savage as were this singular race by nature (the Changelæ, as they are designated by William de Rubruquis), they claimed the honour of being the descendants of ancient Rome, uncontaminated by any admixture of barbarian blood; the direct posterity, in fact, of those Roman settlers, whom the Emperor Aurelian (when the astonished Eagle retired before the fell swoop of the northern Vultures) left in Dacia, on his relinquishing the province to the Goths and Vandals.

Such was their boast, and however vain and incredible it may at first sound, the striking affinities between their vernacular dialect and the Latin language, and the circumstance of the costume of the lower orders being precisely similar to that of the Dacians, as those people are represented on Trajan’s Pillar in Rome, would seem

\* Shortly after the date of our tale, however (in 1574), Moldavia was utterly subjugated.

† The name of the Wallachians, in the time of the Byzantine historians, was common to many different nations. See Anna Comnenis Alex. liv. viii.

# INTRODUCTORY.

to establish on no weak grounds the truth of  
tion. With this, however, we have here no  
dismiss the topic, by referring the curious re-  
memoir of M. d'Anville on ancient Dacia.\*  
murder and rapine, as a profession, these  
predators (de sanguine Rumena — de sanguine  
as they were proud to believe, would scatter  
over Hungary, carrying off the inhabitants  
cattle and goods. Their numbers, in their  
hostilities, were to be counted by thousands  
of thousands, which successively swept the fern  
like a swarm of locusts, carrying dismay and  
on their wing. Having loaded themselves  
ever may have escaped the infidel or the Aus-  
were immediately lost amid the impervious  
morasses, which overspread the face of the  
a wave which had spent itself on the beach  
withdraw, without let or hindrance, to the  
whence they issued, and so leave room, af-  
terward, for the inroad of fresh bands of their  
equally greedy of spoil and slaughter: "It  
could not be devoured by the palmer-worm;  
after year, the booty grew less and less, and  
things became scarcer. These several parties  
would form so many nuclei, round which  
Hungary, the evil disposed of all description

\* Consult also Engel. *Commentat. De Expedit. Tripi-*  
*et origine Valachorum*, p. 283. seq.

\* The Christian invaders of this distracted land re-  
lated the Turk in their treatment of what they ought  
reverence. "Regni nostri pars quæ Austriam attingit  
John to Pope Clement VII. — "solo est equata;  
proventibus eorum ab adversariis dissipantur; neque h  
suum habita ut respectus." — Given in the Melan-  
"Lett. Haran. See also the supplication of the "S  
"Lett.," held at Presburg, to Ferdinand. It is gi-  
de Hongrie, tom. i. liv. ii. p. 144. et suiv.

to range themselves, if not out of lawless sympathy, yet for the sake of protection; — such as being gradually accustomed to live by plunder, were become incapable of industry; such as were driven by these unrepressed depredations to shake off all bands of government, whom their natural disposition, or grinding hardship and an embittered spirit, rendered fit for any service, in which they could, at the same time, gratify their vengeance, and find subsistence — the disbanded *Dolbatsche*, or soldier of infantry — the escaped criminal, — and more particularly the *Kanactz*, or cattle-keeper — the *Gulya*, or cattle-driver. These, inured to toil, their lives nurtured by long impunity and the incitements of penury to crime, would consort with the Wallachian invader, and join him in his ravages of their native land; or, remaining stationary, would indicate, as the price of their own immunity, the fittest persons and places for attack; of course selecting those, by whose destruction private pique might be safely gratified, or the love of pillage best be satiated. Half the *csardas*, or inn-keepers, in Hungary were in league with these robbers, either as receivers or as accomplices. Even those serfs and herdsmen, who, to all appearance, obtained their livelihood by honest industry, were more or less connected with the foreign bands — sometimes to the extent of accompanying them in their predatory incursions through the provinces. Their miserable want of education, or rather the peculiar education induced by habit and circumstance, which these peasants received from their youth upwards, acted as an initiation and stimulus to a life of desperate depravity. The untaught youth, constantly pasturing their sheep or swine in the wooded solitudes of Erdély, seldom, during the long summer, approached the habitations of men. There was something in the very immensity of the forests, by which they were surrounded, that impressed on the soul a feeling of sublime immunity. Secluded from all observation, they were often tempted to

try *their hand* at a theft, whether it were of cattle or of kreutzners, and to shed the blood of deer or buffalo; or, in an extreme case of precocious genius, perhaps to take aim with the axe, they always carried about them, at the travelling Jew or butcher.

Such juvenile feat made an admirable initiation for the incipient depredator and assassin. It consequently sometimes happened, that the Hungarian peasant, from being, at first, the mere spy, or, at most, the tolerated comrade of these warlike free-bands, would himself attain command and authority in their armies; and instances are recorded where, by his abilities and valour, he has risen to the rank of Richter, or independent chieftain, over a body of many thousand troopers. Whenever this was the case, the circumstance was found to operate with some advantage to the wretched community, so long the prey of these lawless depredators. The arms of the Wallachians were found capable of being directed with effect against the common enemy, as was exhibited to their immortal glory, by the decisive victory they obtained over Bajazet, at Tour Rouge, near Hermanstadt in 1492. But the aid and good service which the Roman barbarians experienced from the isolated co-operation of the Hungarian cattle-keepers and other peasantry, was trifling when compared with the advantage they reaped, from associating to them the bands of the Cyganis, or, as they were more commonly called in Transylvania, the Pharaoh Nepek.\*

The mention of these people opens a remarkable chapter in the history of mankind, though it would lead us too far out of our way were we to do more, than barely enter upon it.

All the world knows that, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, swarms of strangers, usually denominated gipsies (*Homines furtis in primis intenti*), visited

\* Pharaoh's people.

should esteem itself in safety. Still, as much as possible, they would keep within a day or two's summons of their great richter, who, at the period of the opening of our story, was Peter, Prince of Moldavia, famed for his courage and strength of body, but stigmatized by contemporaries with the epithet of bloody.

The danger of this universal licence was derived from the factious and turbulent spirit of the kingdom, which nothing contributed more to increase or to encourage, than the precarious allegiance of the feudal noble, who, in too many instances, not merely submitted to their exactions, but joined himself in amity with the Wallachian richter, and the gipsy count, either for his own immediate safety, or to serve purposes, even more inexcusable. Ever engaged in hereditary or personal animosities, or confederacies with his neighbours, and free from all salutary restraint, during this temporary dissolution of sovereign authority, he would sally from his castle, sometimes in quest of plunder, sometimes of private resentment and revenge. The desolate condition of the country, over which these various and savage foes extended the fangs of their rapacity, might, to adopt the figure of Gibbon, have been compared by Homer to the two lions growling over the carcass of a mangled stag.\* Such a disorganization of society became no slight obstacle to the introduction of a regular administration of justice. The loose police, incident to the feudal constitution, was a machine of dangerous and delicate management, ever apt to recoil upon the hand which held it. Being wholly inadequate to cases of emergency, it was, at the period of history which we are reviewing, every where falling into disuse. In Hungary this was more particularly exemplified; there the barons rarely acted in union, and,

\* ———— *λεονθ' ὡς ἐρηιθητην,*  
*Ὅτι ουρεος κορυφήσι περι κταμενις ελαοφιο*  
*Αμφω πειναοντε μεγα φρονιοντε μαχισθον.*

though for the most part capable of laughing to scorn any attack on their own strong holds, the *prædia* or territory of each was too inconsiderable in itself to support the burden of a regular military force, for purposes of general security. As the strength of the government, under existing circumstances, was ill able to cope with so enormous a grievance, Martinuzzi was led to remedy it by policy. Their habits of war and depredation had given the Wallachian bands experience, hardiness and courage, and by enlisting in his body of mercenaries many of their choicest captains, he, in a great measure, removed from that nation, at once the temptation and the ability of much troubling Transylvania. He deferred the vindication of justice, and to endeavour the re-establishment of order in the community to a more favourable juncture, when, by the assistance of one of the neighbouring powers (without whose co-operation indeed, the attempt seemed hopeless) these licentious brigands might either be expelled the country, or tamed to the salutary yoke of law and government. Having thus, with whatever tediousness, initiated the reader into the peculiarities of the times and countries, which make the foundation of our story, we will no longer detain him from its perusal.

END OF THE INTRODUCTORY CHAPTERS.

## MANUSCRIPT I.

“ He gave him first his breeding,  
 Then showered his bounties on him like the hours,  
 That, open-handed, sit upon the clouds,  
 And press the liberality of Heaven  
 Down to the laps of thankful men.”

*Ben Jonson.*

THE sober sunshine of autumn had succeeded to the heats of summer, and the undulating tracks of forest, which, spreading themselves over a vast region of country, gave a name to the theatre of our history,\* had begun to assume that dappled livery, with which the varied year would fain disguise and beautify its decay, when we take leave to commence our narrative.

It wanted an hour of midnight, and the moon was sailing high overhead, and the vast curtain, which shuts in heaven, might have made a queen long to deck her with a mantle of that same regal hue, begemmed with starry ornaments, when the attention of a sentinel, who was pacing an outer rampart of the city of Hermanstadt, was attracted by the echo of horses' hoofs in the distance, and soon after, by the approach of three horsemen towards

\* Erdély is derived from the word *Erdeu*, signifying in the Hungarian tongue, Forest. See *ApPEND. Epist. de Orig. Hungar.* *ThürGcz.*, however, it should be observed, gives another origin to the word.—See *Chron. Hungar.*



the western barrier. They came on at length, and having demanded admittance within the gates, were informed, that they must wait without till morning. The intimation excited the manifest wrath of the equestrian who loudly vented their indignation on the hapless head of the sentinel,—consigning the city, its regent, and its habitants to the tender mercies of that personage, who for the last eighteen hundred years, has had a monopoly of such sort of offerings.

“I tell you what, good sir travellers,” exclaimed the sentinel, whom the pertinacious abuse and riotous conduct of the men, at length began to exasperate beyond his modicum of patience: “if you don’t desist from this clamour, I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of sending a quietus in the shape of a leaden bullet through your jerkins.”

“At your pleasure, friend,” replied one of the trio thus threatened, at the same time advancing his horse out of the shadow of a jutting barbican into the moonlight. “Level your musket; if you hit us we will trouble no further; but depend upon’t we’ll not cease from demanding admittance till you do.”

The person who thus spoke was apparently in the prime of manhood, and clad in the knightly armature of an Olah, or roving chief of Wallachia. The other two horsemen appeared his followers.

“Well, only to think how fool-hardy some folks are,” claimed the sentinel; “but that’s no concern of mine. I must do my duty; so, mark me, you, careering there jauntily, there’s a cloud now covers the moon’s disk ere she shows her face again, you be not out of the reach of my carabine, why take the consequence, that,” and with these words the man presented his piece. The horsemen set up a loud and long laugh—a laugh of contemptuous defiance. Even while the sound rung in the welkin, the moon slowly emerged beyond the misty veil which obscured her beams, and as the last

rim of the planet broke from the sheltering cloud into the immeasurable ether, the man fired. There was the flash—the report, and then the eddying smoke hid for a few seconds from the sentinel the fallen figure of the horseman, at whom he had aimed, and whom he naturally apprehended he had shot. What then was his amazement, as the atmosphere cleared, to behold him sitting his horse with as firm a seat, and apparently as unconcerned as if his life had not just been placed in such imminent risk. Immediately the sentinel conceived a more exalted opinion of those clamorous equestrians, and remembering the hour chosen for their visitation, and their apparent impassableness to fire-arms, he began to entertain some vague apprehension that they were three spirits riding this upper world, in the guise of carnal warriors. While these suspicions were producing sad confusion in the head of the simple sentinel, the captain of the night-guard came upon the scene, and demanded the cause of the signal he had just heard. The sentinel made his report. After a minute's thought, the subaltern addressed himself to the horseman, who was nearest, and acquainted him, in more urbane terms, than had been hitherto employed, with the utter impossibility of his being admitted within the city that night.

The individual to whom this was addressed, inclining his body forward, and, laying his hand upon the mane of his steed, made answer, by inquiring whether the speaker were the captain of the night-guard? Being informed that such was the fact, the horseman rejoined in an authoritative voice, "Well, then, do you understand, I *must* have speech of the lord regent to night: I bear missives from Coloswar; so do not oppose our entrance, lest worse come of it."

"Why," returned the subaltern, as if deliberating with himself, "were Father Dominick in the way—but no," he added, lowering his voice to a tone of significance,

"his reverence hath ceased to walk o' nights, wout."

This intelligence, for some reason or other, strike with an electric force on the ears of trian; who, starting his horse forward, as if his guard, exclaimed, "What's that you say, The officer, without paying any attention to the satory, cast a side and scrutinizing glance at rade, and resuming his official reserve, drily "I repeat, sirs, 'tis impossible!" but ere the well out of his mouth, the horseman impetue posed—

"Impossible! I tell you, I will lie this night under citadel, though all the fiends of hell gather there. Where is Father Dominick — not walk o' nights means he? Is he mad? All Hungary up, and vania in flames, and Father Dominick not on the ramparts—you must lie i' your throat, man! a night, not to steal him from his bed of thorns, believe my ears? — the Archduke in arms, walk the ramparts! Oh, 'tis palpably false! Belgrade, and Father Dominick bed-ridden, indeed, are we on the eve of some convulsion that constitute the mind of man. But were in universal uproar, I will speak and pierce the depth of darkness,—a voice more fearful than though the towers of Hermanstadt topple down at the dread subject of our parliament interrupt me; though the grave of John, and give up its sheeted relics at our le though this be, which cannot well be other, Father Dominick and I will balance a night—I swear it! If I be perjured, it is a tremble—So be it, in God's name!"

"Amen, in God's name!" murmured a

well-known voice in the speaker's ear. He started ; then, with a strong effort to recover his self-possession, he slowly turned his head. The response came from Father Dominick, who stood close beside the knight.

The latter, it appeared, had been so hurried away by the extreme violence of his feelings, and was so lost to all outward objects, whilst his spirit found vent in language, not less mysterious than impassioned, that he had not remarked the being, whose presence he so earnestly insisted upon, detach himself from the stretch of brushwood and huge masses of rock, which were scattered over the heath, and glide with an admirable mixture of silence and celerity, towards the base of the ramparts ; so that it was not till the holy father was close upon him, and had delivered the response we have just related, that he became aware of his proximity. The torrent of rage and invective in which the chieftain had just indulged, contributed to throw him off his balance. He could not readily bear up against the reflux of his feelings. The man, whose appearance he invoked with such indignant violence, having, like a spectre, obeyed the summons of his enchanter, and acknowledged the potency of the spell, awed him back in spite of himself, into comparative insignificance. He lost somewhat of his wonted self-possession, and his dissolute nature stood abashed and humbled from its late passion, merely, as it would seem, by the overpowering appulse of the loftier mind of the ghostly father.

The monk was wrapped "from top to toe," in the flowing habit of his order, girded to his shape by a strong cord, which, suspending a leaden crucifix of uncommon size, fell downwards to the edge of the robe. With his arms folded over his breast, his head bent, and his cowl extended over his face, he abided the determination of the chieftain. Finding, however, that that individual, apparently overwhelmed with the consequence of his own

violence, made no attempt to break the silence, shortly spoke.

"Dismiss thine attendants," he said in a hoarse voice: "they can wait for orders at St. Agath follow me."

Having thus delivered himself, the monk clo away amid the thickets and underwood, which extensive heath in the quarter, from which he entered upon the scene. His form was soon discerned in the half distance, — his apparel blending the lights and shadows of the ground, like slowly vanishing away. For some moments he noted him, appearing and disappearing where tufts of arbutus and magnolia broke the uniform moon-light heath, until the brow of a rising ground sealed him from his view; then, as if lost in musing:—"No," he muttered between his teeth, "he dare not play me false, though the stake he set for the pinnacle he aims at, might make such a posture boldly, and my cognition of his position is the sole drawback between him and me. I'll see to it:"—and the chieftain raised his hand, crossing himself to the captain of the guard. There was a peculiarity in his tone and manner, which implied more than the literal purport of his words:—"Here, friend, receive this packet and I have under my dolman, either of which is as sure dear to this land as is her sainted crown. I know you, fly with them to the queen, the queen regent, and give them into her royal keeping, and ensure the promise of Unna, and value are pledged to, into no hands else. Take my commission, will you accept it?—speak." Then he bowed, and then, the turret stairs, and take the

and Barnard and Walter went to the drawbridge of St. Agatha. Should you not hear from me before the next sun-set, pass to the Minstrel's quarters, and tell Peter to look to himself, and to remember me as one sacrificing to his revenge. And when next you see Unna, give her this token, and driving from his finger a ring, he handed it to one of the men. "It will suffice—or if you see a woman, be it in revenge." Have a care of my golden gown, that will follow you." "I will follow you."

He dragged the body of his buried destroyer into his followers' ranks, and with his sword, immediately returned to the wicket, which soon barred them out of view, and the wailing cries of their horses' hoofs died away on the beach. In the iron-grated wicket of Sallyport, partially closed, stood now a massive advanced work of the barbican, was now open by the officer who had just descended the stairs, leading from the battlement to the archway below. He reached out his hand through the aperture to take the packet from the chief, who, after he had thrust his sword through the aperture the better to force a stout, though strongly secured iron box, previously placed in his master-piece. "Be careful of your sword," said the chief, in a low, but impressive voice; "and remember," he proceeded solemnly, "they are to be delivered into the queen mother's hands, and hers only. On your allegiance, Hubert!" he added, in an ominous whisper, "and as you would fulfil the prophecy of Llew, do this." The attentive federary made no reply, but directly closed the wicket.

"So," thought the chief, "I am armed at all points for the moment," and he turned away from the barbican to follow Father Dominick; when, at the distance of a few paces from the arched entrance underneath the porch, his eyes lit upon the ill-omened figure of the very person in question, who, quite motionless, stood with his face inclined towards the ground, and his dark robes folded round him. "There again!" thought the dark-eyed

chieftain, at the same time advancing towards the  
 rious monk: "There again! he starts before  
 like an echo, and gives a palpable form to my une  
 mindoubtings. Courage, Ragotzy! let not thy  
 thee now. Think what mighty issues are on the ca  
 case is lost already, whose champion's spirit qu  
 a blow be struck: then, come what can come, th  
 —" He paused in his mental argument as he s  
 side Father Dominick, who remarked, as they bot  
 directed their cautious steps along a scarce-trac  
 though not precipitous path, which led to the sun  
 rising ground. "I thought, from your delay, yo  
 have changed your mind, and I came back, hoping  
 it so. It had been better; you can have nothing to  
 fitting me to bear: our paths lie as far asunder a  
 is from heaven. Would you would yet pass  
 rashly venture your footing on the verge of a  
 precipice; young man, t'would try a sounder hea  
 yours, and you may be nearer the brink than  
 imagine. Leave Hermanstadt—for both our sakes  
 vicer."

"For yours!" interrupted the other in a low  
 growl, which, although scarcely intended by the sq  
 reached the ears of the Holy Father, who continu  
 "I repeat, Count Ragotzy, for both our sakes,—

temporarily; mine, perhaps,"—his voice trembled  
 breaking off, he added in a milder tone: "let this  
 end here, and I will forgive the past—the present!

"The past, the present, and the future," said the  
 repeating the sentence significantly, and laying a  
 accent on the last word—*occulta veritas tempore pat*  
 There was a long and solemn pause—both parti  
 lapsed into the silence of unuttered thought, holding  
 union with their hearts, whilst a crowd of confi  
 retrospection, thronged on their memories, and a  
 benison of approaching evil, crude, undefined,  
 dreadful, stirred, as if from a new opened source

vague glimpses of the mysterious future, across their brains.

Having reached the summit of the gentle eminence, they stopped short—a thicket composed of stunted brushwood (the meagre efforts of a soil unfavourable for vegetation,) and a few dwarf trees, now besprent with dew and moon-light, that mingled in prismatic beauty, crowned the ascent. There, halting for a while, neither seemed disposed to interrupt the mutual silence, or to start the momentous subject they were on the point of discussing, and which evidently was still the uppermost in both their minds. From the point of view where they reposed themselves, they might behold, at a little distance, the towers and ramparts of the ancient Cibinium. The city reared its warrior battlements against the sky, and relieved by gloomy shadows, stood out sternly fair, with its double walls and glacis. It was situate, not far from the course of the rapid Olt, which, bending gracefully round the south side of the battlements with a broad sweep, shot from thence that beautiful stream of water, commonly called the Zibin, into the heart of the city; whilst beyond to the left, in mid moon-light, loomed against the starry horizon, like the dominating genius of the place, the frowning donjon-keep, to which Herman of Nuremberg gave his name. This night-view, though not extensive, was a beautiful one, and withal serene and solemn in its loveliness. Before them stretched the distant perspective of a wild moor, which was closed by an amphitheatre of swelling woodland, clothed in an atmosphere of yellow mist. A strange solitude reigned over that dark brown heath, intersected with masses of rock and furze, and chequered and dotted here and there with plots of close green-sward, bedecked with hoary rime, that, in the universal quiet, glittered like diamonds beneath the broad light of the silvery moon: solitude and silence, for the deep repose of the scene was undisturbed by any sound, save what was most in unison with the character of the night,—



save the low lulling clink of an unseen rill, tink  
 some neighbouring covert, or the soothing  
 gurgling of many a mountain-streamlet far  
 ting and foaming in their contracted ravin  
 made choral music on the lulled ear, like the  
 voices of the *Numina loci*—the *rustica Numi*  
*All nature seemed to sleep in the deep tran*  
*moon-light.*—Occupied in planting their  
 batteries, and as it were, furbishing their ment  
 for the onset, the monk and his companion  
 likened to two gladiators in the arena; each  
 in his own courage and prowess, yet unwilling  
 first to throw down the gage of defiance, w  
 bring the question of their difference to an  
 there and thus they stood; that monk and chie  
 to face, within a lance's length of each other,  
 animations visible in the universal quietude.

After a long and fearful silence, Count Ragot  
 to terminate the deep suspense, as to each other's  
 under which they laboured—a suspense, the av  
 of which might be said to resemble one of those  
 of which might be said to resemble one of those  
 tons pauses of nature, which precede some drea  
 vulsion of the elements. “You looked for my  
 night?” he said; and this was delivered interroga  
 much with the view of breaking the chilly and em  
 silence, and so obliging his holy companion to  
 from any doubts respecting the nature of the  
 The monk made a slight affirmative motion with  
 and then after a moment added, “Your emissar  
 in Hermanstadt yesterday.”

“How then am I to interpret?” began the chi

“Hear me, misguided man!” interrupted the ot  
 though his face worked for a moment, he spo  
 conciliatory tone,—“let me once again conde  
 the language of entreaty. Proceed in your  
 design, be it what it may, no further. By  
 of thee in thy boyhood—by my preservation of t

upon his countenance, as if to read his inmost heart—he added, “Now, what’s your errand?—Why hath Count Ragotzy left his canvass palaces, and come uninvited, like a disease, to Hermanstadt? On what ground of fell mischief hath he sought to darken my life by his presence, bound as he is, by the indenture of plighted oaths and solemn pledges, to forbear me? Or rather, let me ask, what sacred office does he wish me to yield up to be abused, like earth, for that which may be wrung from out its vitals?—What boon comes next, which must be granted to bribe thy venal and injurious tongue?—Nay, sir, I’ll to the point. Then in one word (and the monk’s voice fell to the modulated cadence proper to the sentiment,) in what way, my son, can I oblige you? what is it you require at my hands?” And his manner, whilst delivering this last inquiry, was replete with all the suavity of the most polished breeding and loftiest station. Whatever impression the above address made upon Ragotzy, neither his looks quailed nor his voice trembled, as, confronting the monk, with an eye as unappalled as his own, he replied.

“I have need of your services: you can oblige me; and you, of all mankind, only can.”

“How? say on,” rejoined the other, with a hollow and cold smile; “I have already showered no slight obligations upon Count Ragotzy, although it accords not with his present mood to acknowledge them; show me how further I can contribute to his pleasure; he shall find me, in truth, a very slave to his wishes.”—The monk ceased; but Ragotzy replied not.—“Well, well,” presently rejoined Father Dominick; “to what should all this preparation lead? Tell me, I say, what makes you hitherward?”

“Troops were out for the arrest of the prince of Moldavia, and I liked not wintering in their neighbourhood,” answered the count: “’tis too shrewd an atmosphere; you are milder here; do you understand?”

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"Milder!" repeated the monk, and he stamped his foot violently on the earth — "you may find this too hot! — Death! Do you play with me? What's Peter the Bloody — well does he merit that infamous epithet! — what is he to you? But that's not what you would now speak of; — despatch your present need, sir, and let us part. Is't my purse?"

"Your purse!" repeated the Cygani leader; "trash! — gold purchases me not, nor my desires. Hark you! — at once I feel my great importance too deeply, to barter that which makes men wealthy, for any measured dross. I will have visible power — 'tis clear we distrust each other, and shall do so till the fates of both are closer linked, in happiness or ——"

"Death!" said the monk.

"Just so," returned the other, coolly.

Again there followed a long pause, which was broken by the monk. "Say at once where thy discourse drives," he cried — "disclose thy darker purpose."

"I love," answered the count; and he spoke hurriedly, as if the words required a strong effort to be driven from his lips, and that he hardly trusted himself, with the consideration of what he said.

"You love?" faintly echoed the monk, recoiling. "Can you love?" he presently added, still more inaudibly.

"A fair Hungarian, whom I would wed," rejoined the other, with the same forced and rapid intonation of voice as before.

The monk's visage lowered, and the livid lines of his pale countenance, as reflected in the full blaze of night, assumed a ghastly hue. With manifestly constrained air, perceiving, by the count's silence, that he awaited his reply, he said — "Well, well; and you opine, that the mediation of an old man like me will aid you in your suit. Albeit these light gauds of gallantry, these gew-gaws of romance, possess no longer any value in my eyes.

The breathing of a loveliness doth stir in me no more the fine-discoursing chords, which yield the tongue's rare music.—Ragotzy," proceeded the monk, after a pause, and a mournful cloud overcast his countenance; "I have done with the prevailing harmony of lovers; I have done with sounds, that flow betwixt the uttering and the listening heart, to live in this for ever. Once, indeed," and the monk breathed a deep shivering sigh, given to some period that was long past, while the solemn melancholy that pervaded his whole demeanour affected his voice, and subdued its thrilling tones to an emphasis of the most touching pathos — "Once, indeed, though 'tis long ago since, I thought differently! Nevertheless," he added, with a determined effort to recover his composure, in which he partially succeeded, "if I can help your suit, I'll do the most I can. Who is the lady? — let me know her rank."

"By your leave I will describe her, so thou shalt better judge," returned the other: — "She is like a Princely Bird, and is alone! Her nest is ripe pearl blossoms, twined to wreaths for her to lie in, and 'tis emparadised on a strange promontory of exquisite red rubies, pointed in heaven, but loosed from veins of the earth, in drops, like blood; and round about her crested aerie, columns of diamond and ethereal sapphire lift up and paint the beams, they tempt from above. Valueless stones, hewn from steep rocks with danger, and unimagined gems, dug i' the heart of the majestic world, wherein they hid, like precious thoughts, spread round her eminent dwelling. Enshrined in a serene and animated atmosphere, which, proper to herself, arrays her in its glory, she changes the appearances of those dazzling rays, which she rejects. Her wings are feathered dreams, rosy with early morn, with which sometimes she'll sail aloft, buoyed by a troop of airy acclamations, sustained and cushioned on the light cloud's

bosom ; at others, heaving with whispers i' the firmament, she'll float, lucid and motionless, close to the bounds of the under world ; but never touches earth, though paved with hearts to tread on."

A deeper and a deeper tint of paleness gathered over the contracted features of the monk, as the count proceeded in his allegorical description, till, at the close, his eyes became fixed, and his whole aspect had in it something cadaverous and sepulchral. "What figure is this?" said he, at last, with the forced composure of a man, who deprecates his inward agitation becoming manifest.

"Tis a likeness of fancy," returned Count Ragotzy, carelessly ; "but how, think you, may I rob this nest, and own that Royal Bird ? — do you agree ?"

"I agree !" repeated the monk, faintly.

"Ay," said the count, "you understand me ; — I would adventure this coy and excellent creature — ambition such as mine may be her suitor."

"It is not well," rejoined the other, after a short pause, in a deep low voice, whose singular calmness of enunciation sounded almost preternatural : "It is not well, I say, to aim at a thing so difficult ; — you have not let your eye stab your heart's hopes ? But I'm no *Œdipus* to see through shadows, and you as yet speak parables."

"Then, in a word, you must decide whether or not I am to wear this trophy on my bosom, since she is mine if you will lend a syllable," replied the count.

"I ?" ejaculated the monk, through his pallid compressed lips, in a tone of strong, yet half-suppressed emotion.

"It rests with you, you know," said the other.

Father Dominick drew nearer to the count ; a conflict of many passions, as indescribable as violent, raged in his bosom ; his eyes for a moment seemed fixed with a ghastly glare on the moon, whose light streamed wanly

on his wild countenance, but they saw nothing ;—the next instant he drew his cowl more completely over his face, and, after clenching his hands tightly, thrust his open right palm within the folds of his large coarse habit,— the loose drapery became agitated with the convulsive movement. By and by he drew his hand forth, and, as he raised it in the air, the cold ray from above glittered upon a naked blade, which he held right against the back of Ragotzy, while with his teeth set, and every limb convulsing with suppressed emotion, he exclaimed, “ With me ? To whom, sir, is it you allude ? Who is the lady ? ”

“ She, whom men call queen. Do you understand me now ?— the daughter, sir, as we are told, of the late King John and the Queen Isabella,” answered the chieftain, with resolved mien and dauntless voice.

Father Dominick approached two steps nearer the daring Cygani, and grinding his teeth against each other, with an accent, low pitched indeed, but as dreadfully emphatic as the dagger’s point which glanced in the moonshine, shrieked in the bandit’s ear, “ Whom, villain, mean you ? ”

“ The Lady Czerina,” answered Ragotzy, firmly : “ if I wed her not ”—

“ Murderer, silence ! ” burst in the almost maniac confessor, at the full pitch of his thundering voice. As he spoke, his lips became horridly blanched with the excess of his emotion, and his eyes seemed literally to start from their sockets, “ What, thou ! ” continued the monk in a volley of wrath ; “ thou ! for whom the coarse wanton, serving by indenture the uses of the common hangman, had she the breath and being of humanity not totally defaced, were too good a mate, thou dare to raise thy presumptuous thoughts to her, who is,—the Queen of Hungary ! Hast thou a working pulse, or art thou not the very principle of crime incarnate ? Something of this I was led to suspect from

the well-known voice of your minister.—I leave I never hear that from those purified lips, which I would welcome me, in no point of view, in words or deeds. But I might not guess to what extremity you would be driven by your disordered senses. Mark me, and fear—do not receive you drunk, or such a death—dear me to the myriad eyes of the God above us. It strikes me dumb at my feet!”

“Rail on; it shakes not me, although the cry is much good braving should be uttered now.” With the non-nerved chieftain, with common and well-known grimly: “Nay, I ween, would you deem it prudent to arrange so loosely, were we now, instead of waiting on this heath, met in the presence-chamber of Queen Isabella and Cardinal Martinez. His eminence, notwithstanding his weight of character and influence, would find all impotent, I suspect, to hinder justice sliding her strong steel at his trusty confessor Father Dominicus. Here, however, you may exclaim in safety, only this build upon: having once taken my stand, were you were as the Tuscan trumpet,\* and a thousand deaths in the blast, the centre of the earth might crack to hear it, but the sound would fall like a child’s whistle on my steadfast ear, nor shake one jot my purpose. Trust, sir, I have ventured hither with no fluctuating resolution, on an idle errand; besides I’ve news for you: the archbishop, ere this, I doubt not, has ordered the ambassador Castillon to head his forces. Charles and the king of France have concluded a truce; so the whole and undistracted attention of his brother is directed hitherward—he is on the way to Coloswar. Solyman, on the other hand, renews his Timariots† in the White City. The flower of the 14-

\* *Kátharos* ὡς *τραγῳδίας*. See the 17th line of the Ajax of Sophocles, and notes thereon.

† A sort of feudal cavalry, who held their lands on condition of service.

; The White City, i. e. Belgrade.

toman empire is assembled round the unfurled *sandjâk sheriff*,\* the vessel of this state lies tossing to and fro, beneath the dark brows of these Cyanean rocks.† One measure alone can avert Transylvania being crushed in the collision of the mighty potentates. Peter of Moldavia, by command of the sultan, hovers even now in martial array upon the borders. With that *waivode* I, sir,—I, as the leader of the Cyganis, have formed a federative alliance. Peter, beyond controul of his lord paramount, will only act (as you have cause to know) as suits his interests; those interests, influenced by a Cygani maid, whom I have given him for chamber pastime, are the same as mine. Most of the Wallachian bands, heretofore under the command of Peter are incorporated into one body, and, with the Moldavian force I before spoke of, will march when and where I dictate. Of all the Wallachian chiefs only one acts independently of Peter and myself,—the young Richter Iwan. What that richter's purposes may be, I cannot even guess, only it is certain, that, for the last few months he has been extraordinarily active in recruiting his force,—but that is from the point. Now, without moving a single

\* The sacred standard of Mahomet.

† Cyanean rocks.

“When Argo passed

“Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks.”

Milton, *Par. Lost*, book ii.

The “*Concurrentia Saxa*” of Juvenal. The most elaborate description of these rocks occurs in Apollonius Rhodius. See the *Argonautics*, book ii. from l. 430 to l. 469. Herodotus has a brief allusion to their floating properties, and Valerius Flaccus mentions,

“Errantesque per altum

“Cyaneas.”

See also Lucan, 2. 718. and Ovid. *Trist.* 1, 9, 47.

These rocks were called Cyanean from their dark colour. The rock spoken of in the *Odyssey*, b. xii. v. 61, though somewhat inappropriately styled *πλάγραι*, (an epithet so peculiarly applicable to those at the entrance of the Euxine), would appear to refer to Scylla and Charybdis.



follower of my gang, or bringing to the field a man of our scattered people, but merely by using the powers entrusted to me by the Moldavian waivode, I can command the destinies of Hungary,—ay, the lord regent himself must quail to Alaric Polgar, unless you, sir, find means to induce him to accede to my terms. The waivode of Moldavia shall betray either of these mighty armaments,—which Martinuzzi pleases, into his hands. It is indifferent to the renegade Peter, whether the Cross or the Crescent veil its glory,—with the power that remains, the regent may deal as he thinks fit,—and he is not the man, or I am much mistaken, to let an advantage slip by him. Now to the point,—I require no other guerdon, for preserving for the head of the Lady Czerina the heaven-wrought coronet of Hungary, which yet she hath not in her own custody, nor,”—and the bandit smiled mysteriously,—“perhaps ever will have. I merely require, I say, the hand of the Lady Czerina.”

Here the brigand paused, as if waiting an answer. What slight accidents, what hair-breadth escapes make the wires which influence and regulate the machinery of our fate! Once and again, during the above, the monk betrayed an intention to interrupt, but he restrained himself, and towards the conclusion, slowly and unnoticed, he replaced the dagger within the folds of his habit. Little did Count Ragotzy imagine, by how frail a tenure he held his life that hour. After a long pause, in which the monk seemed to muse deeply, he broke silence.

“Is Unna acquainted with your visit to Hermanstadt?” he said,—“with your proposals?”

“No,” replied Ragotzy; “when I resolved on this matter, my mother was absent on one of her usual fitting expeditions.”

“And how, if I do not see cause to accept your exacting conditions? What follows? What am I to look to as the alternative?” demanded the monk.

“I will tell a tale,” said the count; “a tale, that to

Father Dominick were the same as his death warrant; and the Lady Czerina,"—he stopped, and then subjoined in a more low and inward voice—"she may perchance ascend a scaffold in lieu of a throne."

The cheek of the monk grew even more ashy pale for a passing moment, but quickly resumed its previous hue. The expression was succeeded by an indignant and withering glance of the eye: that too passed away; but still there remained some secret inward emotion, as shuddering, he made answer—"Hah? Is it even so? Sometimes Count Ragotzy," he added, after a pause, and his words came couched in a half whisper, whilst a mysterious and boding smile curved his livid lip; "men dream not what they are about, elancing words, which, like the scorpion's arrow, smite their own breasts, and are but little instruments,—yet say," he proceeded in at once a more audible, and more natural key—"say, I were disposed to rely on this you buzz into my head; what warrant have I for your fidelity?"

"Why, in respect of keeping treaty with you," answered Ragotzy, "I pledge my honour."

"Your honour!" repeated the monk, and a scornful smile curled his lip: "See you, Alaric, yon gnarled and stunted pine?" and he directed the attention of his companion to a low tree that had thrust its twisted roots into the rifts and fissures of the rock.

"And what of that?" said the other, suffering his looks to light on the knotty complication.

"Such is your honour," cried the monk; "'tis withered, sir, withered root and branch! Prithee throw something more than mere breath to incline the balance, lest thy pledge kick the beam."

"Well then," replied the chieftain; "say I commit my person into your hands,—to-morrow at noon I will present myself before the council to be held at that hour by the lord regent; and what you shall in the mean time prescribe, will I then publicly deliver. Moreover,

I will offer myself as a hostage for the due fulfilment of every iota I stipulate. Does that content you?"

"Albeit, I am not apt for this to night, we will canvass it hereafter," said Father Dominick abruptly:—" 'Tis an affair," he presently subjoined, "of too great importance to be suddenly concluded; we can, I say, confer privately another time; however, at present you require repose,—surely it cannot be, you intend remaining without the walls till day-break?"

"You cannot be ignorant," replied the count, after a moment's hesitation; "that time calls for instant decision, and you are not wont to lose the advantage of the game for lack of promptitude. In every way hath fortune armed me, nor will I neglect to use her prevailing weapons. I repeat, in my hands rests the prosperity or downfall of these countries; but I will not barter the precious spell I hold over their destiny, for any price below the hand of the Lady Czerina. Nay, more, you have the present means to marry me also to her condition;—no reflected empire for me! I must and will possess the greatest of the deities, positive regal power;\* not borrowed, sir, not borrowed, but that which stands on its proper basis—my own absolute will. This, if you deny me, understand, I shall make small scruple, spite of Unna's mandate contrariwise, to help myself out of your fortunes—and your fame. Touching my accompanying you at this hour to Hermanstadt; if so, shall I be in all respects a free agent?"

"You will not be under my surveillance," answered the priest scornfully.

"Nor, I trust, will the wretched curs of office, the *palatini canes*, be allowed to bay at me on account of certain transactions you wot of?" urged the other, bending his dark and penetrating glance on the holy confessor."

"Such be our paction," replied the monk; "a truce,

\* τὴν θεῶν μεγίστην ἔχειν κυριαρχίαν—ΦΟΙΝΙΣΣΑΙ

as to all that's past, shall be observed twixt thee and justice, during your sojourn at Hermanstadt."

"Then I attend you," said the count; and Father Dominick led the way down a narrow and abrupt descent, intermingled and obscured with rock and tangled brushwood, and but partially dappled, and enlightened by the erratic glimmerings of the moon; at the gorge of this rugged defile, a low postern gate, covered with thickly matted ivy, admitted them into a long dark dreary cavern. This eventually led to a stone staircase, terminating in one of the small square towers that studded the wall of the battlement, and which formed a kind of barbican, whence a narrow door gave them access to the ramparts; but one other observation passed between the monk and his champion, ere they reached the castle.

"Where do you propose to lodge me?" inquired the count.

"In my own suite of apartments," answered the monk.

"The north turret?" rejoined the other.

"I presume you can have no objection to take up with your former quarters?" said Father Dominick.

"None, whatever," replied the Cygani leader, with an air of savage exultation, whilst a fearful radiance, that might be likened to a flickering fire at night-time, lit up his eyes, as for an instant, they gleamed out through the raven locks, with fierce and demoniac joy—"Oh! none whatever!" and at the word, the two passed into the citadel of Hermanstadt.

## MANUSCRIPT II.

————— Nec me mea laus imago  
Irrita nec falsum somnia sunt Eber.

CLAUD.

THE tenor of our tale carries us back to Hubert, who, after having received the packet from Count Ragotzy, forthwith hied him to the esplanade. He thence dismissed to their quarters the *corps de garde*, and rejoined the subaltern on the ramparts. The countenance of the poor fellow had hardly recovered the natural rubric, which the apparition of armed men had so lately chased away. Motioning the soldier of the watch to draw close up to his side, Hubert proceeded to address him in a confidential tone. "How is this, Yosa,\* he said, "what terrifies you, man?"

"Why," returned the soldier, "how can flesh and blood help being terrified at having to encounter the occupants of the grave—but Christ save us! egress from the city after dusk is prohibited, and I marvel how the holy father passed without the walls."

"Why you only came to Hermanstadt with our last recruits," returned the other, "else you would have known, that by orders of the regent, the wishes of his confessor are to be obeyed to the letter, by every indivi-

\* Yosa; Joseph.

dual in the city. No one knows whence comes this ghostly father; but men will talk, and there be strange things bruited abroad. The suspicious circumstance of the monk's invariably retaining his cowl so low over his face as to hide his features, has afforded occasion for considerable marvel; men *do* give out," and the voice of the speaker sunk into a most oracular whisper, "that he you saw even now, is no better and no other than"—here Hubert paused—"than ——"

"Whom?" demanded the sentry.

"*The Walking Jew!*" was the reply.

"Now Holy Saint Mary forefend!" ejaculated the other, crossing himself.

"Yea, there be evil tongues that do say as much," rejoined the captain.

"Well, only think of that! And his eminence to suffer a rascally Jew to order about him in such like fashion—What can be the cause?"

"'Tis a perilous question, and one hard to answer, although there are who make small scruple to propagate their thoughts upon that head; and, in good truth, the only difference of opinion is, as to the extent of the holy father's communication with the foul fiend."

"Is it possible?" said the sentinel.

"Yea, I have heard it hinted that the reverend gentleman has his own reasons for never discovering his diabolical countenance. You understand, I wis—" the soldier here interposed:

"Now, St. Stephen and the Holy Mother be our defence!" he said; "and if the man be, as you aver—a minister of evil, peradventure the armed sprites, who awhile since made so formidable a demonstration, were in league with the clovenfooted gentleman—only to think of that! but Holy Virgin! what was it, captain, you had the temerity to take charge of?—did I hear aright?—a packet, I trow, to deliver to the queen? The saints preserve us! to think of you being appointed the go-between

of her Grace and the Evil One ! By'r Lady ! I would not accept the office for the pope's absolution and benizen to boot."

"Even as I suspected," muttered aside the officer. "Yea," he said aloud, gravely turning to the superstitious sentinel, "I request the favour of you, that you will not, for a few days to come, breathe a syllable of what you have this night witnessed."

"Only to think of that !" returned the soldier ; " verily I am more ready to oblige you herein, than you to require my silence. I mean to forget the whole matter, please the saints !"

"Thanks, my friend," said Hubert ; " though it is but a brief oblivion, I request of you ; be Father Dominick of human mould, or be he commissioned by the Evil One, certes he holds authority in Hermanstadt, and so we were better not publish this night's adventure."

The sentry, assuming the mien of one impressed with the importance of his charge, silently assented, and Hubert and he soon after parted.

The above information had been thrown out by Hubert as a sort of bridle on the man's loquacity, for the following day or two ; but the horrors he attributed to Father Dominick were, nevertheless, universally credited in Hermanstadt, at the time our story commences. The research of the historian or the darker industry of the legendary, would in vain attempt to pierce through that atmosphere of moral pestilence, which the dubious, but appalling sensation of terror, appertaining to the very idea of the ghostly father, spread around him.

Excepting the regent, Martinuzzi, and Scipio, a negro, his personal follower, not a soul was known at any time to hold communication with the mysterious confessor. The fact was, that few in Transylvania would have cared for the world's wealth to exchange a syllable with one of so inexplicable a bearing, and respecting whose close identity with the incarnate enemy, such horrid suspicions were

afloat. To every defamatory whisper superstition gave ready currency; much of what was repeated from mouth to mouth could not be traced, and was, no doubt, mere idle calumny, based upon very slender foundation: a part—refuted by its own absurdity, must have been absolutely false. No tale of terror can be devised which will not find disseminators ready to embellish, with fresh and aggravated tints, the marvel of the narrative.

This, perhaps, may tend to explain many of the accounts of Father Dominick, which, although of a nature far over-wild and improbable for the sober faith of *la raison froide*, for a long period had been rife in Hermanstadt. Yet, should it be objected that all these rumours were void of foundation, we must demur to the motion. Though calumny may amplify, she seldom invents; even her wildest exaggerations have commonly some ground, however ordinary and accidental, to go upon.

Wherever there is any considerable smoke, it usually indicates a latent fire, however smouldered for a time by the volume of its own exhalation. With the view of elucidating the mystery of this man's existence, we have winnowed out, as it were, from the sterile chaff through which they are scattered, one or two incidents of Father Dominick's life, which will scarcely be deemed foreign to our story. Moreover, these having transpired, subsequent to his arrival in the city, would appear to rest upon better evidence than the generality of those horrible passages, of which common report made him the hero. To this extent we think it necessary to render the reader as wise as were the good people of Hermanstadt; not that we absolutely pledge (as in other points) the white faith of our romantic muse to the dark and mysterious transactions, at which we are about, with fear and trembling, to cast a retrospective glance, (however, inclined ourselves to credit the wild legend,) but because those *speciosa miracula*, might not be omitted, without affecting the even thread of our narrative. The ground we

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have chosen, hardly ascends indeed to the level of probability, and trembles, so to speak, under our feet; yet, however singular and obscure these materials of our legendary pen may read, that they should once have been propagated and credited, confirms in the strongest manner the detestable reputation of Father Dominick; nor, in our opinion, ought they to be rejected as apocryphal. We were wrong to withhold our belief from the recital of particulars, because they partake of that wild and mysterious character, which is proper to the era and to the country. Our relation, be it remembered, has been perpetuated by a jealous and uniform tradition, and will be found verified in the local records of that age. We learn then, on referring to a legendary tale of Erdély, (copied from certain MSS. in the Hungarian National Museum, founded by the Graf Széchenyi in 1802 in Pesth,) that on Martinuzzi's introducing the holy father to the capital of Transylvania, and appointing him his confessor, he assigned him a noble suite of rooms within the castle. These were held sacred to his use, and that of his sable follower; no other individual ever venturing to cross their threshold. This suite was only separated from the apartments of the regent, by a long oaken hall or gallery, at one extremity of which two of the anti-chambers, common to both, served as a medium of mutual communication. The attendance of the Ethiop was highly conducive to those feelings of awe and mystery, which surrounded the ghostly father. The two were sometimes compared to those ill-omened animals, unto whom the airs of heaven and the blessed sunshine are said to be hateful—neither was often to be met abroad, and never by any accident was the cowl of the monk thrown back from off his head. However, for some months past, to the extreme terror of the garrison, and the evident improvement of its discipline, this mysterious man had nightly promenade for several hours the ramparts of the city.

One morning, as it is related, shortly after that epoch when

Hermanstadt became the seat of the royal house of Hungary, the ladies Emilka and Antoinette, whose appointed duty it was to attend upon the young queen, entered her bed-chamber, according to custom, to awake her grace, and do the requisite devoirs of her toilet. They were not a little startled to find the room deserted, and their astonishment became unbounded on observing, the royal attire to remain precisely where, on being dismissed over night, they had left it lying upon an ottoman. They concluded, besides, from the state of the maiden's couch, that it had been lain in only for a short period. The bed linen appeared very slightly deranged, and all impression of her delicate limbs was nearly obliterated. The queen-mother was summoned; the palace roused; the whole court thrown into an agony of tumult and alarm—the war of anxious voices resounded on all sides—the tocsin rang out its alarum peal over the city; insurrectionary movements followed—opinion was not slow in fixing on the secret abettor, if not the author of the abduction of the maiden. Rumour fluctuated from conjecture to conjecture as to the how and wherefore, but the lord regent was the centre about which she revolved.

It was clearly his policy *to remove* the heir of the house of Zapola, and the act was exclaimed against, as the cruel precaution of a tyrant, and the practical argument of an usurper. Martinuzzi happened to be absent at the time, on public business. Consternation reigned throughout the day, and sad anxious night closed at length upon the wrath and affright of the inhabitants of Hermanstadt. Soon after the deep dead noon of that night, when stillness the most profound gathered over the fair palace, and its inmates were either sunk in repose, perhaps dreaming of their royal mistress, or else lay awake, wrapt in superstitious grief and terror, on account of her mysterious disappearance,—even at that dread hour, suddenly, one long and horrid cry, like unto that which erst resounded in Egypt on her night of doom, roused every individual

beneath the royal dome—all listened with a fearful foreboding of some dire calamity, and presently the soul-harrowing shriek was repeated. It seemed to issue from the queen's bed-chamber—some few of the terror-stricken hearers rushed thither. A marvel! The royal maid was sitting up in her bed—she had on her night-dress, whose hue was exceeded in whiteness, by the livid and unnatural paleness which possessed every feature. The streaming gold of her dishevelled tresses flowed negligently over her shoulders; a slight tear was visible on her left breast, and streaks of blood stained her pure linen. Her hand was pressed against her forehead, as if endeavouring to recollect what had past, and settle her disordered senses. Her streaming eyes glared widely and inquiringly, with a sort of frantic eagerness, round the apartment. One or two deep sighs succeeded, and she sunk back on the pillow, closing her eyes, as if to shut out some painful images.

Isabella directed all present to withdraw, and the beautiful child was left alone with her mother. "What means this, my love, inquired the queen regent?"

"Thank God, 'tis all a dream," answered Czerina, raising herself on the couch; "but bless me with a word, do, mother! or else I cannot have screamed myself quite awake."

"Czerina! my dear child!" said Isabella, with unwonted mildness of accent; for little of that kindly feeling, which commonly animates such close connexion, was hers.

Our heroine put her hands to her eyes, as if to assure herself they were not closed—then suddenly she exclaimed, "Ah, the bandage is removed! Mother, I dreamed I died, and I have in the grave beheld a beautiful vision! but false,—oh, surely false!—I would be crowned, and shortly, though—send to the cardinal: I'll confess to him."

"Him! whom?"

"Ha! I have hidden the writings from him—shall I tell you their receptacle? It is a coffin whose mouldering planks,—but whisper it not to my guardian, or—oh, God of mercy! let me not go mad—I would be crowned with the sacred diadem of St. Stephen, and shortly—say, am I not queen of Hungary?"

"Surely, my love," answered Isabella.

"Ha! can angels speak untruths? Mother, what do you think—I've seen *his* face—his face, I say, and God save me from the remembrance. I must be crowned, and shortly, though—oh Isabella! queen regent of Hungary, you little think what has been transacting—there are things working in Hermanstadt, at which the graves of the mighty dead have rent asunder, and given their shadows up—pray my brain don't crack! Send for the cardinal, do—I would confess."

"My love, his eminence is at Coloswar," answered Isabella.

"Why would you deceive me, lady?—I know better, my guardian is at this hour and minute within these palace-walls, or I still dream."

"Will you speak to Father Dominick?" inquired her mother.

"Speak to whom?" shrieked the maiden.

"Father Dominick," repeated the queen.

Czerina replied not a word, but, covering her face with both her hands, went off into a strong shuddering fit. A considerable time elapsed ere the convulsion subsided; it induced a low nervous fever, which resisted, for a period, all attempts to assuage it, and which did not entirely leave her for many weeks. But nothing could prevail upon our heroine afterwards to open her lips on the mystery of her disappearance. To the most earnest and touching inquiries, she simply and invariably replied, "It was a dreadful dream!—a dreadful dream!" She did not seem to be conscious, that the vision comprehended a revolution of four-and-twenty

hours, or to understand how she could have been absent from her couch for so long a period. And although she commonly manifested a shrinking of the soul, a convulsive kind of terror, whenever this *peculium*, shut up in her own bosom, was hinted at, she yet appeared to look upon it merely as a dream; and the record on her bosom bore witness to its horror, and attested with a bloody seal the truth of her assertion. This was not all. The city had no sooner been cheered with the glad tidings of the queen's safety, than there was buzzed from ear to ear a wild incredible story, which seemed to bear some inscrutable connexion with the disappearance of her grace, and which produced a gloomy and mysterious impression on the public mind. The sentinel, whose duty it was on that night to keep guard near the precipice, absented himself from his post, and continued to be missing until the morning which followed the queen's reappearance. On the dawn of that day, this man, with a countenance haggard and highly excited, presented himself at one of the flanking towers, which served as a sort of barrack or guard-room, having been enlarged for the residence of Martinuzzi's corps of mercenaries. At first he refused to give any account of himself, or to explain the reason of his absence. However, on his commander threatening to hand him over to the camp-marshal, he offered to confess every thing, provided he was sheltered from the wrath of certain parties, implicated in the relation he had to make. This was acceded to. What follows is nearly a translation from a parchment MS., professing to treat of this mystery. Perhaps, in the opinion of the reader, it may reflect some faint and broken rays of light on the dream and disappearance of the Queen of Hungary. It is given in the sentry's own words:—

"I had not been long lodged on my post, when, just as the cathedral bell tolled the hour of midnight, my eye caught sight, at some distance, of a gloomy shape,

diffused of dew and ether, so lustrous and transparent, that methought I could discern the outline of the craig through the faint appearance, as through a veil. Gradually the figure darkened into substance, and, with a mode of motion, which resembled gliding rather than walking, descended towards the platform. I resolved within myself not to be taken off my guard, and kept my eye steadfastly fixed upon the strange intruder. The hour was dark; the moon had not risen; and, under the scowl of night, the plenitude of vapours was perfectly star-proof. On this account I could not distinctly trace the advance of the figure. It came on nevertheless, and I watched its progress with sensations of awe and terror, for which, at the time, I could assign no reasonable cause, although I am now too well able to account for them. The obscure shape found no obstacle in steep or rock, but glided by the jutting barriers of nature, as if it possessed the power to move in air. At length it lit upon an elevated knoll that overhung the military station where I had been posted. Then the shadowless form made a pause — ay, on the very edge of the giddy height, bending to look down on me. I looked up at it — I could do no more. A clammy dew gathered over and tingled all my flesh; for I was sure, from the time of night, and the drapery of the shape, that some bloodless villie,\* 'at once a virgin and at once a bride,' who could not rest in her grave, stood glaring at me. I crossed myself, and would have repeated an *ave*, but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth; so I remained gazing at the apparition, as helpless and as purposeless as the new-born babe. The horrible thing stared me into statue. It looked all white — features, raiment, all. After awhile she beckoned me. My ramping heart

\* The Villies, according to Magyar superstition, are the ghosts of maiden-brides, who, if they get a young man amongst them by moonlight, tly cuddle him to death.

stack in my throat, as I thought I should have to die of her embrace. She called me, naming me by name; and bade me, would I bear tidings of a dear relative, to follow her. This relative and I, in our early childhood, were bosom comrades, and I yearned for some intelligence whether he were living or dead; — for we had been long severed, and he, poor fellow! has been lately made a wanderer on the face of the earth for my crime! The spectre, stretching her hand with a motion, which seemed to enjoin my following, passed soundlessly forward. God, in whose hands the secret springs and motives of man's actions are locked up, only knows how it came to pass, that I instinctively obeyed that horrible sign. I hardly believe now, it was my deep anxiety to learn some tidings of my relative, although I deemed at the time, that such must have been my motive. Ah! surely I deceived myself; — it was not affection, but supernatural impulse, which urged me on, since Heaven knows, I would have given worlds, had I had them, only to have placed those worlds betwixt me and that shocking thing. I trembled, I shuddered in every limb; my eyes strained themselves to gaze upon the apparition — but I felt myself impelled to follow. A hideous phantasma sat upon my breast; — I knew it, but I could not jostle it off. I traced the unincumbered spirit through height and depth, over battlement and crag and precipice, I believe by intuition, for I retain a very vague idea of that midnight walk — a spell was on all my faculties. I can only remember stopping ever and anon, for the wier'd thing, as if woven of air, flew over the ground at an amazing rate; and whenever I would rest, the white creature, with more than human eagerness, again would beckon me to advance. At length I came to the yawning mouth of that deep black pit, which sweeps steeply down beneath the foundations of the city. Much that followed is like a dream; the spectre beguiled me down steep and tortuous passages, rudely hewn in the rock, till I found





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in impervious gloom. Reptiles of unnatural and hellish natures congregated round the narrow mansion of the dead. The dismal screech owl, with hideous outcry, fled deeper into the vault; the whizzing bat whistled through my legs; and rats and mice, and such abhorred and unimaginable creatures, as are never heard of in the upper world, crawled about me in every direction; so I thought I would abide no longer in that spot of loathsomeness. I essayed again, to uplift my allotted burden, when, in the very act of squeezing unwittingly in my hand some horrible abortion, which had nestled itself beside the coffin, the disjointed prison-house burst asunder, and the incarnate spirit of its single inhabitant, stood redeemed and disenthralled, rending the casements of death, and robbing the grave of its victory. I could not *see* the apparition, the darkness was too profound; but, by that unutterable creeping of the flesh when every pore, tingling with distinct vitality, attests the vicinage of the dead, I *felt* its presence, and knew it was at that instant standing at my elbow. I would not stretch my arm, lest I should touch its winding-sheet, the very thought of which palsied me with terror. Presently a gleam of light, that shot from an opposite direction, partially illumined the dungeon. I was mad enough several times to cast a furtive glance on the apparition. She was the spectre of the precipice. Her veil, like a thin mist, must have melted away, and I looked upon a loveliness "not of this world." There, pale in immortal beauty, stood the moveless form, fixing the intense and supernatural light of her eyes upon me. Gradually, like the removal of one layer of the thinnest gossamer after another, methought I recollected who she was that stood beside me. Father of heaven! how did I ever survive the shock of that moment? 'Twas the same lady, whom, several years ago, in the forest of Belivar, I basely caused" • • • •

[Here there occurs a break in the manuscript, and it is from other sources we derive an account of the inter-

ruption which ensued.]—It appears that at this moment the word *remember*, enunciated in a voice, hollow and sepulchral as that which might have served an inhabitant of the grave, sounded from the midst of the bystanders. There followed an awful silence of several seconds. Then succeeded a deal of implication on one side, and recrimination on the other; but, in the end, all present were fain to admit the inexplicable fact, that the word had not been voiced by any individual in company; it issued indeed, from “amongst them, but it was not of them.” A sound without an agent. *Vox et præterea nihil*. The speech of the sentry faltered, his limbs shook, and his tongue seemed to refuse his office, so that the further hearing was necessarily adjourned. In the meantime, these mysterious particulars, having been rumoured abroad, everywhere created a certain chill and superstitious sensation. On resuming his communication the following day, the sentry perceived that the room was filled to crowding, and many of the conclave were citizens of no little consequence.

At this point we again take up the manuscript. “My recognition of the spectre so greatly shocked me,” recommenced the sentinel, “that I sunk down in a state of insensibility. On reviving, I gazed fearfully around, under the apprehension of having my eyes blasted with that unearthly presentment; but, in her place, they lit on the ghastly form of one, whom I had reason to think an abhorred ghost from the regions of the damned; of one, whom, next to the Evil One himself, I apprehend, being like him, subtle, terrible and bloody. With horror quivering in every nerve, I gazed for a moment in doubt, but I could not be mistaken—I saw it was the same. My heart is full, and I must speak out. I threw myself upon the justice of his highness, whose beams are universal as the sun’s, whose goodness is an attribute co-ordinate with his power. I appeal boldly to the laws of Hungary, and the justice of my country shall shield me; I will bid defiance to this man’s terrible menaces.

Countrymen and comrades! He, whom I awoke from senselessness to look upon, was One, whom for years, until that frightful moment, I had not encountered, and whom, as I said, I believed to be no more. Till within the last six months his scenters of human prey kept me continually in view, and I duly received, at the hands of one of these, fifty imperials, every quarter, to insure my silence, and my remaining in Wallachia. The discontinuance of that supply persuaded me of his death. But, ah! it was he, who yesterday snapped the thread of my relation by the sound of his well-remembered voice,—even the same who would have defended me from evermore revisiting this country; who has sworn I should not long survive the hour I set my foot on my native soil,—the same, who once drew from me a tremendous vow not to reveal to a single — Ha! great God! Friends, rally round me! Look! there glares the visage of the living traitor! — there! there!"

As the prisoner thus spoke, he would have singled out, with unsteady finger, some one at the extremity of the chamber, and there ensued a general stir and commotion of the compact mass which fronted him. From the eagerness common to all, not to omit a syllable of the "ghost story," the conclave of citizens had wedged themselves in close and silent array contiguous to the narrator. Those nearest found their rank invaded, and themselves urged forward, by persons immediately behind, and such as were left in the rear, perhaps from having arrived too late, jostled hard in the room, trusting, in their turn, by dint of sundry elbowings and manœuvres, in some sort to better their situation; so that, notwithstanding the dense and crowded state of the apartment, this concurrent and impatient pressure towards one point, as to a common goal, soon left a vacant space betwixt the extreme rank and the wainscot. It was thither the prisoner had pointed; but in the general excitement, the individual indicated by the gesture

effected his retreat, without being discovered. Again, with silence and suppressed breath, the assemblage gathered round the sentry. [We return to the manuscript.]

"In a niche of the dark cloister," proceeded the narrator, in a lowered voice, "a darkened lamp had been posited, that threw the corner of the dungeon, where I had sunk down, into a deepness of shade so great, as to render me almost completely invisible. The man, I mentioned, was standing near the entrance. His coarse monastic raiment was belted in by a rope, to which was suspended a large leaden crucifix; the cowl having been thrown back, displayed the monkish tonsure. In a low tone, this person communed with himself—'Strange!' he murmured, 'I trust there has been no error—Unna, where art thou?'

"What would you with her, you name?" demanded some one, in a deep guttural voice, which, in spite of its harshness, bore the accents of a female; and at the word, the same uncouth being, who had impelled me to convey the coffin from the cemetery, stalked back, repeating in, as I thought, a fierce and commanding tone,—'What would you with Unna?' Her tangled hair hung around her in elfin locks, and her manner and appearance might have suggested the visible presence of Hecate, in the act of inspiration.

"Have you secured the child?" demanded the monk.

"The child!" echoed the other, "Oh! ay, the dainty marigold; I had her fast but now, close and pent up, like death; her kingdom is a goodly heritage; yet, for all her spacious realm, a small continent will hold her; she's robed in pall, but not of sceptered purple. My eyes," proceeded the speaker, after a pause, with deep pathos of tone, "whose melting source, seamed with so many years of hard obstruction, hath been a niggard to my outcast state, when they beheld her laid in her narrow bourne, looking so pure and pale, wept for her, and, in the bitterness of my soul, I said, wherefore should I weep? better



thought; I would not hurt a hair of that injured head even to benefit *her*. His appearance has a savour of bitterness unto me, even as a guilty conscience, to remind me! No more, Unna!' he presently added, 'my apprehensions point elsewhere.'

"To whom?" said Unna.

"The brigand!" answered the monk.

"Alas! I trust otherwise," said Unna, in a broken voice: 'I trust otherwise.'

"His sworn audacity, that makes him fancy all things within his fathom, will be his ruin," rejoined the monk. "His violent humours border on insanity, towards which restraint and fetters may be kindness; any longer continuance of his insults and menace, in regard to that matter, must relax the sinews of authority; and, if they do not speedily terminate, by the Lord that lives! I will proclaim him for that he is!"

"What would you, tyrant?" shrieked Unna.

"Call upon Authority to wield her sword to cut the slender off," replied the monk, with solemn energy.

"Then may the malisons of his mother overtake you!" quickly rejoined Unna. "May they—and curses such as mine will go direct to heaven, and have a supernatural potency—may they overtake, and cling, and cling unto you, and drag you down to hell!"

"The tall harsh form of the speaker grew taller, while venting this imprecation, and her dark features bore an imprint, corresponding to its dreadful purport.

"Nay, nay," returned the monk, suddenly lowering his tone to one more soothing, 'it may not come to death. You should remember, I have higher obligations, and ties, which are more binding, and to which I must sacrifice those, which would otherwise lead me, for thy sake, to overlook the brigand's preposterous insolence,—make him understand this, or, else,—the Titan must be chained.'

"Unna preserved a gloomy silence, and the monk shortly

added, 'But you have not told me where the child is deposited; and the princess, where is she?'

" 'Where should she be?' retorted the other; 'because your infatuation forced me to convey her hither, should I detain her in these pestiferous receptacles of putrid humanity, the resort of spirits foul and fallen?—Does she bear about with her a spell, think you, against the viper's sting, or is she ague-proof?'

" 'I meant it not so,' answered the monk.

"Unna again spoke. 'Whither, I wonder, can that craven have strayed in the secret dark? We had better hence, or she, you love, may be engulfed in one of those steep and deep abysses, which recede into the bowels of the earth; or else, entangled in the whirling pool, float on a watery bier.'

" 'Ah!' shrieked the monk, 'what madness is this?—Lead me, lest her innocent foot be already on the threshold next to heaven.'

"At that moment, a strong light flashed into the vault and a white robe was seen fluttering, in the further extremity of the same passage, by which I had entered. An iron tread echoes the light foot-fall which preceded it. The monk stood mute and motionless, but Unna rushed out of the vault. There followed a faint scream immediately succeeded by a clangous sound, as if one armour were suddenly stretched upon the earth, and a figure, like that of an angel, came wandering by, with dishevelled hair, and an apparent want of consciousness. It was the spirit of the cemetery, but her shroud was gone, and her clothing, torn and disordered in her flight, hung from her, as it were, in irregular festoons, exposing her person to the exhalations of the vault. The pale light laid her small palm upon her bosom, 'and glancing shadows of the night played o'er the marmoreal depth,' whence flowed the red blood, staining her scarlet raiment. As the monk advanced, the ethereal shape uttered one piercing shriek, and fled forward into the glo-



beyond. The ecclesiastic, pushing past Unna as she entered, with a hasty movement, seized the lamp; and the next instant I again found myself in darkness and solitude. I arose with difficulty, for my limbs were rigid, and an icy chillness benumbed my blood; while shaking off the multitudinous abominations, which hung about me, like the tresses of the gorgon, I began to dread having to linger out in those mephitic vaults my short remnant of existence, with no prospect but to sleep with the slime of toads, and feel, as the chill blank of an eternal rest crept over me, the battenning worm raven on his horrid banquet, ere my heart's blood ceased to beat. The idea was fraught with madness, yet it served to renew the elasticity of my mind. I roused myself, and groping along the gelid walls, passed through the entrance. Dismissing every idea, but that of pressing onward, I made my way slowly betwixt the two stone limits, which, at either side, I might easily reach at arm's length. Methought I discovered afar off a pale glow-worm light; thither I bent my steps, but as fast as I approached, it appeared to me to recede. At length, on passing through a narrow door-way, the light waxed fainter and fainter, until its last luminous speck had disappeared. I had already remained a minute without attempting to stir a limb from the position, in which I had first halted, when my ears were startled by a soft step, that sounded not far distant. I feared, I might be in the vicinity of the same pale phantom, who seduced me from my post, to visit the territory of her bodiless associates. The step approached, and in a second or two more, a slight tap on my shoulder almost annihilated me to the exanimate thing, I dreaded. Half distrusting even my senses, I have no words to depict my extreme horror, when I felt the icy finger of a corpse laid on the stiff and rigid hand, which hung by my side; I snatched it away from the unnatural touch. For awhile, I could feel my very hair bristling on my head. Soon, I heard the same soft step gradually recede

MANUSCRIPTS OF ERDELY.

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of the awful tread presently ceased. So soon  
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arched and sinuous passages, a body of n  
d with long swords and carabines, rushed tumu  
into the cemetery, through a narrow door, s  
n the hollow of the wall, and almost concealed f  
vation, by the heaps of death's heads, and o  
ems of mortality, that seemed purposely to h  
arranged about its threshold. The mailed chief  
neing, formed a prominent figure, in front of  
back-ground of spears and carabines. 'We  
hese vaults a visit to-morrow,' he said, 'when  
devil, Scipio, shall not so easily escape our str  
t ye gone from Hermanstadt at present, and  
out St. Agatha. I will not tarry long.'

Had I my will, count, I'd have this night fi  
a rubrick in the calendar,' observed one of  
'to commemorate your ill success, 'tis such a rari  
Wurmser, where have you left Wolf?' asked

We fear the dog has given us the slip; he bore  
away too,' answered Wurmser.

Well, do not attempt to seek him now,' said

chieftain; 'the beast will be nothing the worse for night among these cloisters. But are ye all deaf? A I to bid you gone twice?' he suddenly demanded stamping with his armed heel, till the vault echoed and re-echoed to the sound. The troop made a precipitate retreat, and, with a loud clattering noise, closed the door after them. At the same instant, that terrible man approached from the opposite side of the sepulchre. He walked direct up to the chieftain, who appeared to anticipate that his business concerned himself.

"My lord," began the monk, with an air of stern reproof, 'this last outrage of all laws, human and divine, calls for exemplary comment. Why should I at this instant give you up to justice? — misguided miscreant, wherefore not?'

"Ha! Is justice then, whom thou hast so long thyself abused, become thy dull accomplice?" calmly retorted the other. 'Give me up to justice indeed! Ha! ha! ha! What binds rather that I instruct not justice in all reaching crimes? What bids me withhold my tale of wonder, from the multitude? Give me up to justice! Why what doth debar me at once claiming thanks and honours, due to the benefactor of my country? Might not whisper in Isabella's ear? or might I not, before assembled crowds, where, seated on the very throne of justice, Martinuzzi sits, trumpet thy guilt? Give me up to justice!'

"You mistake, sir," said the monk composedly; 'there are a thousand ways open to me, without myself appearing in the matter. I have other terrible modes you little dream of, to put a final period to your iniquitous proceedings: drive me not to resort to them. There be emergencies, when right must be enforced by might, — such things have been ere now.'

"They have," returned the chieftain significantly.

"And may again, sir," proceeded the monk, sternly

“‘And may again, as you say,’ reiterated the other with similar emphatic earnestness.

“‘Oh my son!’ said the monk, with deep pathos. ‘Have I not been all the world to you, the almoner, father? More liberal than the winds? What under heaven is thine, and precious, of health or wealth of life or liberty, which I built not up in thee? How resume these gifts? How, sir, if I *dash* and crumble my own creation, as with a touch I might, to its original atoms? I have borne and forborne long,—do not come to vindicate my tardy justice, or else your life,—do not, do not, do not!’

“‘I tell you,’ replied the chieftain, ‘you cannot name me. I defy your utmost malice:—my mother has foretold me, that only one man will ever have power, for life or death, over Alaric Polgar.’

“‘What man?’ said the monk.

“‘Tis a riddle of Dame Unna,’ replied the chieftain, with a laugh. ‘which you may read if you can. — I should I avoid, says Unna, whom I shall have deprived of his two dearest rights, before he knew they were his property. My life you see is charmed. Men seek some other mode of retribution, and I’ll believe you.’

“‘Suppose I were to hand you over to the inquisition,’ said the monk.

“‘I understand,’ returned the other; ‘but yours, I warn you, might prove a two-edged instrument, cutting both ways.—Say I played booty, and confessed more than the rack would have to answer for—more than was actually suited Father Dominick.—What think you, in such a case?—Besides, I can appeal to the safeguard given by Count Thomas Polgar, by the bishop of Funfkirch, and ratified by Ladislas,—on his death, by King Lewis, when he fell, by Zapola, for some years,—and lastly, I say you may well start!—by Martinuzzi.’

“‘Son,’ replied the monk, after a short pause, ‘no

withstanding the safeguard you speak of, were I to lodge you in prison, and you to linger there till the day of doom, none would heed—none would require the person of your countship at my hands.'

"Yes, one would," coolly observed the chieftain.

"Ha! whom?" demanded the monk.

"The queen of the Cygans," replied the other, in the same bold unsubdued tone, which he had hitherto used.

"There followed a momentary pause, which was broken by the monk saying, 'Let me recal, my son, an event in your early history, which seems, I know not how, to have escaped your remembrance. Twenty years, and more have passed over your head, since the day I would advert to, but it is from that epoch, you have to date the commencement of your fortunes. It was then, that your pale light first twinkled on the verge of the horizon, which, gradually broadening and brightening through darkness and storm, hath long hung like 'a hostile prodigy,' to fright the under world; but thy fires, which already are almost spent, will have, at the last, to be raked up, like a spark, and be trod out by justice.' His voice faltered for an instant. The chieftain would have spoken, but the monk immediately resumed, in a studiously modulated tone; 'It chanced in Belgrade, even at the time I have named, that a fine boy of the age of ten years, was being led one morning to execution by a body of Janissaries, when a stranger, who happened to be passing through the city, won, it may be, by the youth's gallant bearing, felt interested for his fate. This stranger became solicitous to learn, what crime, deserving death, could have been committed, by so juvenile an offender. He was informed, that the lad was one of a tribe of gipsies, who, on the over-night, had broken into the dwelling of the Mufti, and stripped the house of valuables to a considerable amount. This boy alone had been captured; he had been offered a

pardon, on condition of his betraying the haunts of his confederates, but preferred to die.—The stranger did not sufficiently admire the magnanimity of the lad, he determined to save him. Fearlessly encountering and surmounting every obstacle, arising from the fortitude of justice, the prejudices of national antipathy and of religious hatred, he was eventually so happy, as to accomplish his purpose; but it could only be effected by reimbursing the Mufti for the loss of his property, and afterwards buying the freedom of the culprit, at an enormous price. The sum required was equal to the revenue of a prince, but the stranger counted out the gold in one hand and in the other reckoned the excellency of a human life; nay, as he trusted, of a human soul saved, as the ingots were as dust in the balance. Now, tell me should not this redemption of his existence have in the urchin's gratitude, whilst he continued to breathe vital air? Would one suppose it to be in human nature that this boy could ever thereafter have done his utmost to injure and trample on his benefactor?"

" 'You strangely forget yourself,' said the chieftain in a scornful, but meaning voice, at the same time drawing himself up into an attitude of insolent defiance; 'I have not hitherto done my utmost.'

" 'Peace, sir,' exclaimed the monk, 'and listen to me throughout, though not to a close; for as yet, the end is not—'tis in the womb of time. The stranger took with him the manumitted boy, whom he had snatched from his soul and body, as a 'brand from the burning.' His inclination towards him, and he clothed him, fed him, instructed him, lavished on him all the charities of friendship, preceptor, thus 'heaping coals of fire on his head' should he turn ingrate. He *did* turn ingrate, sir, and

\* "A ruffian, who, rather than betray his associates, is content to endure death, has certainly some principle of virtue, however he may misapply it."—Lord Shaftesbury, *Charact.* vol. 2. p. 39.

these benefits were won in water.—Ah! you had of me, Ragotzy, health, wealth, and power.—all you could have—all that ranks you higher than deceiving men. But thou must come, however, a base man, a traitor. Like the poisonous worm was started thy venom, only to corrode the breast of pity and compassion, which warmed and nerved thee. And by thy disguised malice, the very hand, which has been so precious in its gifts, withered and shrunk. With a felon's strength, didst thou rend the lips of caskets, dread, like thine, which lock the end of all our deepest counsels.

"Unthankful man!" proceeded the monk, advancing a step nearer to the chieftain, and speaking in a sterner tone: "Thou peered into the corners of my life, and didst extort the treasures of my secret soul,—yea, count, one by one, my inmost thoughts before thee, as since thou hast told out the accursed coin, with which I have foolishly requited thee. It had been a mercy hadst thou cut thy way direct into my heart, with a quick steel, so I had perished once, and felt not death dropping for ever from thy perjured lips. What tempted thee?"

"The other mystically smiled and began: 'The sultan,' but immediately the monk again took up the word, 'Oh! he should have heard your tidings, and seen your pilfered treasure; for he commanded,—bribed thee. I bid the most, and yet the serpent knew thy value; thou art nothing worth, sir! what security could he repose in thee?' in a servant, who had broken the full confidence of his lord—in a subject, who set to sale his country's hopes—in a man, whose dear integrity and common nature were worn, like a robe, to rags! Is it not vile?"

There was uncommon dignity in the bearing of the monk, during the delivery of this stern rebuke; but it seemed to make no impression on the chieftain.

—'I have done all this of course,' he returned with a sarcastic smile; 'you've said as much before.'

"And you," replied the holy father, 'heard me without

extreme astonishment, he had vanished, and I heard him carefully shoot the bolts on the outside. Exhausted and hopeless, I soon forgot my sorrows in the land of dreams. My sleep was broken by a heavy hand pressed upon my shoulder; I raised myself: the dusky grey of dawn had again succeeded to the darkness. 'Bestir thee, thou sluggish clod! wouldst't batten on thy duresse, that thou liest here at thy ease, and slumberest away from sorrow?' said a man, who was standing over me, in a harsh and sullen tone. He was short in stature, but his form was enveloped in a military cloak, and a mask effectually concealed his visage. While speaking, he had knocked off my shackles, and then added—'Come with me; tread lightly, and not a word, as thou valuest thy life.' He then drew open a sliding panel of the wainscot, which cavity a man might with difficulty pass. On issuing forth, we stood on the landing of a flight of steep spiral stone steps, which wound, with one descent, until they terminated in a confined and dilapidated chamber. Having, with labouring speed, arrived so far, I could discover no mode of egress, until my guide suddenly opened a narrow iron-clenched postern to the right, which had at first eluded my eye; and at the same time, by accident I believe, the mask dropped from his face, and the red light streaming on his countenance, I beheld the identical agent, who for years had hovered about my goings, and was used to bring me the quarterly payments from his employer. But even at that instant, ere I was aware of his intention, he thrust me out of the room, and incontinently shut the postern upon me. I found myself standing at the base of the north tower, in the court-yard of the citadel. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, at the extrusion to which I had been so abruptly subjected, I directed my steps hitherward, where I was immediately put under arrest. I have nothing more to say."

[The manuscript in this place enters on a long metaphysical disquisition concerning the above legend, and



incidentally alludes to a varying tradition, readily credited by the vulgar of every rank, that for more than a century, subsequent to the period prescribed to our story, two spirits, the one in monkish habiliments, and the other a female, all arrayed in white, with her breast dripping gore, would, during the deep and silence of the night, traverse, hand in hand, a certain suite of rooms in the castle of Hermanstadt. But since such a scope of episode would divert us too long from the proper subject of our labours, with which it hath little legitimate connection, we shall forthwith proceed with our narrative.]

We are given to understand then, in a rare work to be met with in the library of the museum at Hermanstadt, which, by the way, contains many scarce and valuable volumes, bequeathed by Baron Brukenthal to his countrymen; that the account of the sentry wrought a terrible impression on the minds of his hearers. And what abundant excuse it furnished for sudden and strong excitement! Rumour forthwith found plenty to do for her hundred several tongues, and every tongue made a separate report. In the streets, on the ramparts, in the near neighbourhood of the citadel,—every where, groups of citizens might be seen collected with eager looks, exchanging the various versions of the mystery. And every mouth, syllabling the awful sound in a half-whisper, was big with the name of Father Dominick. Some said, the African could be no other than the dreaded black of the citadel. There was a spell in the idea,—no one knew who first dared give it breath; none might guess whence the whisper arose: but, once disseminated, the transition was easy to the crimination of the confessor of their regent,—that mysterious being, around whom already there were darkening suspicions of the most unhallowed description.

At length, a deputation of the principal inhabitants waited upon Martinuzzi, and after recounting the marvelous incidents of the sentry's relation, petitioned his emi-

nence to silence the terrible conjectures, that were rife in Hermanstadt, by deigning to institute some inquiry into the inexplicable occurrence.

The regent's ready consent was obtained. He appointed the party to be brought before him on the following day, and the better to ensure the ends of justice, orders were given, that, in the interim, the sentinel should be confined to the keep of Hermanstadt. The intense sensation which this extraordinary affair produced was wholly unprecedented; and, impelled by the blind credulity of superstitious fear, the inhabitants of Hermanstadt were stirring betimes on the next eventful morning. At the tenth hour, Martinuzzi appeared, with extraordinary pomp, in the great hall of the citadel, and attended by his principal officers of state, took his seat upon the throne. And now the regent dispatched a serjeant-at-arms, with an order to the warder to produce his prisoner.

A mute and solemn agitation gradually pervaded the chamber as, one after another, growing pale at the idea of the investigation which impended, dropped the conversation, he was holding with his neighbour. The minds of men were wrought upon in the awful silence that succeeded, until their very lives seemed bound up, in the intense expectancy of the current hour. To use the emphatic quotation of one who was present: \* "*neque populi aut plebis, ulla vox non tumultus non quies;*" and he might well have gone on from the same author, "*quale magni metus silentium est!*"† Some delay arose. A gentleman usher of his eminence was, at first, dispatched to hasten the attendance of the sentry. Soon after, the Graf Bathori, a young page of rank and note, left the hall on a similar errand. A considerable space of time again elapsed, but neither returned to render an account of his mission; minute after minute rolled on, while the court was still held in a state of intolerable ex-

\* Jerome Lascus.

† Tacitus.

citement and solicitude. At length, a per-  
 date of Martinuzzi elicited the overwhelmin-  
 gly incredible truth. Bathori returned, with  
 discomposure in his countenance, accom-  
 panied by a warder, who, in great trepidation, informed that  
 the prisoner had escaped. This intelligence  
 was a thunder-clap upon the senses of every soul.  
 For awhile, they refused to yield credence to  
 his statement, but it was too true; the door  
 had not been forced; neither bolts were  
 bars withdrawn; every safeguard remained  
 as it had been left overnight. The prison  
 had unassailed, but where was the prisoner?  
 His heart throbbed a reply, according as sus-  
 picion predominated; but, on every bosom  
 had hardly-defined sentiment of terror  
 weighed, like an incubus. The idea of carrying  
 investigation being of course abandoned, they  
 returned to their several homes.

Days grew to weeks, and weeks were num-  
 bered in months; and each hour, as it passed, stole some-  
 thing of the intensity of the general horror, when a fresh  
 help came to renew the public excitement, and  
 remembrance, which seemed ready to expire, in  
 serious goings on in the vaults of Hermanstadt.

A patrol of the city, happening, one day,  
 home by an unfrequented path, discovered the  
 a man lying in the fossé, just without the ramparts.  
 caused the dead body to be conveyed to the ba-  
 by — it was perfectly putrid; no lineaments were  
 were discernible. A noose, with the rope attached  
 left about the neck. The arms were stiffened in one  
 clenched; and the whole corpse stiffened in the  
 expression of agony. All seemed to indicate, that  
 come by his death unfairly; but, Gracious Heaven!  
 deceased was habited in the uniform of the  
 guard. Could it be possible? Ha! vengeance

his word, and done his worst ! The unsightly spectacle could be nothing else, than the foul and festering carcase of the sentry, who was supposed to have escaped from the keep, and who had never since been heard of. A placard, found upon his person, put the fact beyond all question. It bore the inscription which follows :—  
“ *Citizens of Hermanstadt ! behold the catastrophe of that desperate slave, that canker-worm of faith ! take warning by his fate. I, and one greater than I, have our eyes on every soul of ye. Whosoever loves his life will keep his own counsel. Signed, SCIPIO.*”

We leave the reader to conceive the dismay, which sat drooping, like an icicle, upon the spirits of all who came to hear of this billet, each of whom might have exclaimed, with Eve —

—— “ me damp horror chill’d  
At such bold words, vouch’d with a deed so bold.” •

• Milton.

## MANUSCRIPT III.

"The clock points the hour; and man is yet as virtuous as our first progenitor before the fall; the clock strikes, and all is over."—*GODWIN.*

"*Somnia, terroris magicas miracula, sagas  
Necturnos leuures, portentaque.*"

*HORACE.*

THE mind would fain pause, amidst the supernatural incidents of the last chapter, with a longing desire to ascertain their hidden springs and causes; but, for the present, at least, we must revert to the main subject of our history, to the elucidation of which the foregoing account of the sentry is by no means unessential. We wished, moreover, before we proceeded further, to show how Father Dominick came to be held in so repulsive a light; and with that view, have quoted one, amongst many, strange stories, to which we have had access, and which were current at the period. We have been guided in our selection, chiefly by the superior weight of evidence, which seemed to attach to the tale of the cemetery. Had we desired merely to excite terror, we had the choice of several very remarkable passages of the ghostly father's life, and reappearance after death, any one of which were, perhaps, preferable, as a specimen of the marvellous. But we would not attempt to remove the well-known landmarks of truth. It were unworthy the genius of our history to deviate from her course, in quest of legendary lore,

which, for the most part, must be wholly founded on fiction. We are at liberty to make no excursions, without the proper limits of our humble vocation, into so boundless a field. It is the office of our pages, to record only what we deem authentic, and neither to place our own conjectures and invention in the rank of facts, nor to give currency to the speculations of others, "*Nequid falsi dicere audeamus.*"

Having premised so far, we beg leave to resume the thread of our narrative, by reminding the courteous reader, that we left the captain of the guard, some pages ago, on his return homeward from the barrier. It was of the last consequence to that individual, that his having held communication without the wall of the city should not transpire. Were it known, that he had received aught from a state messenger, in trust for the queen regent, it was evident, the deposits would be required at his hands.

Now there were dim motives of action floating in the brain of Hubert, with which the reader will presently be made acquainted, which made such an event especially to be deprecated. He would have felt glad, certainly, if there had not been a party to the transaction, but no liberty of choice was left to him; the vicinage of another was unavoidable, and it only remained to get the affair hushed up, in the readiest mode that offered. The superstition of the soldier of the watch favoured his suit, and Hubert felt satisfied, that, at all events, for the next day or two, the man would not break troth. Beyond this term, Hubert required not his silence.

With these ideas passing in his mind, the captain of the guard retraversed the esplanade; and his meditative steps awakened the still echoes of the ruinous causeway, conducting to his own abode. How much of hazard had he not incurred that night! with the view, which he hardly acknowledged to himself, of perpetrating a hideous moral baseness, under pretence of abetting the designs of a man, in whose power, prophecy, and circumstances had thrown

him, but whom, from his soul, he abhorred. In the downward path of life, which, for years, this man's passions and his errors had driven him to tread, his course was taken out of his own direction. Every twig, he madly clung to, in hopes of arresting the impulse of his fall, only acted as a rebound, and tended to accelerate his ultimate fate. Like that diver, in the Gulf of Charibdas, spoken of by Brydone,\* Hubert had leaped after the glittering bait, sinking, at each venturous plunge, deeper and more deep, into the abyss, till his earthly fortunes, and his soul's health became alike implicated in the whirlpool.

With gloomy apprehensions for the event, Hubert reached his rudely-thatched habitation, and, lost in thought, paused for a moment beneath a sort of penthouse, which, supported by wooden pillars, projected from the roof, a few feet beyond the wall, in front. After concealing the box and packet, in the folds of his military cloak, he tapped at the low postern, which, at the first summons, was opened, by a lovely young creature, whose dazzling neck and bosom, partially betrayed by the light and insufficient covering, with her minute and "many-twinkling feet" flashing forth unsandalled, from beneath a scanty night-rail, loosely thrown about her, proclaimed, she had hastily arisen from her couch, for the purpose of letting in her father. If time, and a course of vice had left an isle of health and verdure, in the sterile waste of Hubert's heart, that green oasis was the shrine and the temple of this beloved being; if one gleam of feeling lingered in his bosom, over which the rack of misfortune sunk not hopelessly dark, that feeling was exclusively sanctified, by parental care and affectionate solicitude for his sweet girl, the sole offspring of his departed Veronica. Oh, no! it was not for himself he repined: let the tempest lift up and rage! he could stand its assault, even as a fixed rock, which the constant surge chafes at,

\* See Tour through Sicily and Malta.

but wears not—let the shafts of fate speed 'gainst his indurated front! as from a steel garment would the brittle instruments recoil—but when his thoughts, for a moment, rested on that beloved one, he felt his spirit languish with his fortunes. In all else he was armed in mail of proof. His desire of vengeance, he knew, would uphold him in the everlasting conflict with his hard destiny. He was like the hero of antiquity, impassable save at a single indivisible point, but thither were the arrow aimed, he knew, it must penetrate to the quick. If his past sorrows told him not, his past sins might have, and that emphatically, and unanswerably, that the bagnio floor of this bad world was no resting-place for female innocence; its desolate and thorny haunts no pleasant asylum for the probation of loveliness, whose only earthly trust is treachery. Over the future destiny of his Veronica would Hubert often weep bitter scalding tears—for her sake, chiefly, he dragged on the lengthening chain of existence—for her, the sweat of his brow was gathered, and the sin of his soul contracted—for her he girded up his soul in treason, living the confederate of robbers, and the thrall of robbers, and *their betrayer!* And that child, not yet eighteen, with her radiant hair; her clear brow, her eyes “of that same hue in which the heaven delights;” \* her enchanting countenance; her low silver-stringed voice, entrancing the listening ear to catch the minutest echo of that minstrelsy which, like the inspiration of some soft reed pipe, † enriched the air when she spoke; her graceful buoyant shape, just beginning to round into the full and swelling contour of womanhood—that child, whose every heart’s throb was but the gushing forth of that filial tenderness, which was “part and parcel” of her existence, and which constituted a worship

\* Wilson.

† ἡ σύμμιγος ὡς πνοὴ  
λεπτοῦ ἰάνακος.—ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ.



and a religion, that not the most fervent enthusiast ever went beyond, in prophetic cell or depth of solitude :— that child, the strong necessity of whose heart, without reserve or doubt, and undiverted by the influence of any lighter instinct, was love, in its most elevated character, in its loveliest form and aspect—the intense essence of that sympathy, which is among the best and most pious of our human feelings, and which alone (as the oil of aroma will preserve its entirety and sweetness, unpolluted by the mire of the puddle, in which it may have spilt) the corruptions of this world have failed to deteriorate. Such zeal of affection burnt, pure and exclusive, on the secret altar of the heart of that child, who little imagined how utterly the perpetual course of crime, had hardened and lowered the nature of one, so highly revered. Yet, despite his occasional shows of confidence, she apprehended, that her father owned certain *arrière pensées*, which he was unwilling to reveal. Many fortuitous circumstances, that could scarcely escape her penetration, and obscure intimations from day to day, to which it was impossible she could wholly close her eyes, had given her to know, that Hubert's proceedings were not consonant with that strict rule of moral rectitude, which her unsophisticated sense, enlightened and hallowed by the clear sunshine of the Gospel, had chalked out, as the only standard of human conduct ; nevertheless, she was far from conjecturing how thoroughly unpurposed were the impulses, on which her parent acted, or to how forlorn and desperate a state his want of principle had reduced him. She might hardly guess, that, like the bankrupt devotee of the blind goddess, he had played on, through very excitement of the game, and that, of late, he had lowered and lowered the amount of his stake, until it reached its minimum.

On the door opening, Hubert entered into a sort of parlour, the walls of which were plastered and white-washed, and whose large fire-place, with its culinary ap-

pliances, betrayed the domestic uses, which the apartment occasionally served. The single lattice of this room was almost on a level with the thatched pentice without, that seemed erected on purpose to eclipse the day-light. Having doffed his iron beaver, Hubert placed the packet and the box beside it, unperceived by Veronica, on the rough table, over which he carelessly threw the military cloak, and then drew a bench, close to the stone hearth, whence the expiring embers of a dull wood fire, cast a fitful and sullen gleam over the miserable accommodations of the room. On that bench, with his elbow on his knee, his forehead resting on the palm of his right hand, and his eyes fixed gloomily on the ground, Hubert seated himself, and the very intensity of his gaze betrayed its lack of speculation, and showed how lost he was within the sanctuary of his inner spirit. Veronica stood by. She could not but feel hurt at Hubert's prolonged silence, though neither his abstraction, nor its continuance, could be said to surprise her. She guessed, that those taciturn fits, to which he was of late accustomed, did not result from internal repose, and instead of denoting a vacuum in his thoughts, she had reason to apprehend, that they rather betokened the jaded restlessness of a brain, fraught with fearful subjects of contemplation. At length, she took courage, and ventured to speak.

"Father, *edes atyam*,\* are you not well?" she inquired, with that thrilling emphasis of the heart, which alone belongs to woman, and which only woman can conceive, and give breath to.

"Well?" repeated Hubert, with an impatient start, but without raising his eyes; — "Yes, yes, my love, surely." — But Veronica apprehended something in his looks and gesture, which contradicted this assurance. His manner was like to that of a man, labouring with some

\* Dear father.

dreadful conception. "Is there more *krummolz* at hand?" presently he demanded. Another faggot of kneewood was brought by Veronica, and thrown on the hearth, and again all was still. The contemplation of Hubert, which seemed to prohibit conversation, lasted some minutes. At length Veronica, having, more than once, suppressed what was rising to her lips, broke through the restraint, by enquiring, in a low and timid accent, into the nature of the alarm, which had drawn her father from his quiet home, at that dead hour of the night. So completely was Hubert pre-occupied, with the thoughts then dominant in his mind, that Veronica had to repeat her question, before he caught its purport; and, when he did so, he briefly, and almost peevishly replied; "Nothing of moment, love,"—and again he fell into deep meditation. Struck by the sullenness, with which Hubert repulsed those attentions, he was wont to delight in, Veronica fell suddenly into silence, when presently, her father himself broke the chilling pause, by abruptly addressing her.

"Prithee, my love," he said, "fetch me a stoup of our *Kerösian*."° The damsel half started; she gazed intently on her sire, by the glimmering and inconstant light. His countenance bore evidence of something wrong within. It looked astonishingly pale; Veronica thought, she had never before remarked it so pale. She felt troubled, and appalled at she knew not what, and, throwing her taper arm round Hubert's neck, she kissed his forehead, and then, having dashed aside an involuntary tear (whilst her feet glanced along the brick-floor, as lightly and as brightly, as two trembling leaves of poplar, drifting beneath the moon), she glided from the apartment. She was not long gone, ere she returned with the wine.

"Father, are we not to return to bed, to-night?" she enquired, as she entered, with an arch smile, and in a

° *Kerösian*, the ordinary wine of Hungary.

tone, that, notwithstanding its simplicity, carried with it a somewhat dolorous impression, but instantly, with more seriousness, she subjoined: "I am sure now, that you are not in health, by your drinking, at such an hour; that is," she quickly added, on remarking the increased disquietude of Hubert's countenance, "I fear, you must be ill!"

"I am as well as usual," coldly answered her father; and he raised the *csutora*\* to his lips, and drained it at a draught.

"Ah! I bethink me, now," continued the maiden, with filial pertinacity, "that dwarfish envoy, from Wallachia, conferred such a time with you last evening. It must be he, who has so ruffled you. I have often remarked, you appear quite a different being, after these messages reach you, from abroad; how heartily I wish, that all your foreign connexions were abandoned, and that you would learn to anchor your heart at home. It should be my whole study to weave for you the fruitful hours into a happy existence. Oh! believe me! I will scarcely lose a section of a minute, in the livelong day, out of your dear sight; and not a thorn hath untoward fortune planted in your pillow, but I will find a spell to rob it of its sting. Only do hold out some hopes, that, in time, you will seek other counsel, than from designing men, that, like eclipses, darken your path, my father: I hope I err; but do you know, I dream of nights, there are, who will one day or other, peril your life, if not, what you should prize more highly, your character. But what is it ails thee, father?" she asked, interrupting herself, as Hubert muttered some inaudible words, between his teeth, while a strange, and agonized expression went over the paleness of his features, like a cloud. Alas! where were his thoughts? He was, perhaps, reflecting how well founded were the apprehensions, in which the maid indulged, and pondering on the

\* Flask.

possibility, in the desperate strait, into which driven, of shaking off that baleful connexion, which heart, he deprecated, not less than did his child. Perturbed and abashed, a cold shudder appeared to be over him, when, averting his face, his looks lit, haltingly, on the unsandalled feet of Veronica. In seconds, the whole of the dress, or rather dress which she was so lightly untrimmed, seemed to fly.

"Why, Veronica! how is this, that thou art so clad?" he demanded, in a tone of reprehension; "retire, child, and apparel thee more warmly—be thee but a minute; for Veronica," he added, with scant impressiveness. "I have something to deliver is not suited to the watchful day; and lo! if already night be not waning in the east, where the pale stars go out like glow-worms. Hasten back, then. There is a thing to be done, ere the next new-day in the heavens: a thing I —, but wend thee away; no reply."

Veronica, not a little amazed, disappeared. The fair maiden was engaged in donning her body. Hubert removed the wooden case from the table, passed through the inner door, bearing with him deposit under his arm. He was not absent a minute, ere he returned to the apartment, empty. Casting an additional log on the hearth, he stirred cheering life the crackling fuel, athwart the plaster flame danced picturesquely, over the whole ceiling and diffused its reddening hues, his hand then, taking up the fatal packet, his hand to him like his heart, as he held it before him, to see with greater minuteness, its form and appearance. A small flat parcel, and even if he had had more to go upon, Hubert would have judged, and weight, that it contained papers. The braid was passed round it, attached to the

of resin, severely impressed with the ~~markings~~ of Count Hagotzy. In Hungary, at the age of six, he had read or to write was held in uncommon estimation, being an art almost exclusively monopolised by ecclesiastics, and chiefly confined to the peace and solitude of the cloister. Hubert was consequently unable to decipher the address. He turned the dread deposit repeatedly in his hand, contemplating it on either side, and in every aspect, as if he had hoped, by that mechanical process, to discover some entrance,—some channel of communication, between his own curiosity, and its contents. In vain: it had been most carefully closed up, and was sealed at every opening. He thought deeply, and, as his mind darkened with its own suggestions, every faculty of his soul became absorbed, in the vortex of his desperate design. "Now, as I were wise, I might be ~~quite~~ with fortune," he murmured to himself: "it is the same, I'll swear, it is the same, and were the secret of these papers known to be in my possession, I might yet re-establish the golden pre-eminence of my birth, and secure, and perpetuate the magic wand of wealth, in mine and Veronien's grasp. What a harvest might I not reap, out of the Queen's terrors! I'd coin her nerves; her heart were a mine exhaustless; or, if I deceive myself, and I may not wish that she, or any one, should know of my discovery, let the worst betide, and I keep my own counsel, who can betray me?" He paused, and then, as conscience checked, added, in a suppressed voice, "Count Hagotzy? But with him I am already implicated. Veronien? Ah no! not she indeed."

Altogether, by such fallacious reasoning as this, some involuntary feelings of hesitancy and reluctance, he paused, as, again and again, he inverted the position of the packet, pressing it between his fingers, whilst he inspected every fold. The nervous consciousness of one who knows himself about to sacrifice his honour, and sell outmost, to the busy fiend in his bosom, was stamped

on every working furrow of his brow, and exhibited his abrupt and agitated movements. His extreme perturbation, evinced the wrestlings and throes of crisis ere she is well delivered of her faltering purpose. An internal conflict was made more evident every instant. A trepidation shook him;—he started continually, at sudden and tremulous gasps of his own breast; pressed his hand on his knit and throbbing brow; eyes deliberately made the circuit of the apartment, and then again rested on the mysterious packet, in a sort of feverish gaze, as though fixed there, by the power of charm. "Thou keepest my vision upon the stretch,"

he murmured, addressing the object of his apparent curiosity: "would I could penetrate thy hidden principle! be given to Isabella, if the Cygani do not claim it for me. Ha! by heavens! it must be the same packet once, and but once, in the hands of the dying Alice, deeper occurrences lie hidden in its folds, than I have to dream of. Fixed, voiceless confession," added he involuntarily speaking in a louder key, "what intents—thy purposes? what dost thou prate of? Of danger and of death!" whispered a hollow voice hovered at his shoulder.

He cast his looks on each side of him, and beheld no human form met his baffled gaze. Not a little startled, he cried out "Who speaks?—was that you,?" but Veronica answered not. After again scanning the apartment, he raised himself on the window to a level with the latticed casement, which looked beyond the piazza, upon the narrow thoroughfare the dead hour of dawn,—the dew had not yet sprang up with the lark. All was hushed, in deep repose, and the earliest Aurora still slept, on the portal towers, and uncouth mansions, on the portal towers, and battlements of the mute city. Hubert in mood to look long abroad, on the beauty of the scene. Having descended, he paced the room in

ward musing. That a voice had spoken, he felt convinced,—horrible and unearthly as were the tones, still a human voice it was,—and the words “of danger and of death,” whispered almost at his ear, were too distinctly wafted on the uttering air, for it to be possible his senses could have deceived him; and yet how could be? Whence could the voice proceed?

Hubert crossed himself, as he rapidly turned over in his mind the simple topography of his humble dwelling. Like most of the poorer habitations in Hermanstadt, the only chambers were those on the basement story; the largest of these was connected, by a short passage, with the apartment, in which Hubert was at the time, and constituted a sort of kitchen, where, however, a wild crowd of a housekeeper was then reposing. Hence, there was an outlet into a paved yard, once sheltered by a row which, amissing the support of its wooden pillars, had long since disappeared; it was now hardly enclosed by a dilapidated brick wall, so low in many places, as almost invite intruders. Beyond, extended a wild and ruinous space, laid waste, and encumbered with heaps of rubbish and overgrown with tall rank grasses, intermingled with briars, nettles, &c. This demesne had been partly intersected with the foundations of buildings, newly laid, and was partly covered over, by scarcely habitable tenements that, breached in several places, were left unrepaired after having been more than half demolished, from the ravages of a siege, which the fortress had sustained, from the Turks, some years previously. These mouldering precincts terminated in a deep moat, which, nearly on every side, peninsula'd the massive donjon, or keep, attached to the castle, or citadel of Hermanstadt, as the building was indiscriminately called. The remaining apartments of Hubert's house, were his own, and that of his daughter, opening on opposite sides, from the central passage before mentioned.

Hubert having considered these ichnographical points



thought it possible, that some person might have entered the area alluded to, over the broken wall, and that the voice might have issued, from that quarter. Acting upon this idea, he made directly for the kitchen. A broken partition of the wall admitted a dubious, and melancholy light, by the secondary medium of a little window, over nearly half of this miserable apartment; the moonbeams played on the few coarse implements for household purposes, which hung from the rafters overhead, or were ranged around the wall. No sound reached the listening ears of Hubert, save the hard and audible breathings of the old housekeeper, who, reposing on her small pallet, spread in one corner, without curtains or hangings, mumbled in her sleep, and dreamed aloud. "Holy Mary!" she muttered, "I murdered her not—I delay no more—I'll see the Cardinal." Hubert seemed struck, but presently passed on. There were no fastenings attached to the area wicket, and being only upon the latch, it opened without noise. Hubert stepped out, and looked around. The ruggedness of the surrounding ruins was softened down, as they lay before his eyes, in the profound repose of moonlight; but on those premises no intruder was visible, all was as hushed, and as deserted, beneath the watching stars, as he had left it in front. Shortly, he re-entered the lonely dwelling, and, unmindful of the low murmurs of the housekeeper, made his way back into the apartment, whence he first issued. It would be hard to depict the man's amazement, on discovering that the street-door, which he had just that instant left bolted, and closed, stood ajar. For several seconds he stopped short, motionless, as if transfixed to the spot, by the rod of some magician. Then he hastened to the entrance, and issuing forth, thought he perceived a human figure, at a short distance, half hid by the deceptive light. He hurried thither, and pausing, peered in every possible direction, in vain: he discovered nothing, which could point out the way the figure had fled. There was not a sign of

life around, nor near, nor afar off, amid the still, solitary grandeur of the surrounding scene, which was delineated to the eye, as in a panorama. Domes, steeples, turrets, and the distant peaks of hills, lay blended together in the almost imperceptible haze, which, without obscuring, tempered their rugged forms; yet was their outline sufficiently defined, against the dark purple sky, white and immovable, in the grey twilight. The whole city borrowed, as it were, a spectral appearance, from those lifeless moonbeams, which touched it, with a comfortless and supernatural beauty. Hubert was stationed beneath the superb portico of the royal residence of the Queen Dowager. Within that lofty dome were domiciled Isabella, the haughty descendant of a line of kings, and her fair daughter, the heroine of our history, the young, and lovely Czerina. The fretted towers, and spires of the church of St. Theresa, covering one side of the grand square, were visible, half in moonlight, half in shade, immediately to the right; and at no great distance, on his left hand, the proud keep or citadel of Hermanstadt, in the windows of which a taper or two yet twinkled, stood out to the eye, every rent and chasm of time obliterated, in the hallowing light, as it frowned in Gothic and sombre splendour, upon the overhanging precipice beyond. Behind him, at the end of the square, stretched the ancient town, where habitations of clay and basket-work, whose roofs of various unequal heights were covered with straw, held down by transverse poles, lay crowded irregularly together, like a confused chaos, without order or adequate space. These were so close and inconvenient, as hardly to allow a narrow interval, here and there, which might serve to bear along "the tide of human existence." The high street, as it was named, that in which Hubert resided, was a ravine of this description. It branched out from the grand square, in a line with the royal palace, and extended, for nearly a mile, to the foot of the ramparts, which closed, with its gloomy barrier, portcullis, and

flankers, the city vista. The new town, which consisted of substantial brick edifices, built on a more commodious plan, for the most part terminating in the grand square, before mentioned, was surrounded by a double wall, and a deep fosse. It lay beyond the noble structure, at whose base Hubert stood. Through it, the river Zibin flowed in murmuring channels, supplying every street with a tributary stream, \* here trickling in rills, there gushing in fountains, while frequent tanks or basins of the glassy element intervened, populous with the finny race.

Hubert, from whose immediate business in the grand square we have in some degree digressed, was soon recalled, by the sharp morning air, from the deep, and solemn feeling of the moment, to a sense of his situation, and baffled and dejected, he slowly retraced his steps homewards. He entered. Veronica, who had substituted for her night-rail a dark kirtle of the simplest form, was seated on a tripod stool, and crouched her fair body near the hearth, bending, with much intentness, over a leaf of vellum, which she held in her hand, and which, by the aid of the fire-light, she was perusing, with unequivocal symptoms of horror and amazement. Hubert approached her.

“Whither have you been, father?” she asked, without removing her settled gaze from the object, on which her eyes seemed rooted. The words issued almost still-born from her livid lips, her cheeks were blanched, and her whole frame trembled like an aspen.

“What is it, you grasp so wildly, Veronica?” demanded Hubert. But the maid was mute; she merely upheld the script in her hand, before the eyes of Hubert. It was enough to sear his sight. Fresh characters were inscribed upon a label of vellum; they were yet moist; the crimson syllables still, as it were, *welled*. Those cha-

\* Les Baigneurs, qui passent au travers de la ville, la tiennent d’une très grande propriété.—Description of Hermanstadt, in *Memoires du Prince Rakoczky*.

racters were written in blood ! After awhile Hubert found speech.

"Where, child, did you fall in with that, my eyeball recoil to look upon ?" he inquired, in an accent, significant of the awe and apprehension of his soul.

"On my return," replied the trembling girl, "as I looked round, in surprize at missing you, my eyes accidentally glanced upon this dreadful scrap of vellum lying on the settle near the fire-place, and I was about to decipher the inscription, when you entered."

"Read it," said her father.

In compliance with this direction, Veronica, with a low and discomposed voice, delivered these words aloud "WOULD YOU DESTROY BODY AND SOUL ? OFFICIOUS FOOL OPEN THE DEPOSIT, CONFIDED TO YOU, AT YOUR PERIL."

If Veronica was affrighted at the thick strokes of new spilt blood, traced on the instrument, she held shuddering, between her fingers, Hubert was little less so, at their awful purport. The conditional menace, which seemed to pierce the stillest recesses of his soul, and to apprehend the consequences of those suggestions of his evil nature which he dared scarcely acknowledge to himself, bewildered, and appalled him. He drew the oaken table in front of the hearth. The fire shot its blue flame upward and the vivid light discovered the ashy paleness, which apprehension spread over the countenance of Veronica. The mode, and threatening tenor of the communication were alike calculated to inspire her with alarm, more especially, that she could form no imaginable conjecture in what direction she ought to shape her fears. But Hubert was not then "in the vein" to notice her state of inquietude. His whole soul was too intent on the fearful act he was about to commit. The packet marshalled him the way he was to go, and, like the forbidden apple, he went out, in its fruition, the knowledge of good and evil. The purpose, with which he laboured, appeared almost irresistible for explanation. At least, though his eye might

speak his meaning, his convulsive attempts to wish, died inarticulate on his lips, and it was minutes, ere he faltered out, with that assumed calm which his low, half-whispered tone, embarrassed and glancing eye contradicted.

"Explain this superscription to me, *Kintsáso*," the purport of the writing?" And thereupon he received the missive of Ragotzy, into the hands of the eldest girl, who, on receiving it, held it before the light, to assure herself, it was "no false creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain."

"Thus, then, my God! is the mystery of the red script interpreted," she said, in a voice belated by breath, and then more calmly added aloud, commanding herself to a tone of indifference, though trembling with the bodings of she knew not what—"Father, this is addressed to the queen-mother Isabella; would you have me sign it to the chest, for security, till the morning?"

"Veronica, attend to me," began her father with impressive solemnity, and then he paused to collect himself. "Dost thou remember, love," he presently continued, "how, when thou wast yet a little child, thou, and thy parted mother, and myself, found ourselves one tempestuous evening, at the close of a hard day's journey, on the borders of the forest of Belivar;—how, when congruous whirlwinds filled the air, with baleful darkness, and lightning streamed athwart the intolerable obscurity of the night, like the brand of the destroying angel,—the earth and heaven shook, and the wrathful clouds rolled out—dost thou remember?"

"Oh, yes, I do indeed," interrupted Veronica. "I looked to the heaven upward, and down to the earth below! nought but darkness, and distress! Even the ground we trod on, appeared to tremble, and a tongue

which was written in blood! Mary  
spoke.

"Woe, child, did you all in with  
me to look upon?" he asked, in  
tone of the one and expression of a

"In my vision," said the  
laid-out man, in a voice of a  
distant place, as the first  
light of the world had been  
darker the vision, now was

"And it," and he said:

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of the world, but the light  
of the world, not the light

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lapped all around like stubble. Think you, I can ever forget the goodness of God, evinced in our preservation.?"

"Need I remind thee, then," resumed the father, "how, when every instant, the finger of St. Hubert was made manifest, in the duration of our lives, and each interval of additional being came, even like an immediate reprieve, from the awful audit of eternity, that suddenly, and unawares, as by a miracle, we were redeemed? Need I remind you, how, when *those strong arms* snatched us, as it appeared, from doom, and conveyed us, weary and worn, to where food, fire, and shelter cheered, and solaced us,—that an oracle respecting thee was announced, in that cavern, to which we found ourselves transported, as by enchantment—those savage fantastic forms—those rude men and women, who tended on our wants—those blue meagre Cyganis, scarcely bearing the lineaments, or possessing any of the common attributes of humanity, unto whom, nevertheless, we owed our rescue from an untimely death,—their habitation, their appearance, not all the obliterating circumstances of time's current can have effaced from your remembrance.—'Tis true, my love, you were a mere child; yet incidents, which strike powerfully on our senses, in the primal freshness of perception, will sometimes live in our memory, as long as our pulses continue to beat. Oh! there was *one*, among those dark people of Egypt, whose image must have troubled your subsequent dreams, and which no train of events can have wrought out from your remembrance. She, I mean, the haggard *Boszorkany*,\* who, emerging, from the further gloom of the subterranean retreat, whither we had been borne, raised thee, my Veronica, in her withered arms, and, in all the fulness of inspiration, predicted your future destiny. With the far-reaching energy of a heated brain, she darkly hinted at the main incidents, which she

\* Sorceress.



foresew, as in a vision, would chequer, and distill the history of your days. Canst thou tell me, Veronica, what was't the charmer presaged should illustrate chronicles of your eventful life?"

"She said," replied Veronica, "I know not what her typical and ardent style, of the 'ravished treasure of my bosom,' and 'the golden glory of my brow'—told me, sir, it were to be credulous, beyond the licentious superstition, however the dark visions of a disturbed not alienated mind, retain hold on our memory, to such thin, and airy circumstance influence our conduct. Ah, no, father, human destinies are not in our position; still less do they hinge on the shadowy influence of our fellow mortals."

"Yet often," rejoined her father, "obviously discerned, 'they, who make the occult sciences their study, pierce the darkness of the future, as by a self-impelling force the soul, and will hit on truths with unerring likelihood which are denied to the elaborate deductions of reason, and are inaccessible to the highest reach of the understanding; nathless, I say not, that they prescribe, fashion, at their wished pleasure, the order of those events which they only shadow out. For instance, Veronica, what were those seeds, the sybil scattered on thy heart? Make it swell, ere this, with thoughts of empire? Thus her augury, child — '*Thy fate, maiden,*' she said, at the close of her address, '*will depend, on the unravelling of the intricate ways of the lofty, and the proud. When the confidence of the wicked shall be violated, when his trust shall fail, and he be confounded with shame,—when the prey of the Mighty One shall be retaken, and the spoiler seized by the terrible, shall be rescued,—when the curse met be broken, and the truth published, along the canals and streets of Hungary,—in that day, little*

\* Veronica seems to have had much the same contempt for the prophecies, as Jocasta of old.—See the *Edipus Tyrannus*.

*when the eyes of the haughty shall be rebuked, wilt thou shine, amongst the daughters of men, neither the humblest, nor the most insignificant; till when, thou wilt have to struggle, with many a hard assay of privation, of sorrow, and of peril.'* Veronica," added her father, in a voice rendered desperately calm, by his emotions, "the fulness of time, appointed by the prophetess, draws nigh. That packet contains thy destiny, and, if so, shall my child's fate be locked up in its womb, and I not know it? I will fulfil the oracle!" and Hubert made a movement, as if to receive back the packet, from the hands of Veronica, but that high-spirited girl held the missive aloof, and, whilst the pure flush of high-wrought feelings mantled her ever-charming countenance, her fervid eye kindled into fire: an almost magnificent spirit seemed, at once, to animate every nerve of her elastic form; her lip quivered, and the native energy of her character burst into full play, as she demanded, almost in a tone of indignation, "Father, what is it, you would do? — this is her highness's property, and, let it contain what it may, it must not be invaded."

"The time does not serve, Veronica," answered her father, in a sullen tone, "to be deterred by idle delicacy, or governed, by girlish scruples; the very ground, on which I stand, is giving way under me. Your future fortunes, my present interests, are at stake; nay, more, my spent clew of life is now to be untwisted; the chances of my breathing upon earth, many days longer, resolve themselves into one single cast — they are narrowed to this solitary issue — whether or no, I make my breast the depository of a secret, which, though the Carpathians covered it, will one day break out. Veronica, I am the thrall of Fate! On my forehead, at my birth, was branded her cruel wrath. She cowered, with heavy and depressing wing, over my cradle: she hath still clouded my morning, and noon of life, and now, lowereth over its

Veronica clenched her hands, and the big tears rolled over her cheek. "Oh, say not so, father! you read my heart — my fortunes, and your life! — they cannot have any connexion with this enclosure, unless, perfidious as the smooth ocean, you, yourself, entail it by basely betraying trust. Oh, my dearest parent, do not charge yourself with this sin!"

"Veronica," said Hubert, "in respect to what you ignorantly call the sin, I hope my purpose will plead my excuse with my patron saint, who must needs be cognizant of the extent of the wickedness, I am anxious to expose to the world, by sounding the depths of this mysterious packet."

"Was ever such deplorable casuistry?" exclaimed Veronica; "think you, that the consummation, however desirable, will justify the adoption of such means? Never, believe me, dear father, in the eyes of heaven — evil is not to be thought of, as a stepping-stone to attain some hypothetical, and contingent benefit."

"Ay, there it is!" replied Hubert; "another leaf out of the new-flangled moralities, that, for the first time since the creation, have been broached and started, in this presumptuous age, to the great scandal, and horror of all good catholics. Unhappily, my love, you were early infected by your lamented mother, whom, therefore, may the mother of God assoil, and, in due process of time, take to her bosom!" And here Hubert devoutly crossed himself. "However, child," he continued, "lest there indeed lurk some portion of human infirmity, in the motives, which instigate me to dive into others' secrets, I will not fail, on the earliest occasion, to make a free shrift to our holy confessor, who, after proper penance, will, doubtless absolve me; though, in sooth," he added, "the twelve months' indulgence which, last Whitsuntide, I purchased, ought, in equity, to cover any such venial transgression, or, verily, my hongrees were ill-bestowed." The father ended, and Veronica spoke.

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"Ay, there it is!" replied Hubert; "another leaf out of the new-fangled moralities, that, for the first time since the creation, have been broached and started, in this presumptuous age, to the great scandal, and horror of all good catholics. Unhappily, my love, you were early infected by your lamented mother, whom, therefore, may the mother of God assoil, and, in due process of time, take to her bosom!" And here Hubert devoutly crossed himself. "However, child," he continued, "lest there indeed lurk some portion of human infirmity, in the motives, which instigate me to dive into others' secrets, I will not fail, on the earliest occasion, to make a free shrift to our holy confessor, who, after proper penance, will, doubtless absolve me; though, in sooth," he added, "the twelve months' indulgence which, last Whitsuntide, I purchased, ought, in equity, to cover any such venial transgression, or, verily, my hongrees were ill-bestowed." The father ended, and Veronica spoke.

"Oh? apply not so assuasive an unction to your soul," she replied, with animation; "your fellow-creature cannot, of himself, absolve you, neither will your Creator, through his agency, if you so palter with his righteous judgments, as, premeditatedly, to compromise your eternal salvation, in the assurance of His forgiveness, and thus convert His long-suffering and tender mercies, into an apology of crime. 'Tis a rash venture, to play at fast-and-loose with the Almighty: and oh! my dear father! the horrible paction, you boast of, is a quieting opiate for the conscience, to lull you to destruction. Were you to trust to it, you would find it delusive, as the veriest iris, that ever floated on the sunbeams. How can a creature of clay, like ourselves, have authority to chaffer, with the dispensations of the Most High?"

"No more, I charge you, on your duty, or you will anger me," interrupted Hubert: "how often have I to repeat to you, that I may not listen to your impious animadversions, upon our revered religion? I take heaven, and the saints to witness, you have cost me more to mother church, than the aggregate of my other offences."

"I, my father?" ejaculated Veronica.

"Yes; Veronica! the sin smells rank to heaven, by which I was over-induced, at your erring mother's behest, to have you bred, in her heretic persuasion. But now, other business presses. Child, hand me the packet."

"Dear parent," replied Veronica, in a solemn and animated tone; "if religion deter you not, yet can you,—dare you,"—she paused.

"Well, child, well?" said Hubert, tetchily, but half satisfied with this commencement, "what say you?"

"Will you," resumed Veronica, "inspect the papers, after the awful interdiction of this terrible scroll?" and again she raised the sanguine script, which had lain, during the discussion, unregarded on the table. Whilst Hubert's eyes, involuntarily, settled on the words, "that most miraculous organ," which had made it-

self audible, a short time b  
 chamber, iterating, word  
 with most distinct artic  
 blood-stained scroll,—“Op  
 your peril.” Both ca  
 them, and all of them toge  
 shadily white, as, starting, th  
 the expectation of beh  
 ing, from whom the aeria  
 not to be seen. Their ey  
 sharpened almost to agony  
 much of the visible apartme  
 still, though a wider scope w  
 ion, than to the senses, for th  
 entered, but faintly, with th  
 if the chamber, their search  
 at vitality, besides their own,  
 must have borne such a shape,  
 grasp. Nor, perhaps, mortal mi  
 survey of all, within the scop  
 and of her father enc  
 read, in the troubled expression  
 whole, story terror inscribed,  
 trembling on both their lips, w  
 ting awe tingled, through every  
 points of ice. Not half an ho  
 father’s senses had been startled  
 voice, and something whispered  
 in, who had twice premon  
 had inscribed the prohibitio  
 yet, what were the contents  
 bert with himself, to a spiritu  
 everlasting paradise of souls?  
 err! but the veins of a phant  
 the crimson tide of life. A  
 To form any hypothesis,

in the mystery, was a vain endeavour; and again Hubert raised his eye, with a bloodshot, and unquiet glare, in the direction of the inner threshold, where all objects lay in deceptive shadow. But, however an over-wrought imagination might suggest, the baffled vision sought, in vain, for any defined outline, in the far gloom of the passage, though the sense of hearing, now become morbidly acute, was "alarm'd," every instant, by the rustling breath of the night-air. As for Veronica, she lay for long, wholly inanimate and unconscious, with white face, and both hands clasped on her eyes, and forehead. The admonition, ratified in blood, dropped from her relaxed hold, unconsciously. Then Hubert, deriving like the ostrich in the fable, a false courage, from wilfully blinding himself to the actual hazard of his position, suffered the short-sighted, though subtle policy of his nature, to thrust itself, before the wisdom, that should have controuled it. He snatched the document, out of his daughter's yielding hands, and, in the same instant, tore off the twisted silken braid, and burst open the outer covering. So great, indeed, was the degree of nervous violence, with which he unripped the seals, and jerked asunder the envelope, that the enclosures were dispersed on every side.

Then first it was, that Veronica testified some sense of what was going on, and her returning consciousness was evinced, by a cry of terror. She carried her hand to her brow, in bitter anguish; beholding, in dim perspective, the sad train of calamity, consequent upon that false step of the last minute. But the fatal deed was done! there was no receding. The integrity of the trust placed in her father's hands, had been broken. Millions of worlds could not buy back again that violated seal; nor oceans of tears wash away the consequence. What women can match that of the human heart, impelled to action, by the apprehensions of attachment? It will concentrate, in one convulsive throb, all the lights of



experience, and all the tact of intuition. 'Tis that "true wisdom," which Lord Shaftesbury so beautifully insists upon :—'tis indeed something better, than reason and knowledge, being the principle and origin of it.\* Thus, with a single glance of her heart's eye, Veronica comprehended the heinousness of the fault, and the fatal expiation, it involved. Oh! why, in this evil world, doth the principle of sin extend, beyond the guilty, and defile, in some measure, with its deadly virus, all, within the sphere of its contagion? Oh! why is it, there is no escape from its all-pervading fascination? Why is it, that the innocent have to answer for lapses and offences, not their own, and although guiltless of the wrong, are made partakers of the anguish? If the penalty of error lit only on the head of the erring; if the just penance, dodging the heels of crime, only overtook the criminal; if the atonement of sin were singly offered up, by the sweat of the sinner's brow, or the desolate bitterness of the sinner's heart, the divine economy would better accord, in our short-sighted judgment, with that of an all-righteous Providence. But wherefore expostulate with Omniscience? Assuredly an hour will arrive, when this, and all other difficulties,† that darken the ways of Him, who inhabiteth infinity, will be illustrated, and the full sunshine of heaven break forth, in all its truth, and all its splendour. But, till His "kingdom come," it is not given to our limited faculties, to attempt, what peradventure the angel nearest his councils might vainly conceit—to gauge the depths of Eternal wisdom :—

" Purlind man  
Sees but a part o'the chain, the nearest link ;  
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,  
That poises all above."‡

\* *λογη αρχη ου λογος αλλ τι κρεινον*.—Aristotle.

† See chapter xxviii of the *Morals of Epictetus* :—where the tendency of mankind to atheism, from like causes, is shown, and commented on.

‡ Dryden.

able ; otherwise, I may have to undergo a commensurate punishment : in neither case, however, will any doubt be entertained of my having perused these papers, and it would be to no purpose attesting my innocence. Now that the envelop is torn asunder, any assertion of the sort would seem to carry falsehood on its very face. Away then with your apprehensions of still further committing ourselves—*that*, I tell you, is impossible ; nor can we better evade our doom, than by making the very spoil, in which consists our danger, the vantage-ground of our deliverance. — Veronica," he added, impressively, "echoes are ringing in my brain, and in my heart, which assure me, that the purport of these writings is linked and entwined, in some extraordinary way, with your destiny. The blaze of fate and prophecy is in these enclosures. Read then, love, with eagle's eyes, and hasten their lagging justice. Read, and relieve me of that dreadful suspense, which, for so long, hath harrowed up my being, under calamities, that might make Patience herself grow wild, and tilt at her own shadow. I shall have, in no long time, to prepare for the sunrise muster. Dearest ! he presently subjoined, whilst a glance of impatience stole from under his lowering brows, for our Lady's sake, take up the papers, and read."

"Oh ! how I regret, I may not here oblige you," answered Veronica, in a low, determined voice : "I would die ! yea, not a vein I wear, but I would lance, to please you ; only not this, no, not *this*, father." She ceased clasping her hands, and looking upward, but her voice became too choaked to proceed.

"Because," answered Hubert, with heat, "*this* happens to be the particular, I require of you—you'd die forsooth to please me ! ay, Veronica, 'tis an easy thing to say, but I do not ask of you to rip your veins up, I merely entre of a child to save her parent, and, influenced by the prior opinion, she refuses."

"Oh ! put it not thus," replied Veronica ; "you desi

do that, which must be sinful  
 "I would not, knowingly, incur  
 "Be, what you designate a sin or  
 "I take it all, freely, and without re-  
 "But you may not thus stand  
 "maker," interposed Veronica, with  
 "itory angel, "since every one will  
 self, the measure of his individual  
 my beloved father!" she continued  
 siastic temperament glowed with inte-  
 affection,) "permit me to point out  
 of duty:—carry these papers, as soon  
 the parade, to queen Isabella. I  
 came into your possession; admit  
 fatuation, you ventured to break the  
 wards, on repenting of your error,  
 vey the documents to her royal hand  
 inviolate."

"Do this, father: cast yourself b  
 goodness, and leave the result to Pro-  
 At this reply, so unreservedly pro-  
 all patience. "Jesu Maria!" he e-  
 voice, "was ever such infatuation!—  
 —you counsel like a child, in ignor-  
 this wrong world Were I to squar-  
 abstract notions of right, I should  
 destruction. Oh! if you love me, for  
 a too sensitive conscience, which, let  
 me so young, as thou art, must be a  
 and monitor, and ought to be subject  
 potent direction of some holy minister  
 not ever been indulgent to you?"

"Indeed, indeed," she replied, in  
 "from my earliest memory unto the  
 have ever shewn yourself the kindest fa-  
 —at friend, in the strictest sense of those  
 "Then do you bless, and requite me

Hubert: "it is your peculiar province; here, *kintsas* receive the papers."

"Oh, no more! by these tears, no more! I be-  
mournfully replied the maiden, pressing her father's hand  
to her lips; but, though she still declined, the quiver  
of her voice seemed to evince a greater struggle with  
than she wished should be apparent.

Hubert could withhold his wrath no longer. "You  
not retract your cruel resolution," he exclaimed; "be-  
it, Holy Mary! Behold it, sainted Hubert! A daughter  
declines to stretch out a finger, to save her father's life!  
tell you, unnatural girl," he went on, in increased anger  
"in the teeth of your heretic persuasion, that it is not  
agreeable to the great Sire of all, to see a child dispute his  
injunctions, by whom she hath breath and life. Oh  
there is nothing, I trow, more surely tasks the vengeance  
of the saints, than filial ingratitude."

Veronica would not trust her voice with any reply, but  
throwing herself on her knees, at the feet of Hubert, as he  
delivered the last stern sentence, vented her feeling, in the  
anguish of bitter tears.

But another auditor was nigh; one, who, invisible  
and unknown, had drank in every syllable, that had  
fallen from the lips of Veronica, and who had been a  
rapt listener of the discussion, between her and Hubert.  
He did full justice to the inflexible texture of her nature,  
and appreciated the accuracy and purity of her judgment.  
Whilst, in her intrepid avowal of her sentiments, he recog-  
nised elements of mind, congenial to the magnanimity of  
his own bosom. He overheard all; and afterwards, there  
were moments, when, in the gorgeous residence of kings,  
and in the sacred receptacles of piety, the remembrance  
would almost unman him, when, amidst all the delicious  
strife of empire, and the pride of fame, and the consolations  
of religion, he would recal to his mind, the steadfast

disobedience of this right-thinking maiden, whom neither threats nor entreaties could prevail upon, to act in opposition to the dictates of her conscience.

Veronica was still kneeling at the feet of Hubert, and bitterly lamenting, as if her heart would burst, when, suddenly, a faint distant noise without, challenged attention, and awakened the moonlit silence of the night. Hubert listened, and changed colour--the deep hum gathered, as it came on, and became gradually more thick, and louder, sounding like the monotonous tramp, and *clash* of armed soldiers.

"Listen!" exclaimed Hubert, starting up, in a voice which bespoke his inward anxiety.

The sound continued to roll nearer and nearer. At length, the military reached the house, where they made a sudden halt. Veronica sprung upon her feet, and the unusual occurrence effectually startled her out of her tears. Breathless with alarm, they both stood, mute and still, looking at one another, in the attitude of listening. The silence, however, was but momentary: soon violent knocks resounded against the door, and a voice was heard, demanding admittance, in a tone of authority. The moment was full of fate. To huddle together the several papers, from off the table, into their original envelope--to elevate the near window-seat, and inchest the packet, in company with the mysterious scroll, within its cavity, was, with Hubert, the affair of a moment: the hollow within served the purpose of a trunk, and was the safer place of concealment, inasmuch as its lid formed a wooden seat, projecting from beneath the casement. At the same instant that he shut down the covering, he cast a significant look, at his pale daughter, and then went, and undid the clumsy fastening of the street-door. Immediately on its being thrown open, a file of soldiers crowded into the humble chamber, which soon became fully occupied. The commander of the detachment stepped forward, and, bending stiffly, addressed himself to

Hubert : " You are the captain of the night-guard, presume ? "

" Even so ; and you the Graf Bathori, if I mistake not ? " answered the other.

" Then, sir, I attach you, on account of certain crimes and misdemeanours, touching the state. Do you," continued the speaker, turning to a soldier, " examine the habit of this man, whether there be any thing treasonable upon him — some of you search the house, and whosoever you find, conduct hither."

In obedience to this order, two of the men quitted the room ; another approached Hubert, who, stepping back, motioned him off, with a determined gesture, while he turned to Bathori, and, with a more collected mien, and in a firmer voice, than could have been expected, considering his critical situation, requested to be informed, to whose authority he acted.

" You cannot suppose," he said, " that I shall submit to this arbitrary caption, at your mandate, unless you can produce legal, and sufficient grounds for the procedure."

" There is my warrant ; satisfy yourself : " and then speaking, the baron presented him, with the lettre cachet, for his arrest. " You perceive," he added, Hubert looked it over, " it has affixed to it the lord regent's sign manual."

" Martinuzzi ! hem ! so, so ! " muttered Hubert indistinctly to himself, whilst an inexplicable expression stole over his sallow features. " Comes the arrow out of the quiver ? " He paused, as if lost in thought. Quickly recovering himself, he gave back the warrant, with slight obeisance, to the officer, saying, " I acknowledge the formula, and am ready to follow you."

The soldier then proceeded to search him, but nothing of any consequence was found upon his person. Meanwhile Veronica had drawn herself, with an involuntary sort of motion, close by the side of her father, and, twining his arm into hers, stood, with a countenance, as pale

as if she had just risen from the grave. She did not weep—she could not ; she held her hand to her bosom, which heaved, in rapid rise and fall, against her bodice, but her thoughts “lay too deep for tears.” She perhaps reflected, that they had “fallen on evil times,” when treason and tyranny, reciprocally, begot each other, and when there was but one step, from the dungeon to the scaffold. That fatal grade, it was commonly reported, followed closely on imprisonment, and an internal spasm agonized her young heart, like the earnest of anticipated orphanage. One of the men returned, and communicated, in a low voice, with his commander. The latter said something that was inaudible, adding aloud, “Molest him not.” The man bowed, and immediately again left the apartment.

The heart of Veronica beat thickly. “Father,” she warbled, in a thrilling and silvery whisper, that vibrated to all the deep feelings of that father’s heart, “where thou sojournest, there will I abide ; they shall not part us.”

Hubert took her bloodless hand in his, and pressed it to his lips. By and bye, a commotion, indicating some new cause of alarm, became audible, and a most peculiar voice broke out into objurgations and complaint. A struggle within the narrow passage followed. Veronica was not slow in recognizing the harsh intonation of the ancient housekeeper. Her outcries resounded through the house ; but, malgre every saint in the calendar, and, what was more, despite of tooth and nail, her captors succeeded in hauling their prize, into the room ; and surely (to use the eloquent apostrophe of Burke) “never before lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more resplendent vision.” In truth, the old domestic was a very giant of a woman, and could only be borne in the arms of the two soldiers, by dint of main force ; the handkerchief, which had bound her head, in lieu of a night-cap, had fallen off in the scuffle, and hung suspended from her neck ; her long, lanky, grey hairs stream-

ed, like those of a sybil, in every direction; and exerted her bare arms and legs, with an energy of g will, not at all common. And now outspake the offic "Let the *Kurvana*\* loose," he vociferated, in a key, octave higher, than the shrill clamour of the housekee The men, immediately, set the robust virago on her f who, darting forward, with a strange straddling sort locomotion, to where her master and Veronica were tioned, and, having likewise recovered her enjoyment speech, seemed disposed to make liberal use of her privilege

"Well-a-day!" she began, in a harsh and grating voi but Baron Bathori cut her oration short, *in limine*, commanding silence. Then addressing himself to Hub he said, "You must accompany me to the castle for with. Soldiers, secure the prisoner." At the word, t of the company grounded their muskets, at Hubert's si Then it was, that Veronica prostrated herself, before officer, and, raising her voice, exclaimed, in an accent the most touching pathos, "Permit me, sir, to acco pany my dear father whithersoever he goeth; it is especial privilege of a child to tend her parent, and the fore you will accede to my prayer."

"Willingly," answered the officer, making a motion raise her from his feet, which she firmly resisted—"w the option mine; but my orders extend only to the p son of your father, and I cannot, on any account, dep from their letter."

For a bitter moment, the shock of this repulse seem to overwhelm the beautiful suppliant, and she suffer her head to droop, in disappointment. "Good God she ejaculated, "do not say that; you cannot have t heart to mean it. It is impossible! Oh! yet," she p ceeded again, elevating her rich countenance, "*vous* safe me this single indulgence, and Heaven bless you, si

She ceased. The agonized tone, with which these wo

\* *Kurvana* may be grossly rendered, Mother of harlots.



were uttered, produced a sensation of secret sympathy, in all, who heard them. Her glittering tresses had burst their braided trammels, and fell, in glossy mazes, from her upraised head, adown her round, long, full, regal throat, and fairest bosom, looking, like the foliage of the cypress, floating over purest statuary-marble; her small clinched hands were outstretched, her upcast burning eyes contradicted the death-like paleness of her countenance, and her exuberant, and dimpled lips, pale with their proper odours, were partly open, whence her breath, suspended with her fate, hardly gave signs of life; but her little heart knocked perceptibly, at her bosom, like an unfledged bird, against its bars. Hushed to silence was every other sound—the agonizing pulsations of that heart were alone audible. As she thus knelt, with her upward countenance, her hands clasped in each other, and the exquisite symmetry of her flexible form, set off, by her drooping dress, which, from her having slipped it on in haste, was left a good deal disordered. Veronica presented a study, such as Chantrey himself might not have disdained to make immortal, in the modelling of a Naiad. There was in that startling moment the silence of deep feeling, which the young Bathori might hardly abide; but he remembered, that he had a paramount duty to perform, and strung himself for the task accordingly. Again, he would have raised the pallid girl from her incumbent posture, but she defeated his object, exclaiming, in an impassioned voice—“Let my knees grow to the earth, till thou yieldest to my agony; say only one word, yes—say yes—I conjure thee, sir, in the tenderest name of filial piety, to have mercy on us both. Oh! bethink you, what it is, to be thrown into captivity, to drag, day after day, a galling chain—I mean, not that on the body, but on the free mind—to be borne down, without having a friend to relieve the ceaseless pressure, on the overwrought spirit. Oh! give me leave to attend my father—our lives are twisted on one thread, and cannot be spent asunder.”

of remorse, were, on a sudden, brought up into view, tints, as fresh and as vivid, as when they livingly greeted and soothed his feelings, in the dawn, and meridian of his existence. Lo! in the shape of the being before him, he beheld her mother, as when first, in the bloom of youth and rank, and opulence, she linked her destiny, with his. But one offspring blessed their union; and, heavens! how the hearts of the fond parents came to repose, on the little Veronica. Surely, never was a babe more lovely! And the infant grew, and waxed in years, and beauty; and the dear prattler is their joy; yea, in all the bitterness of their lot, under the pressure of calamity, stricken by the anathema of Heaven, they would kiss their child, and be grateful. Her happiness was their day-star, from on high, glittering, in the horizon of a brilliant to-morrow and shedding the prospective light of hope, and consolation. The cherub lost her mother; and Hubert, holding the innocent child in his arms, breathed the incense of his vow, over the manes of his Veronica, and resolved, for that child's interests to live—for her sake, to strain every exertion, that he might one day reinstate her, in her proper sphere, apart from the ordinary dwelling-place of mortals, the vapours, and the storms, which deform and disturb the moral hemisphere; enshrining her—

“ In regions mild, of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
Which men call earth.”

But more especially, he vowed to train her, in the paths of purity, and peace; to save her, by his parental providence—by his unsleeping care, from the assaults, and machinations of an unfeeling generation. Great God of the quick and dead! How had he redeemed his oath? Driven from error to crime, yielding to temptation after temptation, sacrificing all he held dear, either to some sordid calculation, or new object of selfishness, his deeds had gradually sunk their condition in life, to one of compara-

tive destitution ; had blasted the prospects of his throne—destined treasure—of the being, on whom he had only to think, to become—

“ Patient as the female dove,  
When that her golden compleats are disclosed.”

Well, that may be a rankling reflection, but it hath its consolation—she is left him, for a stay, amidst all his calamities ; his potent arm might yet protect her ; his presence, evermore, watch over her, guard her, from every sin, and shield her, from the sharp visitation of this wrong world!—“ How so ? ” and tumultuous memory recurred to the travail of the fearful present. Hubert looked about him bewildered. Full streamed the cold grey light of dawn, through the open portal, shedding a lurid, and terrible, distinctness on the melancholy scene. “ How so ? ” half shrieked aloud again, the wretched man, in the access of his agony—“ Where then is my Veronica ? Deserted ! penniless ! insensible, in the arms of strangers ! How ? can her father, who is so pledged, and who loves her, with the intense love of that close connexion, violate his oath ? He abandons his child because of his crimes. He goes,—ha ! to what bourne am I bound ?—perhaps the scaffold ! ”

The colour, which had been varying, on the cheek of Veronica, at this instant, wholly fled. One languid look she cast, towards her distracted parent, and then sunk motionless, into the arms of the old housekeeper, as, under the escort of the guard, Hubert rushed, from the apartment.

## MANUSCRIPT IV.

“ For love-lorn swain, in lady’s bower,  
 Ne’er panted for the appointed hour,  
 As I, until before me stand,  
 This rebel chieftain and his band.  
 Have then thy wish.”

*The Lady of the Lake.*

It was noon,—

“ The noon of autumn’s glow,  
 When a soft and purple mist,  
 Like a vap’rous amethyst,  
 Fills the overflowing sky;” \*

the sun rolled afar, through the cloudless expanse above, in all the beneficent majesty of light; the gentlest breeze swept along the surface of God’s earth, blessed, by his minute providence, with one of those sharp sparkling days, when the vigorous freshness of the autumnal air proves so stirring to the spirit, and so bracing to the frame of man. “The round world jocund laughed. The levee of the lord regent of Hungary was attended by ambassadors from many courts, by ecclesiastics, and by military adventurers. They comprised the learned, the pious, and the enterprising—men, who were the master spirits of that adventurous period, but who, nevertheless shone, like lesser lights, within the orbit of Martinuzzi.

The castle of Hermanstadt was of remote antiquity, having been built by Herman of Nuremberg, who followed Gisle, the consort of St. Stephen, into Hungary. Th

\* Shelley.

Patient seal of the city attests this. It bore  
 the inscription of a tower, circumscribed, with the fol-  
 lowing in the Roman character "SIGILLUM CIVITATIS  
 HERMANSTADT." The site, on which the castle  
 built, had been perforated, with subterranean  
 leading to various parts of the city, and  
 ramparts. A long, narrow, and embattled  
 castle, laterally overlooked an inner court-  
 yard, which was drawn up, at the time we speak  
 of, in order, a troop of Martinuzzi's mercenaries  
 in a gallery, apart from the courtly assemblage,  
 Ragotzy, unnoticed, as he believed, by an  
 abroad, with vacant eye, and evidently sun-  
 dered, or rumination. This gallery, which for  
 and artificial recess in the building, was flanked  
 by a balustrade, or parapet of unusual height.  
 accessible, by means of massive, and folding doors  
 enclosed, which opened, from a sort of  
 vestibule, within the castle. Here and there  
 posted bartizan commanded a striking  
 looked out upon the capital, whose "dull  
 dirty hovels," as we before stated, were pre-  
 ceded the shelving site of two detached, but  
 united, by a massy gar-  
 den, or interjacent hollow.  
 the city of Hermanstadt, or Czeben, as it  
 Hungarians, dominated in the midst of  
 On one side, it was protected by  
 a rocky precipice, we before  
 defended, by massive walls,  
 and the fortifications were  
 formé; "fort large, et rempli de l'eau-  
 qui viennent des montagnes voisines."  
 The eye of Count Ragotzy glanced rapid  
 defence, beyond which, the rays of the sun

• Thérèse. Chronici, P. 11. cap. 18  
Prince Rakocz.

- **Thérèse** - Chronique
- **Memoires** du Prince Rakoczy.

certain white pavilions, which the infidel banners, float against the sky, proclaimed for an Ottoman encampment. From where the Count was stationed, he might pursue a considerable part of the course of the river Olt, as it wound, among a slight ridge of hills, which melt irregularly down, into the plains, that abruptly terminate, at the famous gorge of the Rothenturn, or Red Tower. To the north, the more level country stretched its huge, and black forests, in graceful outline, till they became lost, in the semicircular chain of the Carpathians. These rugged mountains, that, like an azure girdle, bound the horizon in the clear distance, seemed to supersede any necessity for the warrior towers, and bulwarks, which were locked up, in their embraces.

Such a combination of nature and art, might have won the chieftain's eye, to dwell delightedly on its beauties; but had the panorama even exceeded in loveliness what we have attempted to describe, which might have been to a soldier's thinking,\* it would have brought relief, at that moment, to the stern, and iron colouring Count Ragotzy's meditations. He leaned, indeed, on the parapet, and to a casual observer, would have seemed to be entranced, with the landscape, which lay, silent, and steeped, in the plenitude of light, and sunshine, beneath his feet; but his glances all turned, in reality, to what was imaged, within his own bosom—his mind was its own mirror. He looked on the lineaments of nature, with indifference, or unconsciousness. He contemplated the deep blue expanse of heaven above him, and beheld the day-god, in his meridian hour, shed virgin light over half the world, with an unheeding eye, and neither did the

\* Le peu que j'ai dit de ces plateaux à cotes roides et couvertes de broussailles de fonds d'étangs des vallons et de rivières serpentant au sein de haute montagnes que contiennent dans leurs détours des bastions impenetrables environnées de rochers en forme de caves, suffit à démontrer les avantages pour la guerre.—Description of Transylvania, in Mem. du Prince Rakoczy.

warmth cheer, and fill the soul with serenity, nor the golden shadowless radiance touch, and lay its turbulent passions at rest. Alas! there is no surer obstacle to such complacency, and pure satisfaction, than the habit of mind, induced by selfishness, and sin; and it would seem to be the intention of Providence, that the laudable sensibility to the excellencies of nature (which certainly offer the most unalloyed of sublunary enjoyments,) should be possessed only, by the single-minded, and the "unspotted before the world"—"Sunt, qui formidine nulla imbuti spectant."

Within the vestibule, or porch to the temple before-mentioned, some of the usual hangers-on, and retainers of a court were assembled, either from duty, or waiting till his eminence should go forth. There, in their official accoutrements, were stationed the familiar servitors of the regent. Pages, and knights, passed and repassed, with business, and anxiety, in their faces. Many, of more, or less note, loitered about, in expectation of an audience; or, having been just dismissed, lingered, ere they left the castle, and, grouped in separate knots, were lounging, and gossiping together. Among others, two cavaliers were observed conversing, on an easy, and familiar footing, as they leisurely crossed the vestibule. One of these appeared a middle-aged, military-looking sort of personage, of a grave, and noble aspect. If his physiognomy was not indicative of brilliant talents, or much mental decision, it was, at least, characteristic, of a mild accommodating nature, nor was incompatible, with the possession of a considerable portion of judgment. His forehead was capacious, and the general cast of his features sedate, and prepossessing. This was Valentinian, Count Turascus, general-in-chief of the Hungarian forces. His companion was younger in years, and displayed a greater degree of spirit, in the lines of his countenance; but, on recollection, we need not describe him, he being the same young nobleman, who conducted the arrest of Hubert.

"Why, i'faith," observed Turascus, in reply to an inquiry of the baron, "this is an unaccountable whim of the sultan's herald extraordinary, — for that's the phrase, — since transmitting an ambassador to any power, under the cope of the universe, would imply a certain equality, too glaringly derogatory to the supreme dignity of the magnificent Soliman."

"How long, think you, will the emir persist in remaining without the walls?" asked Bathori.

"Probably, during his tarriance amongst us," said Turascus, "which, however, is of uncertain continuance. You see," he continued, pointing to a magnificent encampment, established on the banks of the Olt, "where beneath yon rich pavilion, flaming with silk and gold Abu Obeida, (that's the infidel's name), at present abideth. A difficulty hath arisen, it seems; for, however spacious the canvass tenements, he has had pitched for him, they will not contain a moiety of his peacock-train which is, alike, vast, and gaudy.

"How has his excellence acted, under such a dilemma?" inquired Bathori.

"Why, though, for some strange cause, Abu Obeida himself, is unwilling to repose his turbaned head, beneath a Christian's roof," replied Turascus, "he does not entertain any repugnance to his attendants taking up the quarters, within our city; therefore, the regent has given directions, for the waste and ruinous precincts, extending from the back of the High-street, to these castle walls, to be shortly cleared, and covered over with temporary erections, for the accommodation of the greater part of his excellency's retinue." \*

"This very dawn," said Bathori, "my duty called me

\* Une espece de plaine, ou l'envoy de Soliman II. avoit placé son camp le long d'une rivière qui porte le nom d'Alt. Mais il n'y a pas assez de terrain au dehors, pour y loger une foule de Turcs, aussi commodément que dans la ville, ou bientôt s'étoit campé la suite de Basile. Ep. Rer. Hung.



to within a stone's throw of these demesnes; I had the melancholy task of apprehending the captain of the night-watch."

"Good God! and is he a traitor?" said Turascus. "I passed that man, (Hubert he is called, is he not?) for the first time, the other morning, and I know not what, but something there was about him, which made a deep impression on my mind; the thought of other days came over me; I could have sworn, only that the thing was impossible, that sweet, and bitter memories were common to us both, from having been acquainted in happier years, when Hungary, Transylvania, and Bohemia, were under one rule, ere ill-fated Lewis,—but 'tis no use lamenting the past," and Turascus turned away his head, and hastily brushed off, from his eyelid, a big drop, which seemed to belie his manhood.

"General," observed Bathori, after a pause, "I own my surprise at your having only, for the first time, so lately encountered the captain of the night-watch, in Hermanstadt."

"Why, it has so happened," returned Turascus, "that the routine of his duty has not, till within the last few months, called him to serve with his corps, in this city; and, you know, I only returned hither last week, after a prolonged absence."

Bathori was silent.

"And that man, then, is a treasonable character!" resumed Turascus, in a musing, melancholy voice: "alas! we live in strange times,—God uphold the right!"

"Ay, pray heaven," said Bathori, "our noble regent sit firm!"

"I thought not of him," said Turascus, coldly.

"Prithee, general, of whom else?" inquired Bathori.

"The Lady Czerina," answered Turascus, with a deep sigh, "and bondaged Erdély. It irks me, they should wear shackles, and I stand by to look on't." With these words, Turascus, taking the arm of his more juvenile

ciple, gave too much reason to suspect him of the worst. It was, indeed, manifest that a kingdom was within his grasp, if the scruples of conscience, or visitings of nature withheld him not, from stretching forth his hand, to clutch it. That the event was yet delayed,—that the trembling balance of the house of Zapola yet hung suspended, by the master-hand of destiny, was ascribed, by many, to the most guarded circumspection, on the part of Martinuzzi though, perhaps, from a very few, his abstinence, and moderation might not escape the reproach of vacillation, and infirmity of purpose; but all agreed, that the inclining scale would shortly be decided, by the conjuncture of affairs, in favour of his open assumption of the regal title and that the grand sequel of the lord regent's policy would, at length, be made clear, as noon-day, by his taking that decisive spring, which must secure him the supreme authority, for life. But this object could hardly be attained without the ruin of the royal house, and ~~man~~ an unfledged sword was half bared, at the apprehension. The youthful soldier, and the native and fiery nobility attached to the blood of John of Zapola, and devoted, by loyalty or partizanship, to the service of the Queen-Regent Isabella, whom their intrigues, or the intrigues of their fathers, had first transplanted from a foreign soil. These the members of an armed, and lawless aristocracy, it was supposed, were touched, with commiseration, and were eager to vindicate the rights of loyalty, by inscribing the name, and the injuries of their sovereign, on the banner of rebellion. Still, even the chance of their interference being of service, was a frail one; and if, as was apprehended, the ambition of Martinuzzi aspired, beyond the condition of a subject, the days of Czerina were probably numbered. Thus it was agreed, that all was feeble and hollow, in the internal state of Transylvania, whilst every view, from without, bore the most threatening aspect.

Such were the materials of thought, and action, which rumour, in the full play of her thousand tongues, bruited

throughout Hermanstadt, and such were the "*ambiguous voces*," which she scattered abroad, in the shape of an hypothesis, or couched, in the rounding off of some quaint apothegm, no less dark, and enigmatical. But Count Ragotzy noted little of all, that was spoken; he found too much matter, within the repository of his own bosom, to suffer him to incline a willing ear to inexplicable rumours, and idle speculations; he remained, where, as he believed, an intervening angle of the parapet, against which his back rested, intercepted him from the view. The longer he revolved his injuries, in the gloomy recesses of his mind, the more his mental irritation wrought on him, till, at length, his voice blasphemed on the air. The smothered exclamations, and broken soliloquy, which follow, were interspersed with expletives, which our pen refuses to transcribe. — "Ha! Peter of Moldavia murdered! — Martinuzzi, after all, refuse to admit me to his presence! — The mine undermined! — from the pride of all my hopes to be plunged into the abyss of utter desperation! — Cool, cold, disassembling, damned priest! — thou knewest of Peter's death all the while! — nay, most likely, his assassin was thy agent! Now, by the dames of hell that wait upon him! I have a mind to mate that man, in his hour of pride. He is a legion of devils to me — shall I lie me to him at once? — and, — I could do that — I could; I have that blazing here, which — no; being alone, defenceless, and a Cygani, 'twere sheer madness. He, doubtless, thinks me in his toiles, and his means are such — and such his stretch of authority, that I must not resort to so desperate a measure, while one other expedient be left me. At the first word, I spoke, he would order me to be gagged, or himself pierce me on the spot, though that spot were God's altar, he would not hesitate. Oh! his threats, and actions go together — *I know that man well*, and what he has at stake; so I'll take a safer step, and surer — no, I'll wait — I'll not confess, save only at the last extremity. I'll speak to Hubert first, 'tis not too late;

come what will — come the worst that may betide ; the possession of these papers, and the contents of that case, are for a rock of dependence, against the tempest. Ha ! after all, the lion, turned to bay, may prove no contemptible opponent ! — Let the dog spring at his peril ! — Look to it, subtle inquisitor — I'll not be hunted down ! — and now for Hubert."

Count Ragotzy, having thus arrayed his bad passions in their darkest garb, shifted his ground. In doing so, his eye caught a glimpse of the figure of a man, at some little distance, whom, he had been too much under the dominion of an uncontrollable fury, previously to observe. The form, besides, had been partly shrouded from observation, until that moment, by a projection of the building, beyond which the Cygani chief was posted. He, we speak of, was wrapped in the *szüröd territs'd*, or peasant's cloak, and stood, or rather reclined his back, against the wall, while eying the soliloquist, with no little earnestness. That person naturally started at the thought, that he might have been overheard, and, laying his hand upon his dagger, vainly endeavoured to recal to mind the precise words of his monologue, so as to determine, whether he had not betrayed himself. On this head, he remained at a loss, but the self-possession and intrepidity, annexed to his character, did not desert him. In any point of view, he thought his most advisable course would be to pass the stranger, without taking any notice of him. He, therefore, walked forward ; but, ere he reached the folding-portal, the other was at his elbow. In a deep, abrupt, but silver-toned voice, the stranger spoke : " My Lord ! " The count stopped short, as the man, with still more emphatic intonation, reiterated, " Lord Ragotzy." The Cygani suddenly fronted the man, and endeavoured to read his purpose, in his countenance. His sallow complexion, the uneasy working of his nether lip, and the inconstant, yet, at times, piercing expression of the eye, formed a portent, by no means

prepossessing, and, combined, with his other characteristics, to warn the count to put himself upon his guard. He appeared to be of middle age, and was slenderly made; but, however diminutive in stature, his limbs were symmetrically moulded.

The brigand would again have pursued his way. These startling words arrested his step—"Is Lord Ragotzy bereaved of his senses, that, at noon-day, he utters aloud his malisons, in the strong hold of him, he deems, and proclaims his enemy?"

"What say you, sir?" returned the count, in surprise at the tone, and tenor of the other's address.

"Methinks my words need no translation," said the man, in a low mysterious tone. "Other palace walls, than those of Dionysius, have been reputed to have hearing, and *these* walls! which, on all sides, describe the iron circle of despotism—why, Lord Ragotzy, there's not a coigne of vantage but hath its tell-tale funnel; there's not a buttress, behind which lurks not an eve's-dropper, and every parapet owns many a spiracle, by which the voice of disaffection finds its way, to the ears of tyranny. What think you, Count Ragotzy, when I, who am planted on this spot, with orders to watch, and report your movements,—I tell you, to your face, you are in danger." This was delivered, in a voice, which it was impossible could escape notice.

The count was staggered—"In danger!" he repeated, "from whom?—of what?"

The stranger raised his arm, and pointed significantly, towards the door of the ante-room.

"What is it, sir, that you would have me understand from this—I comprehend you not—speak out, or let me proceed—you are silent—stand by." With these words, as if suddenly resolved not to be trifled with any longer, he moved forward.

The unknown retired, slowly, in his front. "Beware of those men, who await your coming, at the doors, lead-

ing to the hall of state," he said, in a sort of cautionary whisper.

"Await my coming!" echoed the count, again pausing — "explain yourself."

"My lord," answered the other, with an astute smile but still in the same low key, "I have said enough, you please to understand me — if not, perchance too much."

The brow of Count Ragotzy darkened : again he fixed his eye keenly on the *fronti nulla fides* of the speaker where a self-asserting reserve of irony seemed to indicate a character, obscure, and problematical, at the best, at which, the more the bandit studied, the more he felt a loss to decipher. A new suspicion, all at once, darted within him. "Ha! I see," cried he, while his face gloomed, on the stranger, like a thunder-cloud — "thou dost this only, to play upon my fears; whether prompted by avidity of gain, or governed, by a sportful want of humour, matters not, — I warn you, however, on no more, not to push my patience too far — I am not that sort of man, I suspect you deem me, nor in a frame of mind, to brook your practices; so make way!" The stranger offered no reply, but seemed still disposed, planting himself full in the count's path, to oppose his further progress. Ragotzy, whose irritability of temperament was at no time very amenable to control, felt nettled, at the fellow's pertinacity, and, after vainly attempting to rid himself of his attendance, turned upon him, with a flushed brow, and an eye of fire. "Villain stand on one side," he exclaimed.

The other, nevertheless, persisted in his endeavours, to impede his steps, saying, at the same time, with that provoking nonchalance, which predominated, in his whole demeanour, "Would you speak with that man, you call Hubert, methinks, you go the right way about it."

These few words effectually attained their purpose. Count Ragotzy turned abruptly round, and, fronting him

officious interlocutor, said, whilst he searched, with steady, and piercing glance, the uncertain map of his countenance, "So, it seems, there is more in this, than mere impudence; come, I will sift this matter. Rascal, you've crossed a man, who, tottering on the verge of the black desert, that lies beyond the grave, recks nought — nought, human, or divine — so mark me, sirrah, this cold iron, which I now lay bare, shall be presently crimsoned with thy heart's blood, unless you declare, why you beset my path."

The man shrunk back, for a moment, and then, in the most imperturbable manner, shrugged his shoulders, as, with an apparently assured voice, he replied, "I am here to do you service; but I shall make known just so much of my purpose, as seems to me meet, and not a syllable beyond, only;" he added, drawing nearer, and lowering his voice, almost to a whisper, "prithce put up your dagger, lest it attract the eyes of yon idlers. If you will, let us confer apart — this way, Lord Ragotzy."

The speaker forthwith directed his footsteps to the farther end of the gallery, where he halted. His effrontery failed not to produce its effect upon Ragotzy, who, after musing for an instant, returned his weapon to its sheath, and then stalked after his strange admonisher. Having come within a few paces of where the man stood, the count, at once, renewed the conversation. "Whoever thou art," he said, "and by whatever motives actuated, thou canst, it is clear, discover, what it behoves me to hear; so first tell me concerning Hubert?"

"One answer will suffice," replied the man; then, suddenly deepening his tone, and coming closer to the bandit — "Lord Ragotzy," he subjoined, "you are watched by men, armed, and appointed for the purpose, who have directions to detain you by force, if you advance a step, beyond those inner doors, towards the regent's presence-chamber. In that case, you will pro-

bably be plunged, into one of those pleasant domiciles where, even now, your confederate lies imprisoned."

"My confederate!" echoed the count, in alarm;—"How! Hubert? it must be—it is Hubert! Speak out! whom mean you?" And then, with an impulse of the breath, which he could hardly be said to vocalize in his articulation, if such indeed it were, more resembling the gasp of the screech-owl, than any known sound of human utterance, he repeated, "whom?"

His looks, as he paused for a reply, grew black and portentous, as a thunder-cloud. The other recoiled in pace, before his flushed countenance, and swelling figure; and it was only, after a minute's space, that he made answer, in a low voice, "Him, you named—Hubert."

Count Ragotzy uttered a single groan, that scarce forth the nestled raven from her "procreant cradle" who, mistaking the sound, that thrilled through the air for the signal of her mate, croaked back her hoarse response; then, flapping her enormous plumes against the wind, the bird drooped from her sphere, traced a wide and magic circle, right over their heads, and again darted upwards, into the heavens. Some minutes elapsed, and another word was spoken, either by the count or his companion. The former, at length, stamping upon the ground with vehemence, as the foam flew from his lips, exclaimed, "Oh, that this priest, and I were now, on a rough sea, with but a plank of a split ship betwixt us, and perdition!—may these two arms shrivel up, if they do not plunge him down to the world of waters! *Isten!*" he proceeded, whilst, with outstretched hands, he grasped at the impassive air, on which his straining eyes were bent, as if the element were something palpable. "Isten! or rather let me invoke—if such immortal spirits be—Mano!† only grant, I may, one day, clutch"

\* *Isten*, i. e. God.

† *Mano*—Devil.



sable-winged serpent by the throat, and strangle him by inches, till he chokes his last !”

The fury of Ragotzy was terrible ; yet the other looked on, with a hard, and scoffing smile. “ Excuse me, my lord,” he observed, in a somewhat expostulatory tone ; “ but this is idle, — wouldst thou have atonement ?”

“ To be sure I would, and will,” replied Ragotzy, with the accent, and attitude of an exterminating spirit — “ Yet no,” he presently added, “ not atonement, but more, sir, I’ll have vengeance ! — Ay, though that packet, and my golden prize be lost to me, — which I do not believe, — for ever, I’ll find modes of vengeance !”

“ Why so you may be avenged, in fitting time,” replied the other ; “ but now, you stand at disadvantage ; — spies are about, and you speak loud in wrath.”

“ Spies ! — though the air were bribed to serve the tyrant, I’d speak the thoughts that bustle for a vent ; ay, if I burst, out they should go.”

“ Beshrew thy intemperance, my lord — list to a tale : After you and Father Dominick, as the style goeth, parted company last night, each imagined that the other had retired to rest ; yet both went about their proper business. The monk, as ever, succeeded, in what he undertook, but thou wert foiled, Lord Ragotzy, as thou deservedst.”

The Cygani would have gazed at the speaker, but, in his turn, met a look, whose unwinking fascination, like a spell, seemed to penetrate his very soul. Wincing under that fixed, and caustic survey, he lowered his eyes.

“ Father Dominick’s object,” continued the stranger, “ was, as you guess, the causing Hubert to be apprehended. And your’s, —”

“ Hold there !” interrupted the count, in a subdued voice ; “ wert thou cognizant of what thy speech inferreth, thou art not mortal. But one, who breathes the vital air, might guess at it ; nor he, only that, years ago, I —” he ceased abruptly.

Rodna's keeper, at your service." The sudden rush of thought, attendant on his instant recognition of the individual before him, palsied the beatings of Count Ragotzy's heart. He felt angry at his previous dulness. The manner of Swartz, from the very first, had haunted him with vague reminiscences, for which, since the motives, which governed the fellow, were as impenetrable, and those of some visor'd mute, he could not assign any precise cause; but now, the impression was accounted for, by the peculiar associations, connected with the person. The keeper seemed to apprehend the conflicting thoughts he had, in a manner, raised in the head of Ragotzy, and his lip slightly curled, with the *angust herbd* of his characteristic sneer.

"Well," said the satirist,\* if we may be allowed so accommodate his phrase, "'Tis hard not to indulge quizzing." If Count Ragotzy caught the momentary expression, which pursed up his companion's countenance, he did not deign to notice it. He traversed the gallery, with hasty and irregular steps, backwards and forwards; then turning shortly round, he demanded where he was like to meet with the young count?

"Your movements are beset," began the keeper, after a pause.

"Laissez faire à Don Antoine," interrupted Ragotzy, touching with his finger the hilt of his sword.

"This passport, sir, hath borne me through worse dangers than now environ me. I knew this citadel, when but a wicket, and all its windings and turnings are as familiar to my recollection, as is the tortuous policy of its lord."

"Where doth Count Rodna lodge?"

"Of what passes, between you and that youth, I will be the medium," replied Swartz gravely.

Deeply annoyed was Ragotzy, at finding himself absolutely dependent upon the good offices of one, who

\* Juvenal.

he considered so much his inferior, and in whose regard, he began to entertain a sentiment of aversion, whilst there involuntarily mingled with his antipathy, something, that resembled anxiety; it was impossible, it could be fear; but there was no help for it; so, endeavouring to hide his venation, he said, in an indifferent tone, "I cannot conjecture, what purpose thou hast to serve, that thou forcest thyself, on the dangerous councils of a man, like me."

Swartz, fixing an eye of earnest regard upon the chieftain, replied, "I should suppose as much.—Well, please to hear my explanation, my lord"—he stopped, and after a minute's inward cogitation, thus, with solemn countenance, and deep, impressive voice, resumed—"A valued friend of mine—that is, I would say," he added, quickly correcting himself, "his near relation—I speak of time past—was cruelly and scandalously wronged by that individual, upon whose head, I overheard you imprecate revenge. The king dying—I mean, my lord, the friend I mentioned, hath measured, in his secret soul, the provocation and the penalty. He, and I,—yes, I,—oh, how I loved once! and with no adulterate fondness; but my broken nights were spent on air, and that man eclipsed me in the affections of the lady of my homage." The keeper turned his head on one side, as if to hide his countenance.

"Thou love!" muttered Ragotzy; "one would imagine thy heart to have been all brains."

"Is't not enough?" continued the speaker, with startling emphasis; "then, hear further—The child of a noble, though decayed family—a fair and blue-eyed girl, born a Hungarian, was my sister. One only, very fair, as I said, and young, and warm, and oh! her hair was like the sunbeams, and her voice, voluptuous, was so very sweet, 'twas painful. She came to know him, and, 'twas rumoured, he was too familiar."—Here, for an instant, the mallow face of the speaker assumed a lustre, as if

the blood, that flowed in his veins had been fire, and had rushed, from his whole body, to illuminate his features. Count Ragotzy gazed astonished.

"I cannot talk of this," he went on; "the rumour was a lie. Within her patient heart she locked his image and the restless guest wore out its tenement—that's all. He, my lord, allured her into the darksome void of the tomb, and smiled the while.—Enough; she died of love—of the blight of singleness. She died of love, unrequited unsatisfied, and, as yet, unavenged. But now, he's ran i' the wind, my lord—that priest; and vengeance—sure, a the slow hound of fate, or the famed Spartan dog, of scene sagacious,\* shall dodge the traitor to his doom, let him double and turn, however he will. There was a minute pause.

"And you hope to find an active coadjutor in me, hey sir?" observed the Cygani, with a tone of scorn.

"Truly, my lord," replied Swartz, "we are glad to press into our service any collateral aid, that presents itself, and your courses, and ours seem to hold together,—at least for awhile. One partizan we have, by the way—a Wallachian—now in this city—ay, living within a stone throw of these ramparts, whose resurrection, after having long been supposed dead, would startle and make pale, ween, the good citizens of Hermanstadt. But yourself, my lord, are meant to do most active, and important service. It was with the view of turning your animosity to our purposes,—of enlisting it, in revenge of my friend's and my own injuries, that I broke upon you, with this admonitory address, which preluded our present conference. Be sure, lord Ragotzy, had you proceeded into the hall of audience, as you were about to do, when I interfered, your arrest would have been inevitable, and now-a-days, the prisons of Hermanstadt, I need not tell you, are much the same, as her charnel houses." The

\* *Κρυὸς Ἀνταρκτικῆς ὡς τις εἰρηρὸς βίαιος*,—Sophocles, *Ajax*.

was silence for several minutes. The countenances of both, from different causes, darkened. Count Ragotzy naturally felt a degree of pleasure, at finding, he had so able an auxiliary at hand, at a time, too, when he so greatly stood in need of his agency. In yielding, however, to his first impulse of satisfaction, he deemed it unwise, entirely to surrender himself to it. At all events, he resolved, ere he embarked in dangerous, and concealed intrigues, to proceed with circumspection, and look well, lest that mysterious tale of enmity, he hardly understood, should prove a mere fiction, to answer some sinister purpose of the relator.

With this end in view, in rejoinder to the other's narration, the count, after awhile, observed, "That, which you have told me, may be veritable, but you cannot expect me to credit so strange a coincidence of policy, as would seem to exist between us, upon your unsupported testimony. Who, and what is this friend, whose cause you seem so warmly to have espoused?"

"On that head, I am pledged to secrecy," answered the man; "but I fable not; and, as security for the truth of my avowment, without which, our compact were bound by a cable of sand, I am authorized to offer you such hostage, as will be irresistible."

"What hostage speak you of?" said the count, into whose features every additional syllable, spoken by the keeper, seemed to conjure new wonder.

"Even the person of my wretched charge," answered Swartz. "I will deposit him in your hands: you can immerse him—(the man hesitated for a few seconds, and then continued carelessly)—where you will, so that he be kept out of the way. Sigismund is held by Martinuzzi in no ordinary regard; he takes a deeper interest in the fate of his poor protégé, than is supposed; and it would be as much, as my life is worth, were I to be met in the streets of Hermanstadt, after the intelligence shall reach the cardinal, of the unhappy creature's disappearance.

Fancy not, I would so commit myself, unless, with all nerves, I were prepared to further your purposes, till the waken truth."

"It may be so," said Ragotzy; "but I do not understand, where is the mighty gain of keeping custody over madman."

"If you do not, Count Ragotzy, ask your mother," replied Swartz, with a mysterious air. "Bid **HER** rate value of my pledge, and act accordingly."

After a minute's deep rumination, the count said, as if speaking to himself, rather than addressing his companion, "I must, at all events, have free disclosure of Hubert, and hear his report of where he has hidden those treasures. In every way, I am unfortunate, in this untimely murder of the waivode has disconcerted my best-devised projects."

"Ha! that last was an ugly accident for the politics of the House of Polgar," interposed Swartz, fixing on his peculiar, and sinister smiles, on the features of Ragotzy.

The count's eye caught that most fiend-like scrutiny, and, if he shrank at the allusion to his family name, from a perfect stranger, he was even still more revolted, by Ragotzy's accompanying smile. He kept, however, a dignified silence, and Swartz resumed.

"The bloody Peter little apprehended what arm he had to encounter, when he dared cross the mighty Iwan."

"That name," cried Ragotzy, "runs through me like a fever: but, sir, what mean you? The public rumour goes, he, Iwan, murdered Peter."

"Ay, in single combat," returned Swartz.

"Have you heard how the encounter came about?" inquired Ragotzy, somewhat nettled; "since, methinks, thou art privy to the whole world's doings."

"Why, I know a thing or two, I believe," answered Swartz; "and, only, that I think you would not care to have me describe the particulars, I could inform you, how the Moldavian came by his death."

"You mistake; I would willingly learn," said Ragotzy.

"As you will, count," responded Swartz; and his keen eye seemed to reach the seat of those thoughts, which the other would gladly have hidden.

"You may remember," he presently began, "you left your trusty, and most meet ally, with his ancient Romans, encamped on the plain of Thomash. There they were directed to wait your orders, and hold themselves in readiness to march, at an hour's notice."

"And so they were," exclaimed Ragotzy, involuntarily.

"Ha! you see all vaticination is not monopolized, as you Egyptians pretend, by your precious race," cried Swartz, in a sneering tone. "Well," he continued, in a quiet, regulated voice, "on the uprising of the day after your departure from the camp, tidings were brought, that the Richter Iwan had taken up his position, on a neighbouring height. Peter, at first, arose in a fury, and went without his tent, to view the forces of the audacious intruder. He saw, he outnumbered the Richter, ten to one. So Peter forthwith waxed valiant, and sent a herald to demand, what the Richter meant, by encamping in his neighbourhood. Iwan returned some scornful, and evasive answer or other, wheresupon Peter grew even more enraged, and directed the lines of the Richter to be assailed, with all the strength, he could muster. Thrice that day did he expose himself to imminent peril, in personal conflicts, with the gallant band of Iwan, leading to the attack the choicest followers of his standard, each time to be repulsed, with considerable loss. You may have heard of the beautiful gipsy, who had lately become the property of this dreadful man?"

"I have seen the *Kurva*," said Ragotzy, in a low, dry tone, and turning away his head.

"On the following day," proceeded the keeper, "Peter escorted her, for greater security, to the town of Kilien-

fala, which, as you are aware, is situate, some league a half, north of the Waivode's station. During absence, the opportunity was laid hold of to introduce spies, and emissaries into his camp, and before the vode's return, more than a fourth of his followers gone over to the Wallachian Richter. You may see the transports of rage, into which this intelligent the Waivode. To guard against further defection, denounced death, by the extremest torture, to any men, who should be caught exchanging a word, or adverse outposts. Despite, however, of all Peter did to prevent it, day after day, successive numbers strived to desert to the opposite ranks, till those of the Waivode were thinned to nearly half their original complement. Things were in this state, when, early one morning, Peter happened to be journeying, on horseback, through the wild tract of wood, that stretches beyond Kila where, according to custom, he had been keeping with his fair companion. He was unattended, and already, measured the greater extent of the forest, his ears caught the sound of hurrying horses' feet, in the direction he had just traversed. Misdoubtful, whether the approaching tramp might betoken the pursuit of friends, or foes, he spurred on, at full speed, when, in the act of turning an angle of the beaten chaussée, he was set upon, by a party of horsemen, who, starting from an adjoining coppice, had evidently been lying in wait against his arrival. You know the daring courage and intrepidity of the man, and his first intention seemed to have been, to cut his way through the opposing ranks, and trust, for the rest, to the fleetness of his horse. He failed, however, owing, probably, to the animal's having somewhat spent with travel, in executing his purpose; and so, drawing in rein, he put himself on his defence.

“ ‘Yield thee, bloody traitor, in the regent's name,’ cried the foremost of the company.



" 'Thou must away with us, to Hermanstadt, to answer, at length, for thy reaching crimes, thou ruthless renegade!' exclaimed another.

" 'Ha! Jean Balassi, Thomas Nadastis, what mean ye by this outrage?' returned Peter, in a conciliatory tone.

" 'If you know us, how dare you open your mouth, unheard of monster!' rejoined Nadastis, passionately: 'did you not conspire, with the governor of Nicopolis, the infidel Ahametes, treacherously, and inhumanly to betray my brother,\* the patriot Maylat, into the power of Solyma,—what time he, and this noble gentleman, his friend, with their unconquerable band of brothers, retired to the neighbouring city of Fazaras, from without whose impregnable walls, not your 30,000 horsemen, nor the whole force of Ahametes, could have dislodged him? Did you not, infernal villain! invite my unfortunate brother, to a solemn banquet, and then, inhospitably, and impiously, goad him by taunts, which, you knew, his choleric spirit would never brook, to rashly lay his hand upon his sword, and so, furnish a plea for your detention of your guest? Does he not linger, in consequence, at this moment, in hopeless exile, near the Euxine? When Maylat was made captive, Freedom herself might have despaired; and, for that piece of treachery, and the blood of young babes, and the sacking of cities, and thy long course of tyrannous rebellion, thou shalt shortly answer, by the blessing of God, before the tribunal of Martinuzzi.'

" 'Maylat only suffered retribution, due for his execution of Aloysius Grittus,' replied Peter, 'and thou, Balassi, after our terms of friendship, for thee to—'

" 'No more,' interrupted Balassi, 'deliver up thy sword,—if he does not surrender, instantly, seize, and cut the monster down.'

\* Nadastis married the sister of Stephen Maylat.

“ ‘Yield thee, in the name of the regent!’ shouted the whole company, as they closed upon Peter.

“The Moldavian waivode backed his war-horse, and, at that instant, the equestrians, the sound of whose horses’ hoofs, he had before heard, in the distance, came up at a gallop. They were two, simply clad, in that sort of half-military garb, which the disturbed state of the district warranted. The younger, loosing the bridle of his steed, dashed the rowels into his sides, and drew up, on the spot, where, flushed and panting, Peter stood at bay; and, while the horseman’s bright eye flashed, in emulation of his streaming sword, he shouted, in a voice, that rang through the air, like a trumpet, ‘The regent’s name! In the sacred names of country, and of freedom, defiance to your regent! His outstretched, tyrant arm, is far too short to reach us here; nor shall he make this gentleman another of the victims of his insatiate ambition.’

“The astonished assailants were staggered, for an instant, by the suddenness of the onset; but quickly, and sternly recovering, they rushed forward, at the command of Balassi, to slay, or make captive, all three traitors. The inequality of numbers would seem to have augured only one issue, and that a speedy one. But the party of Balassi closed on no ordinary adversaries; and it was soon seen, what the terrible energy of brave men could effect, against fearful odds.

“You are acquainted with the prodigious strength of the gigantic Peter, and can bear witness to his warlike prowess; but, to conceive the velocity of his young assistant’s movements, and the nice, and desperate rapidity of his strokes, you must have been present.”

“Without interrupting you,” said Ragotzy, who seemed very attentive, “I would inquire, whether you yourself were in the fray, that you describe so well?”

“I was so,” quietly replied Swartz; “but you shall

hear. Nothing, I assure you," he proceeded, "could withstand, for an instant, that astonishing scymetar. Two of his opponents were dashed from their seats to the earth. The rest soon gave ground, and, ultimately, took to flight. In vain Nadastis exhorted; in vain Balassi, by voice and gesture, would have rallied them, to resume the contest. The panic was fairly sped; the fugitives gave their steeds the rein, leaving two of their party dead, on the field of battle.

" 'Gallant sir,' cried Peter, when he had recovered breath, 'to whose resistless arm am I indebted, for so great a service?'

" 'When I can say, I am worthy of the name, I may some time have to uphold, and am certified what that name demands of me, I will acknowledge myself; till when, excuse me, gracious sir,' replied the young deliverer: 'but may I inquire,' he presently subjoined, 'to whom I have the honour of addressing myself?'

" 'I am the Waivode of Moldavia, and a prince of Wallachia,' replied Peter, in so arrogant a tone, as if he would have struck his hearers into the earth, by the announcement of his formidable titles.

" 'Thou the waivode!' cried the other, with undissembled consternation.

" 'I am that prince,' was the rejoinder.

" 'Gracious heavens!' exclaimed the intrepid youth—'and do I at last behold, with my own eyes, Peter the Bloody?—Peter the murderer?—Peter the abhorred of all Hungary? Art thou that creature, and yet no leprosy upon thee?'

" 'What audacious boy is this?' cried the waivode—'devil's luck! art foregone in mind? Now, bloody as I'm given out, I were loath to raise my arm against my preserver, those words were, else, thy last. Thou art one of the lacqueys of the Richter, I reckon, hey, lad? and art taught to expect preferment, by abusing thy lord's betters? Come, wear my colours, and quit that milk-

livered chieftain. Thou hast given me good reason to know, thou art well worth thy appointment, and I happen to have a service to put thee on, will need mettle such as thine.'

''The Richter Iwan acknowledges no lord living for his betters,' said the companion of the youth, who had not before spoken.

''Then ye are his soldiers—I guessed as much; I owe your lord a long score, and for nothing more certainly, than his present daily attempts to corrupt my warriors. Vengeance is sometimes tardy, but I wait my time. It is my boast, sir, that no man ever yet injured me, who was long lived.'

''If you consider the Richter in that predicament,' observed the same speaker, 'your boast, in his regard, may turn out but a braggart's trust.'

''Does he wear charms?' said Peter, scornfully;—'you may tell your lord to have a care, I shall find him when he least counts on it—if on the battle-field, well; but if not, he may drop some hour to sleep on his pillow, and wake . . . . I have myself witnessed more than one such surprising decease.'

''And been a main instrument of that effect, or thou art universally belied,' observed his rescuer.

''Young sir,' returned Peter, 'what I do, I dare vindicate—I never deny my deeds; but here our paths separate—my videttes are within hail. Bear arms with me, and let us on together, or for your own sakes, part company.' There was a pause, but the two seemed unwilling to depart.

''Prince,' said the younger, at length, 'you were right in supposing us to be Iwan's men, but it does not follow, we may not tire of his command, as, it is reported, your troops do of yours. Say, we take service with you, will you furnish us with a speedy occasion, to requite the Richter for certain slights, he has lately cast on both

“ ‘Beyond my hopes !’ exclaimed Peter — ‘ as ye will, gallant gentlemen, but I may not have my purpose forestalled ; — the Richter Iwan shall fall, by this arm alone. Bring us where our swords may arbitrate our quarrel ; only accomplish that, and you may redeem the obligation, at the price of a moiety of my revenues. I swear to ye — I, who have seen more than fifty blossoming summers — that my soul ne’er panted for any joy, and any advantage of conquest or renown, with half the eagerness, it yearns to set eyes on that insulting springald, Richter Iwan. Though he were encompassed with all the circumstance of war, and nought but this right arm, and the strength of my deeply sworn hatred to spirit me ; alone I’d dash aside his guards and officers, and, with one blow, cleave him down.’ ”

“ ‘ If,’ returned the other, coolly, ‘ to see your enemy at your feet, alone and sleeping, would give you any satisfaction, we can do as much.’ ”

“ ‘ Where ? when ? how ? ’ hurriedly demanded the waivode.

“ ‘ In his tent — to-night — we are of his body guard ; it can be compassed, but our terms must first be subscribed.’ ”

“ ‘ Propound them,’ said the waivode.

“ ‘ Our object is the Richter’s death ; — give us your oath, prince, that you will not depart the tent of Iwan, till the life-blood of one or other determine your difference.’ ”

“ ‘ Gramercy ! good youth, but that’s letting me off easy,’ returned the waivode — ‘ I swear !’ ”

“ ‘ Well, remember !’ cried the young champion.

“ The three then proceeded to mature their plan, and it was resolved to put it into execution that coming night. How the matter was arranged, it were tedious to detail : suffice it to mention, that, at midnight, the waivode found himself, in a compartment of the tent of his enemy. In the dark, and alone, he waited awhile the coming of his confederates, to conduct him to the help-

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friend children. They had gone to put the  
 know, that we will work by appointment, and  
 to have a service to put for us, will not be  
 in time."

"The Father has acknowledged as the  
 his letters" and the company of the people  
 as before again.

"That we are his children—I passed a  
 one year had a long time, and for some  
 study, that his present duty should be his  
 service. Temporalities are sometimes long, but  
 time. It is very hard, as, that is not every  
 one, who was long kind."

"If you consider the Father is the world  
 observed the same quality, you had a long  
 way there but he is longer's time."

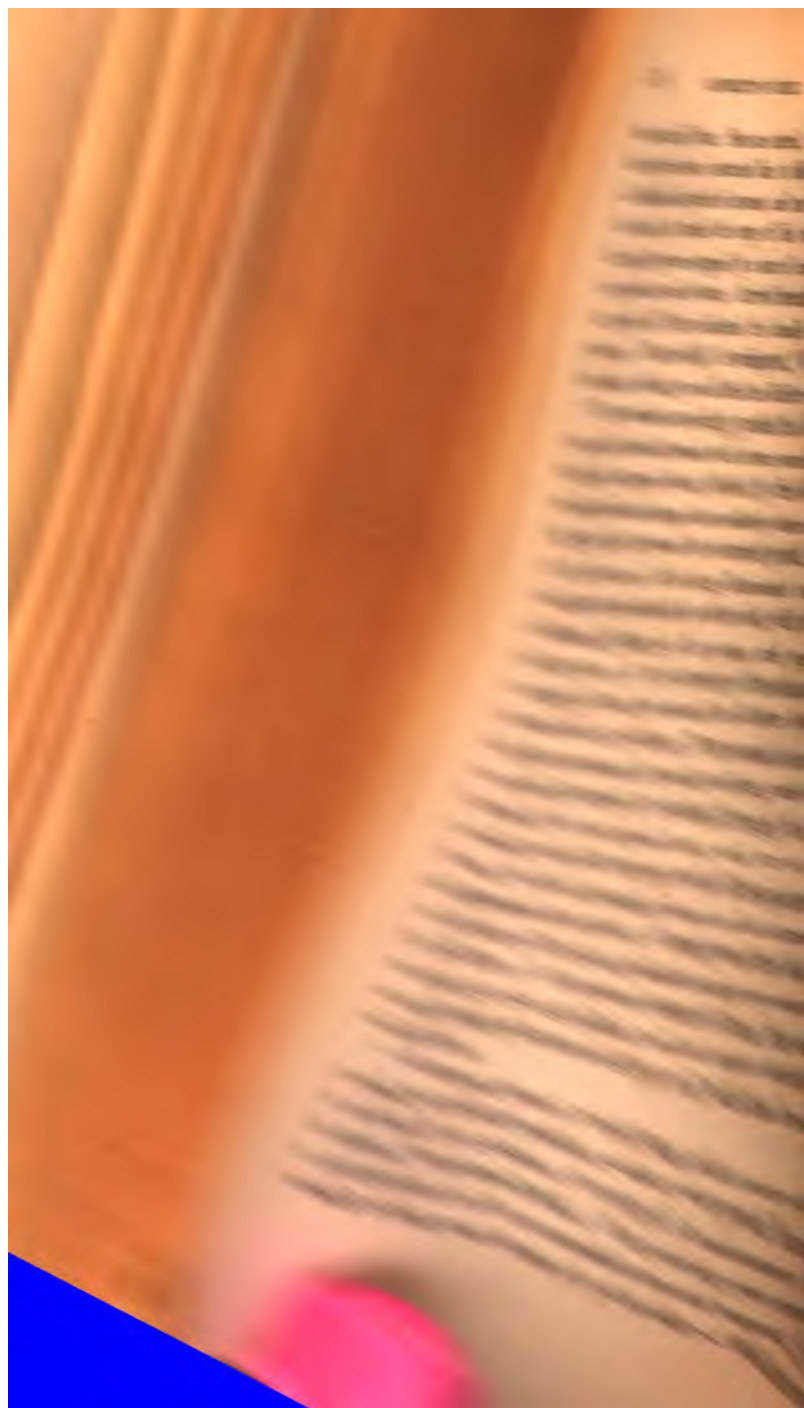
"Does he ever think?" said Peter, as he  
 "you may tell your father's time, I told him  
 when he last came in to—of the last day,  
 but if not, he may say you had a day in his  
 and while . . . I have spent several times  
 and nothing done."

"I had been a more successful of that child  
 are universally hated," observed his sister.

"Living in," returned Peter, "what I do  
 children—I never deny any thing; but they are  
 against me—my relations are with him. They are  
 as well as in together, as for your own  
 company." There was a pause, but the conversation  
 was not done.

"Peter" and the younger, at length, "the  
 is a mystery to be his last's time, but it is  
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 of a man. See, we have written with  
 as well as a goodly account, in regard  
 to the same rights, he has lately said to







at, which thou vauntedst,  
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 for Iwan.'

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on!' he gruffly muttered;  
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may,' answered the vilez\*  
 you wouldst not leave my  
 in mortal conflict, bite the  
 art's content—draw!

fault—gramercy! I am not  
 man who saved my life,' re-

I charge you observe your  
 with commanding energy;  
 commonly called the Bloody, to  
 and proclaim thee apostate, re-  
 my challenge, *à l'outrance*, and  
 stick what's baser, and harder  
 and cowardice! and in God's  
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 es my glove.' And with these  
 down his iron gauntlet on the

ap, my hero," cried Peter, the  
 cloud charging his brow as he  
 ee thee down for this idle bravade,'  
 pite the service thou hast rendered

\* Vilez, hero.

less couch of Iwan. Soon one entered, who, plucking him by the sleeve, instructed him to follow. Through a Dædalian labyrinth of canvass, and tent ropes, still in the dark, he tracked the steps of his companion: at length, they were stopped by a sort of arched doorway, deep within a wall of stone. Arrived beneath this porch, the guide of Peter indicated the handle of a narrow postern. 'Enter boldly,' he whispered, 'I have cleared the coast: within, you will find the Richter — he sleeps.'

"The waivode accordingly pushed the door violently open, and rushed forward with drawn sword; but immediately he stopped short, blinded, by the blaze of innumerable pendant lamps that suddenly shone forth, shedding their light beyond the extended portal. He stood at the entrance of this long illuminated room, whose whole extent was flanked on either side, with officers and chieftains, glittering in the pomp, and pageantry of military array. At the extremity of the saloon, beneath a canopy of state, was seated the Richter Iwan, on an elevated dais, or platform. Peter seemed astounded, but only for a moment, for quickly rallying, and uttering the one word, betrayed! he dashed through the wide lane, formed by the surprised host; and, ere an eye could twinkle, reached the upper end of the apartment, where Iwan, who had instantly risen on his intrusion, stood self-possessed and calm. Already was the foot of Peter on the step of the dais, whilst his eagle eye searched out the Richter. In the same instant of time, the waivode's unerring arm was uplifted, and his bright falchion was seen glancing in the torch light, as if, with the irresistible will of fate.

"'Welcome, prince!' cried Iwan, with a voice of composed, yet terrible grandeur, whilst, with proud humility, he raised, for an instant, the cap of maintenance from his head. Peter shrunk back. His piercing eyes receded in their sockets, and the extended arm and weapon, just raised to strike, sunk slowly by his side:—'Welcome.

prince! Thou hast obtained that, which thou vauntedst, this morning, thou didst pant for, with such great eagerness. Encompassed with all the circumstance of war, environed by my guards and officers, thou settest eyes on that insalting springald, Richter Iwan.'

"All eyes were turned on the waivode, who, drawing himself proudly up, looked on the Richter with features, no longer evidencing any emotion, but cold and calm as marble.

" 'Devils luck! thou, Iwan!' he gruffly muttered; 'thou hast cast thy slough, though, young cockerel, since we last met,—well, let me begone; thou wilt hardly detain me.'

" 'Not I; albeit your oath may,' answered the vilez\* sternly; 'thou hast sworn, thou wouldst not leave my tent, till one or other of us, in mortal conflict, bite the dust. Thou shalt have thy heart's content—draw!'

" 'My ignorance was in fault—gramercy! I am not bound to do battle with the man who saved my life,' returned Peter, doggedly.

" 'As you are a knight, I charge you observe your knightly faith,' cried Iwan, with commanding energy; 'I now defy thee, Peter! commonly called the Bloody, to instant, and mortal debate, and proclaim thee apostate, renegade, and traitor. Deny my challenge, *à l'outrance*, and on those bifronted terms, I'll stick what's baser, and harder for man to bear,—perjury and cowardice! and in God's light, will give thee out for a perjured coward. Here stands my foot,—there lies my glove.' And with these words, the Richter dashed down his iron gauntlet on the pavement.

" 'And I take it up, my hero,' cried Peter, the terrors of the thunder-cloud charging his brow as he spoke. 'Now, if I cleave thee down for this idle bravade,' he continued, 'as, despite the service thou hast rendered

\* Vilez, here.

me. I think, is not unlikely, your officers here will make light scruple, in sending my ghost to hunt thine, in Mano's shadowy realms."

"Not so, by Heaven! Prince," exclaimed Iwan, "my friends shall pawn their honours for just dealing. Moreover, here are six of my bravest warriors,—give them thy ring—bid them speed to thy camp, there to abide thy safe return, and send hither some trusty gentlemen, to give you the assurance of their being detained in custody; if thou fallest not fairly by this hand, let these, thy hostages, answer for it in any way, it may please thee to give orders. And perhaps, Prince," he concluded, in a less stately tone; "while this affair is arranging, you will deign to join myself and comrades at our poor banquet."

"To make short, after a gallant entertainment, the champions departed for the fight. Both were merely armed, as before, and armed only with their sword. The combat was not of long continuance; the experience and skill of the wáivode were, in vain, exerted against the superior temperance, and quick motions of Iwan. In vain, Peter would have availed himself of his giant strength, to close upon his antagonist. In a very short space of time, his ill-advised attempts cost him successively, three deep gashes, while the platform became puddle of blood; but insensible, both of pain and fatigue he continued to shower his weighty blows, as if urged by some mighty engine. Iwan, at length, with wary energy received one of the passes of his adversary, on his arm and, almost in the same instant, plunged his sword through the wáivode's body, who fell prostrate, on the pavement without groan or struggle.—Such, Count Ragotzy," concluded the keeper, "was the issue of this encounter, and such the merited fate of your friend—the far renowned Peter the Bloody."

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“What, all?” demanded Ragotzy, in a tone of extreme irritation.

“Every man of them, I trow,” replied Swartz.

“My blood gets hot, at the mention of that Iwan,” said Ragotzy, adding, in somewhat of a hasty tone, and, for the first time, raising his eye — “Whence has he sprung?—what’s his parentage?”

“I cannot resolve you,” said Swartz. “‘*Boni viri et bonæ vini, non est querenda origo* ;’\* but ’tis not many years since the deceased Richter, whose power he wields, encountered him, a boy-adventurer, wandering along the sterile and rugged granze,† which lies between Turkey and that district, called of old, the Roman Dacia. He introduced him to his camp, and in him built up an edifice of honour, and renown. The lad won on the affection of the Richter, but not more than he did, on the Richter’s warriors, over whom he gained a complete ascendancy; so, after that chief’s decease, Iwan was unanimously proclaimed his successor.”

“I’ll crop his honours, one of these days, or know the reason.”

“Would you take my advice, you will avoid meeting, in bodily presence, lest, belike, you be sent to sleep with as bloody a bed-fellow, as yourself; but, to return to what we were before discussing—Will you join in league with me?”

“In what deep?” returned the count, after a long silence; “do you think to defy the cardinal’s perquisitions? since ’tis clear, if you connive, at the abduction of

\* A familiar Hungarian proverb.

† Granze; frontiers.

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his ward, not only in the streets of the capitol, but where there is air, more than to keep in life, in all this province, he is sure to pounce upon you. The search will be close and general."

"I know not that," said Swartz: "yet, in such a case, should I be taxing your lordship's hospitality too high, were I to resort to a certain forest of Hungary, or seek shelter, in one of those rifted lairs, where the Cyganian wolves lap the blood of their victims, not many leagues from Coloswar?"

It is not easy to conceive the astonishment of Ragotzy, at hearing this request. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "You are the most extraordinary man, I ever encountered. What fiend hast thou in fee, to possess thee with thine incredible information? How came you acquainted with my connexion, with the brigands of that forest?"

The same distorted smile, or rather sneer, we have noted before, lit up the man's countenance as, repressing the comment that sprang to his lips, he simply made answer, "I cry you mercy, my lord; I named you not;" and then, after an instant, subjoined,—“ am I to understand, it is a treaty?"

Ragotzy gave no reply, but mused in silence. Swartz suffered a minute to elapse, and then resumed: "Gad's mercy! Count Ragotzy, how canst hesitate? Perceive you not, that you alone will reap all the advantages, accruing from this negotiation? Do I not offer to aid you with my sword, and counsel, in your present strait? Are not my character and life, at your discretion? whilst your relative position will be, by my means, incalculably bettered?" Still the mind of Ragotzy wavered, and in a state of tumultuous uncertainty, he kept silence. Again the voice of the keeper roused him from his gloomy abstraction. "I grant," he said, directing a somewhat bitter, and sneering glance at the Cygani, which, probably meant more than met the eye—"I grant it will rest with me, some future day, to hand you over to



justice ; but, let me ask, were such my cue, might I not, at this instant, alarm the castle, and have you apprehended ?—I demand of you, is it a treaty ?”

“It is,” answered the count, after having deliberated long in silence ; but he spoke, in that subdued voice and drawling tone, which almost implied a negative : and having thus signified his assent, he sunk into the stillness of deep thought. In his secret heart, Count Ragotzy was far from entertaining, with any satisfaction, the idea of joining in this sort of hasty copartnership with a man, whose cognizance of certain mysterious events, seemed, at least, as great as his own, and whose acquaintance with circumstances, referring peculiarly to himself, bordered on the miraculous.

It was some years before our history dates its commencement, that the count remembered to have occasionally beheld Swartz in Hermanstadt, anterior to the period, when he became the keeper of that insane young nobleman, to whom we have alluded.

The history of Count Rodna was melancholy. He went by the title, originally belonging to an unknown foreigner, in whose chateau, near the city of Coloswar, he had passed the earliest years of his life, and who was commonly reported, though probably on slight grounds, to have been his grandfather. The murder of his venerable benefactor, attended with circumstances of peculiar mystery and horror, had deeply affected the mind of the youthful Sigismund ; so much so, that when (a few days afterwards) Swartz arrived at the chateau, to conduct him across the country to the Cardinal Martinuzzi, to whose guardianship, it was said, the boy had been consigned, he found his charge already in a state of mental stupor, the sad repose of over-wrought nerves, and the incipient stage of the fatal malady, which, from that day to the era of our narrative, had not ceased to afflict the unhappy élève of Count Rodna.

The arrival of Swartz, with his charge, at Rothen-thorn,\* (where, excepting during some rare, and flying visits to Hermanstadt, they had since resided,) happened subsequently to Ragotzy's departure from the capital.

"Yet," said the Cygani, internally, "the rascal is quite aware of my past pursuits, and half divines my present purpose. Well, I must needs rely on his good offices to a certain extent, though, as regards the bail he would fain encumber me with, I'd just as lief stand excused. Our people, indeed, arrogate the power of exorcising evil spirits out of swine and cattle; but as for casting out devils from the human species, I ween, it passes their wits-craft." Having dismissed the above train of thought, from his mind, he turned to the keeper: "Swartz," he said abruptly, and in the tone of haughtiness, which, from time to time, he assumed, "How soon can I have an interview with Hubert?"

"Do you, answered the keeper, give me the meeting, in the adjoining vestibule, at midnight, and, ere then, I doubt not to be able to compass the matter.—"Am I to expect you?"

Ragotzy was about to answer, when his attention was attracted, by the gradual elevation of a broad shadow of a human figure, upon the castle wall. The two started. The cowed head of Father Dominick, and afterwards his whole body, emerged into the upper air, within three yards of where they stood, by means of a narrow flight of stone steps, which formed a medium of communication between that end of the gallery, and the court-yard of the castle. The ominous form had no sooner been descried, than it melted away from view, silently, and almost imperceptibly, as some vaporous exhalation of the earth, driven before the light morning wind, will dissolve

\* Rothenhorn, or pass of the Red Tower, distant a few miles south of Hermanstadt.

into air, as it rolls along. Rapidly, indeed, and like a shade, did the ghostly father glide by, on his way ; but in passing, from the gallery into the semicircular vestibule before mentioned, he paused, stooped, seemed to raise something from the ground, and then was lost to sight, ere either Swartz or the Brigand recovered from their amazement. Then, first, Ragotzy made a movement, as if to rush after him ; but the keeper plucked his sleeve, to hold him back. " Be not rash," he cried, " or we are ruined. Fortunately he did not, I think, observe us. Why should you entail on yourself a similar fate to that of Hubert ? Your interests are mine : be guided in this by me, and I will point you out a path to vengeance, such as—but—this way—we meet at midnight."

Ragotzy, after muttering some incoherent words, suffered himself to be led away, and he, and Swartz passed down the same stone staircase, which the fearful confessor had just ascended.

## MANUSCRIPT V.

"Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour: the pomp of the world and the favour of the people are but smoke, and a blast suddenly vanishing; which, if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance; and for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow."

PETR. RAY.

"Rex est, qui metuit nihil;  
Hoc regnum sibi quisque dat."

*Chorus in the Thyestes of Seneca.*

"Narrem Justitiam? resplendet gloria Martis  
Armati referam vires? plus egit inermis."

CLAUDIAN.

"Te doctus prisca loquentem,  
Te matura senex audit, te fortia miles."

CLAUDIAN.

"Exsectes, inculta dabant quas sæcula, sylvis  
Restituit terras, et opacum vitibus Istrum  
Conserit."

CLAUDIAN.

It becomes now our agreeable duty, to transport our gentle reader to a short distance from the gallery, which we made the scene of the foregoing dialogue, between Count Ragotzy and Swartz. Let her fancy herself borne in our arms into the presence-chamber of the lord regent, and our very best obsequance having been performed, we will suppose, that, in the sweetest tones imaginable, she has intimated her grateful sense of the trouble, we have

given ourselves. Indeed, most amiable young lady, we consider it no trouble whatever, "The labour we delight in physics pain;" but hark! the prompter calls to order: —*ἰδὼν ζωίγῃς!*\*

The guests had departed — the glittering throng of warriors and nobles, singly, or in twos and threes, had slowly left the presence — the last lingering envoy had adjusted, to his satisfaction, the difficulty, which had detained him, and had made his last act of reverence; and an unwonted silence, only the more impressive, on account of the previous hum, and busy evidence of life, reigned throughout the citadel. It settled on the magnificent apartment, where had been held the levee of the lord regent, who, alone, of all the splendid group, which so lately filled that lofty architectural hall to overflowing, lingered on the spot, like its incorporated spirit. This hall had lately been elaborately decorated, and was truly grand in scale, and rich in adornment. The walls were of oak, and pannelled with mouldings, corresponding in design, with the splendid oriel window of shafted stone work, "dyed with the soft chequering of a sleepy light," and filled with painted glass, where the sun-beams glimmered dimly, through scenes, representing, and illustrating the miracles of our Redeemer. The ribbed arches of the lofty roof were richly wrought, and crossed each other in numerous compartments. The effect of the whole, emblazoned, as it was, with armorial achievements and insignia, viewed, in its "awful perspective," from either extremity, was inconceivably grand, and imposing. On the west side of the hall, a private door opened upon a spiral staircase, that gave access to the lord cardinal's suite of apartments.

On that day, the courtiers (mostly foreign) had vied with one another, in their marked deference of manner, towards Martinuzzi. Not an ambassador, but who

\* Sophocles — literally, "Behold, I open!" in allusion to the *ἀσκήλαμα*, or mode of shifting the scene, on the Greek stage.

had signified the friendly disposition of his respective sovereign. The stolid ecclesiastic — the gallant veteran, “bearded like a pard,” whose very name sounded like an alarm, — and the stripling chief, emulous of the other’s honourable career — the well-caparisoned knight, “whose only talisman was his sword,” — and the proud graf, who could number a long, and unbroken line of noble ancestry, whose chivalrous deeds might have illustrated, for centuries, the history of Hungary — one and all, on that day, had done homage to the genius, if not to the rank, of Martinuzzi; and not a few had intimated, in terms, which could not admit of misconstruction, that, in the present juncture of affairs, there was only one arm in Hungary, potent to wield her sceptre — only one man, upon whose head, her sacred crown ought to descend. But these flattering testimonies sounded, on Martinuzzi’s ear, like something false and hollow; and when he looked around him, in hopes of detecting some nobleman, or chieftain of native growth, whose order constituted the real strength, and pride of Hungary, it was only rarely, and “far between,” that he relied on such. Unfortunately, from natural affection towards those, who, without reserve, applauded his elevation, the regent, after his memorable overthrow of his foreign and domestic enemies, had suspended many of the magnates from military offices, which they had previously filled with the approval of their countrymen, and (with the single exception of Valentine Count Turascus) had substituted, in the principal commands, men, who, whatever might be their deserts, were strangers in the land, and whose names or titles sounded dissonantly to the ears of an Hungarian. This was a step, which, by depositing seeds of party and faction, in the prejudices and stolid corporate spirit of the native aristocracy, proved a source of much future calamity. For years after the adoption of an expedient, which accused, in some measure, the prescient eye of Martinuzzi, that prelate bitterly

repented its impolicy. He had, thereby, certainly rendered the external surface of his administration more fair and entire; but, in spite of its commanding posture, and aspect of authority, its moral foundations were silently crumbling from beneath it. The final issue shall presently be unfolded. It may, however, be just necessary to observe, that on that day, Martinuzzi found cause to regret, more deeply than he had ever before done, having embraced so unfortunate a measure. He had indulged very sanguine hopes, that all parties, at whatsoever sacrifice of individual interest, would have been glad to unite, in a common scheme of defence, against a common enemy, and, oblivious of past causes for alienation, and distrust, without hesitation, would have ranged themselves, in so critical a state of affairs, under his standard. But the prejudices and hostilities of an aristocracy, possessing such mighty, and independent authority, could not be quietly inured, at a moment's warning, however pressing, and arduous the conjuncture; and so it was, that even their sense of the enormities, which would otherwise be enacted,—the dread apprehension of the utter ruin, and subversion of their country (whose extent might be virtually measured, by the walls of the metropolis), did not reconcile the exiled patriots, assembled in Hermannstadt, to Martinuzzi's rule, although, had the nation been united and resolved, that authority and genius, which had hitherto surmounted all difficulties, were admitted to be equal to the exigency of affairs.

That very day, the regent, in hopes of conciliating his enemies, had lent a willing ear to the proud solicitations of Queen Isabella, that he would appoint one of her creatures, (by name, Mirce), to a post of considerable trust, in the city of Coloswar, vacant, by the mysterious evanishment of Count Oldimar, one of the castellans of that fortress. But the magnats of Erdely were not so to be reconciled, at the eleventh hour; their standing feud, or hereditary patriotism, might not be intermitted; and

notwithstanding the regent's unrivalled talents for government, although placed at the head of a well-organized and adventurous body of men, who, he knew, would prove their fidelity to the last, he felt, as though the bastion structure of his power tottered to its foundation, from the disheartening conviction, that it rested not on a broad, and proper basis.

On that day, Martinuzzi had summoned to his aid, and his occult power of stealing on the affections, and while the enthusiasm of his eloquence elicited the sympathy of his auditors, and inspired the passions, which, he felt, he had stamped upon their memory, a never-dying impression of his incomparable abilities. He had confirmed his friends in their confidence. The timid were heartened: the neutral, and wavering secured: those who were too easily won for his usurpation, or who might have expressed themselves too incautiously to that effect, were gently reined back without finding their affections alienated, or their hopes diminished. He knew how to distinguish between men who adhered to his cause, from attachment to his person or who stood by him, as being the constitutional rallying point of the lords of Hungary, and those adventurers who bore arms, under the shadow of his standard, men in consideration of the distinction, or greater licence of plunder, which so desperate a service seemed to hold out. To the first class his manner was, beyond expression bland, and courteous. To the patriot, his language teemed with enthusiasm, and inspiration, being notwithstanding, firm, dignified, and uncompromising. His strain of eloquence, that carried away all hearts, which bound down the unwilling mind to conviction, inveighed against the past, and present insidious policy of Austria; and insinuated his doubts, that neither mountains, nor reciprocal terror, would much long prove a barrier from her aggression.\*

\* *Germania à Dacis (i. e. Hungary and Transylvania), mutuo aut montibus separatur.*—Germ. Tacitus.



Then, on the other hand, pointing to the creed of the Prophet, as involving the principle of universal dominion, he declared, that the Moslem crescent, was the land-mark of Africa, and that it darkly delineated the geography of those regions, which lay between the river of Egypt, and the Atlantic, and the great desert. He exclaimed, in the words of Daniel—"The abomination of desolation is in the holy place;" and after showing, that the same ensign cast the shadow of its despotism over Asia, since the civil, and religious sceptre of the oriental world, was held by the great Turk, his mind misgave him, he said, when he reflected on that renown, which, converging its rays from the east and from the south, streamed, like a comet, over astonished Europe. He exposed the rapid, and extensive conquests of Solyman, that vigilant and sagacious sultan, whose eye, from the palace of his seraglio, pervaded the vast extent of his dominions, in three quarters of the globe. He demonstrated, from the position of the sinking state, whose narrow bounds were encircled and pressed by a hostile line on every side, that, unless their measures were concerted with prudence, and prosecuted with no less promptitude; the province of Transylvania must speedily be swallowed up, in the collision of the rival, and conflicting empires; and finally, he called upon all true Hungarians to rally round the beautiful oriflamme, upheld by a nation's rights, her liberties, and her faith.

He deprecated the idea, of his ever having been governed, by any other motives, than those of honour, patriotism, and the exaltation of the church; and, alluding to the reports, so industriously circulated, of his design to make himself king, he complained of them, as a cruel, and unfounded calumny, incompatible with his principles, and utterly at variance, with the whole tenor of his life.

"Verily, gentlemen," said Martinuzzi, in conclusion; "the crown, I covet, is a heavenly crown; and, after a sufficient experience of the unsatisfactory nature of what

the world calls glory, casting my view towards a brighter prospect, I sigh for the repose of a cloister." To such as, he guessed, had joined his service, in order to advance their own selfish, and separate ends, how little soever solicitous about his failure, or success, he had already been liberal in his appointments; and if he dilapidated, by his donatives, the treasure, or rather the indigence, of the state, and exhausted those revenues, already too much impoverished, he might be allowed to be still more profuse, in his praises, and promises, and to lavish "without circumspection or restraint," all sorts of encouragements over the future. An address to this purport, which derived, perhaps, its chief effect, from that irresistible fervour, so natural to the mind of Martinuzzi, made the desired impression on his audience. There was hardly an individual, who came into the lord regent's presence on the day we commemorate, but, who left him, knit to his cause, and devoted to his interests, by one of the strongest of all ties, that of affection and respect, based on their common hopes, and common policy.\*

The position, which Martinuzzi occupied, at that moment in the eye of Europe, was most interesting, and strikes us when we look back on it, with an air of magnificence. High renown, the universal admiration of his contemporaries, exalted rank, and well-earned opulence,—if a kingdom at his disposal, backed by the Pope's Bull, as a recompense of a life of abstinence and virtue,—if the respect of every crowned head in Europe for a character whose dangerous importance, the voice of envy could no more than magnify,—if his own consciousness of surpassing inward endowments, which, by a happy, but rare conjunction, combined the most profound acquirement and commanding reach of mind, with an unwearied, patient, and eagle-eyed energy of thought,—if genius, once brilliant and correct, seeming almost an emanation

\* Τίτρουσι γὰρ σὺνοιαν ἰλιπίδες κοινάι.—ΑΠΠΙΑΝ.

from the superior intellect,—if this felicitous combination of rare endowment, did not ensure as much happiness, as was proper to a devout and holy man, his attached followers and friends greatly deceived themselves. They argued that,

"In their own hearts the earnest of the hope,  
Which made them great, the good will ever find."<sup>o</sup>

His serenity and spiritual peace were, on the occasion we refer to, reflected on the regent's countenance. Every syllable of his towering oratory, bespoke a mind at ease; and whilst all the sensibilities of his noble nature were awakened, as he depicted the wretched condition of his country, with breakers a-head, and drifted from her anchors; all could discern, or fancied they saw, the honest pride of virtue strengthen him, in the reflection, that his was the voice to calm the moral tempest, and that it was his province, to guide the helm, through so intricate a navigation, as lay before the vessel of the state.

— Incumbat si turbidus Auster, et unda  
Pulset utrumque latus : posito certamine nautæ  
Contenti meliore manu, sese que ratemque  
Unius imperiis tradunt, artemque pavore  
Confusis finem studiis fecere procellis.†

And now, Martinuzzi remained alone in that regal hall, so lately crowded with the gaiety and gallantry of youth, and the wisdom, or piety of maturer years. He was left alone,—alone, with his glory and gladness! Ah! well might the preacher question, whether the eminent of their age, whom the shallow world is wont to deem the favourites of fortune, view, in their secret soul, the distraction, in the light of a happiness.‡ Martinuzzi was

<sup>o</sup> Shalby.

† Chén. Louis SEVÈRE.

‡ Et ceux que vous regardez comme les heureux du siècle, sont ils toujours tels à leur propres yeux?—MABILLON.

seated at the council table, busily engaged, with certain state-papers, arranged before him. Some he turned over, with a hasty glance, and on others, he appeared to dwell as if their contents had been of greater moment.

From the paths of blood,—and such, for the most part, is the history of the turbulent era of our narrative,—it is grateful to turn aside, in order to contemplate the display of genius and of virtue.—It is pleasing to repose, if only for a moment, on so magnanimous and beautiful a character, as that of Martinuzzi; and in this view, we are here tempted to make our readers more intimately acquainted with him. Nature had enriched the person of Martinuzzi with the choicest endowments. He was, as historians inform us, one of the handsomest men of his time. His stature, although above the middle height, never struck the beholder as being tall. His deportment was eminent for gracefulness; he was uncommonly well built, and capable of enduring considerable fatigue. His face was a perfect oval; his eyes, a deep and melancholy blue, replete with the most touching sensibility, were strongly indicative of the prevailing thoughtfulness of his nature, although, when his soul spake through those eyes, with all the energy of genius, or when they lit up, in sympathy with his native eloquence, nothing could exceed the piercing brilliancy of their expression, alike calculated to lighten the heart of suffering innocence, and to appal the guilty, or abate the oppressor—"Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbis." In his Roman nose, and slightly distended nostrils, the determination, and force of his nature sat conspicuous. The lordly expanse of his beautiful, and pellucid brow denoted the *mens divini*, which it curtained. The admirable curve of his lips, the very seat of charity, and the rounded dimpled chin (whose contour, when lovely, is characteristic of an amiable disposition,) bespoke, in George Martinuzzi, the singular gentleness and benignity of his nature. One remarkable feature, however, we must not forget, if we would complete the *vraisemblance* of

portrait. The right ear of Martinuzzi, ever since he arrived at the age of manhood, was distinguished by a tuft of dark hair.\* He appeared, at this period, to have scarcely seen half a century; but it is probable, that the onerous cares and anxieties of state had somewhat anticipated the furrowing touch of time.

On the occasion, when we first introduced him to our readers, the cardinal was arrayed in the sumptuous, and splendid vestments, befitting a high dignitary of the Catholic church,† and the effect, which they produced, was as imposing, as could well be conceived. He wore a pelisse of massive gold tissue, thrown over a sort of tunic of embroidered velvet, likewise superbly tissue, and of the colour of violet, edged round with the richest point lace. A golden mitre, upon a white ground, rested on his head; his shoes were of crimson satin, and a diamond of highest price, in the form of a buckle, sparkled from either foot. The throne, or chair of state, on which he reclined, having embroidered cushions of crimson velvet, was surmounted by a canopy of solid gold.

What thoughts Martinuzzi had under this gorgeous attire, it were perhaps fearful to unfold; nevertheless, with the reader's indulgence, we shall attempt it. After occupying himself, for a brief space, in arranging certain state-papers, and noting down occasionally any idea, which suggested itself, in regard to their contents, Martinuzzi, at length, abruptly laid the pen aside, and, after a pause, gave voice, in a low and subdued tone, to a train of ideas, in which hitherto he had silently indulged. His broken, and interrupted speech indicated the throes of feeling, struggling for deliverance,—the spontaneous unburthening of a soul, wound up to its highest tension,—of a heart, almost bursting with emotions, that for long, “like the

\* *Dextrum amiculum ejus qua naturali adnato pilosus erat, etc.*—*ISTORIUM.*

† *ὡς τοῦτον ἐκατέτοιμενον στεφανῶν.*

ocean's tide, was shut up with doors."\* The indignant waters roared and chafed—

Nunc lapides adesos  
Stirpes que raptas et pecus et domos  
Volventis una. †

"Well!"—in such broken array was his reverie marshalled—"well, the day breathed at last. The shadow fled away; the blue and vigorous air did shake its wing; the blithe, immortal day, grew young again; the bat retired to his chamber of delicious darkness, to rest from his vigils of the night; the church-yard graves yawned and received back their restless tenantry; the contemplative owl forsook his tower, and reposes in security till the darkness again call him to his stated occupation; all—all, whose affairs, like mine, and nameless would walk by midnight,—all but me! I—I alone, of all solitary things, that hate the insulting light, know whereinto I may rush, that, with the mantle of a capacious mist, I might envelope me. I cannot, when sickly stars are out, flee, like the rest, to loathsome channels; I cannot, when the tedious, toilsome night is over, wrap me up awhile, and, in concealment, slumber away from day, or sit upon the earth, with open eyes, count the lazy minutes until eve, companioned by majestic silence; I must not fly my soul, nor my soul me; unthought-of chamber, cut out of marble—no silent tabernacle, proffers its sanctuary to me—no church-yard *asyla* will hallow my consciousness. For me, there is shadow, in the day-shine, from the heat, no covert from the storm, no place of refuge from the tyranny of earth that repress, and hedge me round.—Hush!"

Here, recalled, by the very excess of his feelings, the regent glanced jealously, and hurriedly around him.

"No!" he muttered, in answer to his own thought, and then again peered into the perilous depths of

\* Job.

† Horace.

soul, taking up the thread of his reflections, where he had dropped it. "I must go forth," he proceeded, in an indistinct murmur, "amid the garish haunts of this familiar life — go forth erect, as if, under my distracting purple, no livid spot deformed me. Oh ! I must smother, and torture my countenance, with deceiving smiles, regulate my pulse-throb, modulate my very tones — ay, tutor my tongue in the insolence of words, ere I let the traitors escape my lips. God ! my brain may burn, my heart may battle and break, no one heeds ; for neither thought, nor feeling must find repose in me. Oh ! thou bright fruit, gilded by young ambition, to be plucked from the aspiring branch, I have clutched thee, indeed ; but, ah ! the leap hath hurt my precious soul. Like to the apples of *Asphaltes*,<sup>\*</sup> thou wert most fair to the eye, but bitterness, and ashes to the taste."

Martinuzzi ceased ; and, flinging himself into his seat, seemed overpowered, by inward emotion. Then, after awhile, he lifted up his head, and continued to soliloquize aloud.

"I remember me, when I was a boy, I could dream, through the weariless summer-day, in high and holy abstractions, with love of kind, and country. To my thought, the solid globe grew animate, and vocal : beautiful the misty twilight then, sank on the wind-swept shore. Oh ! with what syllables of tender and eternal mystery, did the softest notes of falling waters harmonize silence to my heart. Ah ! in the minstrelsy of hope, all sounds and sights of life's diurnal round enkindled omens, and mystic meanings of the future — bright personifications, as in an elder day. Night, sublime, walked the pale rocks ; and the blessed sunshine, that rode upon the summer mist, was mildest. Banquet of peace, unbought !

<sup>\*</sup> See *Yenn* to the third Canto of *Childe Harold* ; or *Tacitus*, *Histor. i.* 5. 7.

and the transparent goblet ! Yellow-haired Morning the weeping wild rose, how ye did charm me ! how from pride, and pomp, and mere human grandeur my fancy framed an idol ! But what have these enamelled oracles of youth—what have they all come to ? Why I grow out of them ? Would that I could have remained for aye, by Alicia's side, straying, with book in hand amid the groves,\* a guiltless, dreamy, unsophisticated boy, instead of—oh God ! now—poor, most poor, 'abundance !'† and Martinuzzi clinched his two hands with fearful agony. "Now,—fame, and dignity, sceptred power, are like the furies ; and all freshness the heart, the mildest moisture of the dew of life, make their dire aliment.‡ The air, I breathe, comes coffined up in sepulchres ; the quilts, I lie on, are too sumptuous too filled with gossamer, to yield their spell ; the viands all are delicate, too much for food, and in digestion turn to aconite ; the flowing chalice mantles to the brim, with 'gall of asps ;'§ all language is a lie ; the thoughts which I endure are damnable ; where'er I set my foot I strewed with aspicks ; the life, I hold is death's eternal torture. Oh, God ! in what, after all, is my glory ? Can *this* be glory ? Oh ! if *this* be *being*, better, a thousand times better, were extinction. No, no—Tush ! I forget, I have one secret consciousness sweetening this hell upon earth ; and for the rest, great God ! I am myself the error. *Fiat voluntas tua !*"

Here Martinuzzi slid down from the throne, and, clasping his hands tightly, knelt on the golden footstool, fastened to the seat ; his lips, for awhile, faintly stirring with internal prayer, seemed like the leaves of autumn shivering in the night-wind, when, wrapping his face in his gorgeous mantle, his devotions came to a pause, or,

\* Tantôt, un livre en main, errant dans les preries.—BOILEAU.

† Inopem me copia fecit.—Ovid. *Metam.*

‡ See the Euripides of Æschylus.

§ Job, ch. xx. ver. 14.



if he still held communion with Heaven, he *thought* his serene, and became, to all appearance, calm as silent. From this posture of musing quietude, he was presently roused, by a footstep striding along the hall, and the shadow of a man fell on the wainscot, beyond the regal chair. He looked up, and having recognized the intruder, exclaimed, in a deep, low, ghostly voice, " 'Tis even he! oh, God! who shall gainsay thy judgments? It is most meet, that I feel thy penance for the sin of my parent, and that his presence bring a tribe of fiends to minister to thy wrath. Yet, lie still awhile, oh my torn heart! I am nothing else but regent."

*In saying* these words, Martinuzzi arose, and, while deep, calm thought alone was portrayed upon his passionless countenance, advanced to meet the intruder, who pursued his impetuous course, to and fro, without heeding the regent's approach. The individual, we mention, was clad in weeds of mourning. One would not predicate, from his juvenile aspect, that he had reached his majority; probably he had not. His stature exceeded the middle height of man; his features, though wild, were strikingly handsome; and his long sable locks flowed negligently over his shoulders. Martinuzzi came up to him, and, grasping his hands within his own, whilst his eyes grew vivid with sensibility, he said, "Sigismund! my son!" The other gazed vacantly, but made no answer.

Martinuzzi continued,—"You leave Rothenbarn so rarely, that when you do visit Hermanstadt, you are to blame to keep yourself so close. The grandson of Count Rodna should not so alight his guardian."

"Præbe, your eminence," returned Sigismund, "who is Count Rodna's son? Is he one of the eternal lazar house of Italy or France, they tell me, you saddle, on the broad shoulders of fair Erdely? Make us acquainted, I beg of you, that is, an you promise me his countship will bear with my humours? for I have no notion of your

mettlesome grafs, who spar for every trifle. The eyes of the Lady Czerina, or your highness's buckles, will set the magnates of your court cock-a-hoop in an instant, and 'tis heigh-ho for a tilting bout, though, for aught they can know, or your eminence will swear to, the brilliancy of one or other may be but counterfeit. I hope I speak no treason."

A slight shade passed across the fine countenance of Martinuzzi. There was a pause.

"Did you walk hither, with the intention of seeking me?" inquired the regent, coldly.

"Perhaps I may have," answered the youth, in a tone of indifference. "We ever like to look on the outward prototype of our frequent, and internal meditations. To stand in the shoes of the late king, which in others had been dangerous, in your eminence looks honour. What, in a madman, (myself, for instance,) had been usurpation, in Martinuzzi were only lawful rule; and though it be high treason for a subject to compass St. Stephen's crown, in Martinuzzi it will be patriotism, for so the cardinal most solemnly gives it out, and he is esteemed as holy, and as reverend a man as any in the land. We see, you are reverend: you have the phylacteries of your profession inscribed, in glittering characters, on your front. The blind might spy you out, at a distance, as they would a civet cat. Your vestments might put Soliman to flight, as erst the pomp of St. Leon did the Goth.\* I'd credit your eminence for a tun of reverence, but in respect to your holiness, or belike I rate you too highly, 'tis comparable to my poor wits, I trow, — a grain, and to spare."

Martinuzzi hid his face in the palm of his hands, and moaned audibly. The lips of Sigismund were curled, even to scorn, as with bitterness he proceeded—

"Dost practise howling, your highness? Nay, then,

\* Alluding to the rout of Attila, occasioned by the imposing appearance of the pontifical train.

thou'lt top thy part one day, and they'd best grow cotton betimes in Tophet, if they'd spare their teeth. Resolve me, most sapient Pharisee—think'st thou, the soul, if melted at last to penitence, could gush out tears enough to make a flood so mighty, as, in the course of time, might wipe away the stains of regicide?"

Martinuzzi looked up, and with an air of mild, and sad composure, answered—"I hope so, Sigismund. I believe so, with God—"

"Ay, ay; but not with man, sir," rejoined the youth, with stern significance. "Not all the tears contrition ever shed, can wash out treason:—with God, you say? Well, with God—I hope so too."

Another pause ensued, which was broken by Martinuzzi again demanding the cause of his being favoured with his companion's visit?

"It was here, but now, my lord," replied Sigismund, putting his finger to his forehead, "and, hey! presto, 'tis gone! Your eminence is such good company, and so facetious, withal, you would corrupt the memory of a saint, and, i'troth, mine is none of the readiest. When I find myself in the presence of your mightiness, for the life of me, my head can only compass the single idea of your eminence's transcendant qualities. But I cry you pardon:—was not St. Peter, in his day, bishop of Rome, your highness?"

"Even so," said Martinuzzi.

"I have been thinking," rejoined Sigismund, "that his holiness must have thought his translation to the janitorship of heaven, a happy preferment; and, egad, if being head-jailor, in these dominions, would qualify you, for an assistant of his saintship, your eminence, after all, need not despair of the appointment, when he wearies of his office. By the way, I would have an order to traverse your Tartarus, beneath the citadel, most reverend Pluto!"

"Sigismund, you surprise me," said the regent; "those,

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without pity, the age to every risk.  
In the last scene, a mysterious being,  
supposed to be a spirit and a being of a  
highly intelligent kind, though he  
cannot be a person of any great  
importance, is the central figure.

It is a very good scene, in the  
history. The scene is good.

"It is a very good scene, in the  
history. The scene is good."

"It is a very good scene, in the  
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multitude of men, who are in every way. The eye of  
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I have made passed across the last century  
history. There was a point.

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The first of these is the fact that the  
 world is not a uniform whole, but a  
 collection of many different parts, each  
 with its own life and character. The  
 second is that the world is not a static  
 thing, but a living, growing organism.  
 The third is that the world is not a  
 simple machine, but a complex system  
 of many interlocking parts. The fourth  
 is that the world is not a collection of  
 isolated facts, but a continuous stream  
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who are now in the dungeons, are mostly confined there, for treasonable practises."

"Perhaps so," rejoined the youth; "yet when Heaven has cast up his account, some of them, I surmise, will be called to an easy reckoning."

"In what respect can they, or their habitation concern you?" inquired Martinuzzi.

"Why, in sooth, not greatly," replied the youth: "shall I say my body's lead, and I've too much phlegm; or, that the antics of human nature are so wild, and various,—so modified by circumstance,—that I should like to join in a game of bo-peep below; nay, I recommend to your eminence, the experiment. You've no notion what a spell 'twould cast, o'er your downy couch, were you to look on the flinty pillow of the wretched:—perhaps, one day, or I stumble in judgment, you'll learn the secret. From the captive, triumphing in his fetters, to the tyrant, festering on his stool, there's more stern stuff, in the core of human hearts, than your wise men dream of. Your fool has known as much as this, many a day, and oft; but who would heed a fool's philosophy, to rail is his vocation, and there's an end on't. Lend me your hand, my lord."

Martinuzzi held forth his right hand, to the lunatic young nobleman, who, taking it within his own, and carefully examining its lineaments, went on, in the same incoherent strain, as before.

"A fair hand this,—a fair, and honourable hand, the parasites of a court would tell ye; but, Luke Swartz reckoned palmistry too deep a study, for one o'my wits, so I never was taught it—'twere like casting pearls before swine, as the learned express it, which, methinks, were a thankless office. Nathless 'tis a good hand, and this gem sets it off hugely. Is it of price?—but that I need not ask,—I thank you, sir."

In saying these last words, the young count removed a ring, from off one of the fingers of the cardinal, and



put it on his own. It was a plain gold one, bearing the regent's cipher.

"What mean you, Sigismund? return me my ring; you trouble me, my son," said Martinuzzi, with some warmth.

"Gramercy, then, but I am grown powerful, my lord, to trouble him that troubles a whole kingdom. For your ring, to-morrow, I will restore it, to-morrow, your eminence. There's magic in't, in the interim, and 'twill serve as well as the voice of Hungary's regent, whom I were a traitor, to take from the business of the state, even for the passing of an hour." Thus saying, Sigismund sprung off to the further end of the room.

At that moment, the seneschal entered, and, after addressing a few words to Martinuzzi, withdrew; and presently, a young female was ushered into the hall, who, with a modest, but perfectly self-possessed air, advanced towards the regent; and, with tears starting into her eyes, gracefully cast herself at his feet:—"Mercy! mercy!" she exclaimed.

"What is your suit?" inquired Martinuzzi, with some slight perturbation of manner, and a scarcely perceptible tremor, in the tones of his voice: "Mercy, unto whom? what would you, maiden?"

"Share my father's dungeon, and his danger," answered the female; and resisting all the attempts of Martinuzzi to raise her up, she hurriedly continued: "Last night, my father was apprehended, by your orders."

"On what charge?" asked Martinuzzi, in his wonted mild tones.

"I cannot say," answered Veronica, for the damsel was no other; "it is no concern of mine, since, were he the worst of criminals, I am his daughter, your eminence:" and then Veronica, in anxiety to obtain her suit, poured forth all the eloquence of her nature, without reserve, and the genius of filial love, which was her soul's essence, lent power and energy, to every plea she urged.

At last, not perceiving any signs of relenting, in the manner of Martinuzzi, she paused, for a sudden fear thrilled her bosom. "You cannot mean, that he should die?" she exclaimed, and her quivering lip betokened the agony, struggling in her heart: "Or, is he dead? Yes, you have murdered him!"

"Prithee rise, my child," said Martinuzzi, in the gentlest accents, that ever issued from the lips of authority, "your father lives; his cause of imprisonment shall be looked to: arise!"

"No, I will beg, till my knees take root i<sup>n</sup> the earth," returned the maiden, while, lifting her clasped hands, with a look of supplication, she retained a position, as graceful as ever, the genius of sculpture wrought from Parian marble. There was, indeed, something in her sweet countenance, upraised, and every feature working with her impassioned, and fervid pleading, that, ("not to speak it profanely") might have reminded a spectator of the celebrated head of the Minerva.\* "My lord, my lord," she continued, whilst her sweet speech flowed from her ruddy lips, in streams of liquid melody: "Oh! let the vaulted pavement, which encloses my father's crime and wretchedness, lift up, that I may partake the living burial of his solitude."

Martinuzzi meditated for a moment, ere he made answer, "Daughter, you have your request."

If Veronica was silent, her eyes, glistening with those tears, with which the overflowing of her heart supplied them, gave token of greater thanks, than the utmost eloquence of language could express.

"I apprehend, however," continued the cardinal, "according to the prison regulations, that you cannot remain after the vesper-bell toll; but rise, virtuous maiden," he added, at the same time taking her hand in his, to assist her, from her supplicating posture: "I owe it to your

\* That in the Florence gallery.

merit to declare, that, by means, you wot not of, you have secured a friend, to your father's house, at his uttermost need. I am interested in thy fate, my child, more so, than I shall tell you, at present. Would that thy sire's vacillating, and unstable nature, owned somewhat of thy metal!" Then, meeting Veronica's look of surprise, with an almost parental smile, he proceeded in a low voice: "Ah! there must be more matter in thy recreant creed, than I dreamt of, heretofore. By the lady! 'tis a rare heresy; but I'll have thee back, nevertheless, to the veritable fold."

The astonishment of Veronica, at these words, was strongly depicted in her countenance. How had the lord regent penetrated the nature of her religious opinions?—a secret she believed to be confined to herself and parent. Her soft eyes, ever vocal with intelligence, sought an explanation, and Martinuzzi, presently again spoke:—

"'Twas your mother's error, child; but, with the blessing of Heaven, the defection shall stop here."—Veronica's amazement increased, and her heart palpitated, with apprehension, but she would not trust herself to speak:—

"In all else," continued the regent, your mother was an excellent lady,"—Veronica started—"only herein, her knowledge wrought to her destruction, and the very inquisitiveness of human reason proved the snare of her soul: but, I will extricate thee, thou blessed shoot of a frail stem, from the toils, which entangled the daughter of Baron Walstein."

"Mysterious Heaven!" exclaimed Veronica; "how have you discovered the relationship, which subsisted betwixt me and her, who is a soul in bliss?"

"She was the cousin, and sworn friend, of the Princess Beatrice," answered Martinuzzi. "Alas! I knew her well."

"Oh God! then you knew, you *know* my father," cried Veronica, with a scream of awakened terror, as she

sunk down, again, on the pavement; and, uplifted her clasped hands, as if in deprecation of the regent's wrath.

"Damsel," he replied; "were certain parties, in Hermanstadt, aware of my having the outlaw in fetters, his life were not worth so much, as a beggar's ransom; but cheer thee, my child,"—and Martinuzzi again upraised the bewildered girl—"cheer thee, I say: whatever be thy father's subsequent crimes, let him answer for them, at the bar of Heaven. As respects his outlawry, I have cognition, that he was unjustly dealt by. I know him, for certain, to be as innocent, as was her royal brother, of the abduction, and death of the Princess Beatrice."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Veronica, "Transporting assurance! My father stands acquitted, by the suffrage of Hungary's regent,—my lord, HE told you. Ha! you then,—yes, you must have spoken with *Him*. If I had but breath, I'd ask, was't the Graf, Peter Pereny, told you?"

"That's to be put to question, with a witness!" said a voice from behind, with startling abruptness. The maiden turned her eyes, and Sigismund was seen emerging, from the embrasure of a window, whither he had retired.

"An thou wilt, to it again," continued the youth; "thou shalt be ordained high priestess of heatheness, and shrine his eminence. Beshrew, my fantasy! if thou hast not chalked thy face guardy, like any mime, and, were my tongue the sacring bell, my lovely transcendental saint here, could not look more stricken:—are ye turned marble both, to save your monuments? What have I spoken, sweetheart? *J'ai des lunes*, as monsieur puts it; but I never bite, never." The head of Veronica fell abashed; and, confounded at an address, so startling from its suddenness, she, in silence, turned away. She regretted the circumstance of her father's outlawry, having been proclaimed, in the hearing of a third party, of whom her fancy, as his features were bent on hers, seemed to recal some memory, as in a dream.—His equivocal

conduct alarmed her, and she looked at the cardinal, for protection. That prelate had been for awhile so occupied, with his fair solicitor, as, to have quite forgotten the proximity of Count Rodna, and he was recalled to a consciousness of that individual's presence, with an abruptness, that was displeasing.

Notwithstanding his being accustomed to Sigismund's random, and adventurous sallies, his pungency of remark, on that morning, made a more lively impression on him, than ordinary. The peculiar infirmity of this young nobleman prompted him "to run a-muck and tilt at all he met." Sull, though he would foin, with might and main, no heed was commonly given to his thrusts; his bitterness of invective, serving only to establish the fact of his mental alienation. But, during his brief colloquy, with Martinuzzi, the distempered language of Sigismund conveyed a meaning, sufficiently significant, and there lurked an inexplicable "method in his madness," which did not escape the penetration of the cardinal. The consequence was one of those chilling revulsions of the mind, that jar "the electric chain," connecting the opposite extremes of feeling, and which, thrilling along, over a thousand links in the memory of the past, would be apt, in any case, to emasculate the spirits, and affect them, with no common degree of sadness, but Martinuzzi had still a stronger cause for the depression, which attacked him, and with which he could, with difficulty cope. A series of retrospections of most mysterious, and dreadful import rose, in all their inscrutable darkness, to his mind, and their deduction came upon him with the force, at once, and the vivacity of a flash of lightning,

" And every slack'ned fibre, dropt its hold,  
Like nature letting down the springs of life."\*

It now rushed, with tenfold force, upon his guardian's

\* Dryden.

memory, that, on Sigismund's occasional tarriance in Hermanstadt, his presumed aberration of mind, made him free of the citadel; and, more particularly, of Martinuzzi's suite of apartments. None ever cared to inquire whether the lad continued to inhabit the Tour rouge, or were on a visit to his guardian. He had the most perfect impunity of locomotion, and might do or say, whatever he listed, since no doubt was entertained, by any person, of his intellects being greatly impaired.

"If he have been acting all this while," mused Martinuzzi, whilst strong sweat broke upon his forehead; "I must have been suspected, and betrayed, misapprehended, and have been slumbering on the precipice of fate, whilst that clear fame, which is dear to my heart, as is the blood, that bubbles there:—but oh! impossible, it cannot be—'tis an idle thought: yet there's a strong impediment here, which weighs me to the earth,—it is the error of my blood, whose current runs more sullen than of old. However, I'll look into his humour. So much is at least due to my safety, my honour, the boy's rights, and welfare,—his father's memory." And, with this intention, Martinuzzi expelled, for the present, the ungracious bode-ment.

What has taken our tardy pen so long to explain, was, to the mind of Martinuzzi, the result of a minute's thought, but even, in so brief a space of time, his apprehensions had stamped their dreadful character, upon every miniature of his features, literally, in the words of Sigismund, chalking his guardian's face like any mime. Martinuzzi, however, resolved to confine his newly-awakened suspicion to his own bosom; he, therefore, merely observed, in a tone of forced composure: "I thought, Sigismund, you had left the hall;" and again addressing himself to Veronica, whose eloquent eyes bent on the ground, refused to glisten through their silken fringes, he said, "We'll renew our talk hereafter. I will now, my daughter, give you what you

asked of me," and he turned away, to trace the required order. In the meanwhile, Sigismund launched forth, in that flighty style, ordinary to him : " Meek-eyed votaries to filial piety !" he exclaimed, shedding on his fair auditor the full blaze of his handsome eyes, " would that I knew thy pantronymic, that I might offer up incense, on the altar, I have built to thee in my soul. There would I sacrifice pure thoughts, and holy hopes, and loyal aspirations—unshaken faith, and star-like piety—the soft, and cherished charities of the hearth—friendship, and kindred trusts, and plumed patriotism, now waving high above the kingly crest, and, anon, the crowning ensign of the warrior's wreath ; all will I cast down at the feet of thy loveliness."

Shrinkingly, Veronica listened to the foregoing tirade ; she recognised, in the voice, and gestures of the speaker, a secret charm, that thrilled the mute chords of her sliding heart, and awakened many a forgotten memory. At every pause, she felt inclined to interpose, in order to impress the youthful rhapsodist, with a becoming deference, for the prescriptive majesty of her sex, but she found it difficult to adjust a suitable reproof, or arrange her ideas into the reserved, and formal phrase, she deemed appropriate. Not a little disconcerted, she moved towards Martinuzzi, whose silence, during his ward's complimentary effusion, had a different source. When, however, at last, the outpourings of Sigismund's spirit had fallen to a pause, and Veronica, to hide the blushes, which burnt upon her cheek, or, perhaps, her displeasure, turned away, Martinuzzi, with a faint smile, intimated to the young count, that his extempore declaration of attachment, however natural, was not quite in accordance with the ordinary forms of politesse.

" 'Tis not well done, my son," he said, " to start the innocent blush, from the pure heart, into the light of day. The fair sex are privileged. from all hasty approach, by the chevaux-de-frize of studied forms, and courtly ob-

servances — to overstep which limits, though you employ the choicest terms of adulation, were to penetrate the heart you aim at, like unto that fabled falchion, which froze, while it left a wound."

"It is hard," replied Sigismund, whilst his mien and gesture decidedly indicated insanity, and even the lines of his face, appeared to work, in correspondence with his words, that one can never be intent, on any little affair of the heart, but your eminence, with your solemn jargon, will whip one from the prospect. It was only last year, you denied me the company of that budding gilly-flower of the palace, whom the people, God forgive them for it! nickname their queen. You must practise frowns in private on the maid, to awe her with, or you had hardly terrified her grace in the way you did, by smiling; and, what's worse, I am not likely to encounter the lady's beauties again, before her coronation at Coloswar, whose advent is as near, to all appearance, as is her canonization, since both, alike, await your eminence's pleasure.

"It is my province," returned Martinuzzi, speaking with some little asperity of voice, and manner, (perhaps from not exactly approving of the free, and caustic tone adopted by his ward), "to have regard to the interest of the Lady Czerina, and the living daughter of John o Zapola shall not, while I hold authority, be made the footstool of any man's ambition."

"I applaud your determination, most absolute protector; but who shall prohibit you yourself, from making her corpse your stair of empire," replied the other, with a bitter scornful laugh; "besides, her beams, that, if they shine not on all alike, should, at least, be veiled are too much pointed: there's an exception to your rule of state."

"Ha! let me look on that man in Hungary," returned Martinuzzi, in a voice, both raised, and shaken, by his feelings, "bold enough to tamper, with my ordinance, in re



spect to her grace, and the life-weary slave shall bitterly rue it !”

“In Hungary, my lord? — a-hem ! but you have not to seek far,” responded Sigismund. “The secretary to the Austrian ambassador, Marc Antoine Ferraro, is this slave.”

Martinuzzi started. — “But see,” continued the count, “where the Graf, Maximilian Pereny, hies him hitherward. I must show the coxcomb a fair pair of heels for’t. I partly perceive, your nephew would fain wear my livery, but I’m as loath as your eminence, to part with my cap and bells, or yield a jot of my prerogative.”

Martinuzzi made no reply ; and, addressing Veronica, the count said, “Adieu ! for the present, fair creature ; I leave my late embosomed inmate to thy tender mercies : keep watch, and ward o’er it, for ’tis a mine may repay thy culture.” Then, after a pause, turning to Martinuzzi, he spake forth, with stern, and marked emphasis, “Look to your nephew’s courses, Lord High Cardinal ! The towering eagle may stretch, and mount against the sun ; his princely nature, nay, his heritage, bids him perch on clouds ; but ’tis not so with birds of meaner pinion : should the seeled dove, with faint, unequal wing, dare tour, with upward speed, along the thin, and dizzy paths of light, let him reckon upon the falcon’s check, nor cross his eminent track, and shun his beetling landmarks. Tell Maximilian Pereny so much, and, — but I crave pardon ; your eminence must have enough on your conscience, without being burdened, by a fool’s defiance, or made the go-between of a jester, and a popinjay.” So saying, with a graceful obeisance to the cardinal, and a deeper to Veronica, who irresolutely returned the courtesy, the noble and interesting youth, stealing a long look at the maiden, which expressed a world of unutterable devotion, slowly backed out of the hall.

Martinuzzi gazed after him, with a countenance, in which doubt mingled with admiration. “Yes,” thought

he, "it must be the dim midnight of his mind, and the labouring judgment eclipses, at the unsubstantial cozenage of his brain. I will make sure, however, and sound that Swartz to the core, and shortly."

Martinuzzi was here recalled to the business of the moment, as his eyes turned in the direction, where Veronica awaited the signal of her dismissal. "My child," he said, recovering from his momentary emotion, "I had forgotten—go now to your father; you have not long to stay with him. It will hinge upon his future fealty, the assurance of which, I have means he little dreams of, to arrive at, whether, for your sake, I pardon his past entanglements; but, if shapes of crowns continue to shake him, like comets, prompt him, my love, from the lord regent, that no earthly power can avert the consequence; so bid him break the involving net, and make his fate his minister, by self-control. Nay, nay, tremble not," he added, with a kind, and encouraging accent; "bid your father cease, henceforth, to grasp at shadowy sceptres, and I doubt not, that the untoward concurrence of unhappy circumstances, which, for so long, hath overcast his fortunes, will shortly be dispersed, as the glowing influence of the new-born day dispels the illusions of the night." With these words, Martinuzzi proceeded to summon an attendant, and, having placed the damsel under his conduct, dismissed her, with a parting benediction.

Veronica followed her conductor, with her eyes cast on the ground, and wrapped in painful meditation; but she had not gone many steps along the corridor, when her chaste ears were saluted, by a strange, affected voice, exclaiming—"By Venus' doves! an armful of most rare delicacies!—the philtre of her lips were heavenly nectar!—Jove! but my uncle hath a taste—by'r lady How fly her blushes out from Cupid's armory!—Ar married, sweetheart?" The affronted maiden, who had stopt short at first unconsciously, now drew herself up

in order to pour out, in one concentrated glance of her bright eyes, the virtuous reproof, which swelled her bosom, and armed her cap-a-pee, with its crimson tide. The individual, who, at a short distance, stood eyeing her, with the utmost assurance, leant his elbow on the balustrade, with that free, and easy air of effrontery, which his vanity persuaded him was irresistible. He was a tall, raw-boned, strongly built, ill-featured dandy, the distinguishing expression of whose countenance was imbecility, with a strong cast of self-conceit. In matters of costume, he was manifestly an ultra, being apparelled in as finical, and flaunting a garb, as the fashion of the day admitted of. The tie of his scarf, and the nice adjustment of his doublet, were matters to admire. But, however the cut, and shape of his rich, passamented suit might exhibit proof of an exquisite fancy, and rare conceit, the little taste, or judgment shown in the adaptation of one colour to another, and the profuse embroidery, which overcharged, without exception, every article of vestment, not to mention the bad arrangement of the whole, stamped the character of the man, and served to determine, with how small a share of common sense, the vain attribute of lord of the creation, might consist. He appeared to have seen five-and-twenty summers.

Veronica raised her head, with the intention, as we have said, to awe down his presumption, with one piercing phillippic of her beautiful eyes; but she found her object frustrated, by the abrupt departure of the unmannered coxcomb. Before she could again pass on, she discovered, that his sudden disappearance was occasioned, by the apparition of a man, enveloped in monkish habiliments. With his head declined upon his breast, and face, sunk within the cowl of his habit, this person glided along, like a spectre.

As soon as the usher of Veronica descried the fearful figure, he exhibited unequivocal symptoms of terror, ejaculating, in a whispering voice — “ Mary preserve

us ! — haste ! — Father Dominick !” Then, without adding a syllable of explanation, he set an example of that celerity, he recommended, and, darting forwards, his rapid walk very soon had all the character of a flight—so that Veronica was fain to exert her utmost speed, in order to keep pace with him. The man did not once slacken his steps, as he traversed sundry staircases, and corridors, until he reached an arched, and massive postern, which, heavy with iron-work, creaked harshly on its hinges. This was the entrance to the dungeons of the citadel, where we leave the maiden, for the present.

On Maximilian Pereny coming into the hall, shortly after Veronica’s departure, he did not, at first, notice the presence of his uncle, but looked obliquely behind him, apparently in apprehension of some one, following in his track. The authoritative voice of the regent, however arrested his attention. “Come hither, sir,” said the prelate, “I have words to utter, whose type is in my heart, and has, ere now, cost me much anguish;—attend to me.”

Pereny bared his brow of its beavered saki,\* with waving estridge plume; and, as Martinuzzi raised himself, on the rich regal seat, assumed a deferential attitude. At that moment, the same awful form, which, only the instant before, had scared Maximilian from the adjoining corridor, slowly glided, into the hall. Having measured with inaudible tread, and with visage, inclined to the earth, the entire extent of the marbled flooring, the monk in solemn silence, drew from his bosom a paper, which he delivered into the regent’s hands. Then, turning away, with the same echoless movement of the sandal-foot as before, the mysterious being made his exit, through a door, different from that, by which he had entered. At the awe-inspiring obtrusion of the unholy father, Ma-

\* A French military cap.

milian's heart trembled, with superstitious fears ; chill horror curdled in his veins, and relaxed his joints, as the cowed, and terrible ostent directed his stately motions towards him, and he experienced no inconsiderable relief, on his retiring.

As Martinuzzi's eye passed rapidly over the paper, just put into his hands by his confessor, he seemed to take in, at a glance, its purport, which stole the colour from his cheek, and lip. He suffered his head to droop upon his chest, and instantly became so utterly lost, as to forget, that any one was present. He may even have been unaware, that his thoughts framed speech, as, with a quivering lip, he murmured, looking at the paper, " 'To Lake Swartz,' — So, — ' Now that Peter is slain, his followers flock to my standard by thousands — but Alaric Polgar is yet to be gained — you understand — to Hermanstadt ; I will follow. — *Iwan.* ' I will follow — Iwan ! Indeed ! we must make you welcome then, young gentleman ! How have my apprehensions sent a shadow, black as Erebus, which could never be, were they not substantive ! Yet how is this ? — Iwan in secret correspondence with Swartz ! with Swartz, — the man who — oh no ! there is no such falsehood. Earth could not abide the monster ; yea, every mute, engendered thing, beneath the all-enclosing firmament, would have an aspick's tongue, to hiss in his ear — Ingratitude ! Alike at staring noon and sable midnight, the uttering air would spread it about him, like a plague. My faith in Swartz built on a spider's web ! Swartz, upon whose fidelity I relied, as upon the pillars of creation — I'll not believe it." Martinuzzi paused, strode through the hall, as one absorbed in thought, and then again commenced, half audibly, with himself. " And yet this is more than suspicious ; it denotes previous conspiracy ; 'tis a shadow, cast, by by-gone days, and nights, and years of treachery, over the whole vista of glory, on which I reckoned. What a lone, marked, forlorn, wrung slave

am I! Hemmed in on all sides, whilst my miseries haunt me, like blood-hounds; yea, even on that point of retreat, whence first I started, they head me back. It cannot last — be still, — how then? I must select, and spring upon the foremost foeman. What, ho! who waits?" An attendant appeared. "Hie thee to the apartments of Viscount Rodna," said the lord regent, "and order the ingrate — I mean the keeper — to attend me, in my cabinet, and there await my coming."

"Swartz, your eminence?" inquired the man.

"Did I not say so, sir?" said Martinuzzi, with unusual asperity. The attendant left the hall, and the regent, pressing his hands to his brow, exclaimed, "What drops are these, have gathered on my forehead?" Then, in a subdued, and melancholy tone, he went on — "Yes, I strain, as doth the soaring eagle, entangled in the folds of the green serpent, that tires upon her heart; and feel, perhaps, like her." The regent paused; he covered his eyes with his hands, as if to shade some painful emotion. Presently, with a violent effort, recovering himself, he walked up and down the hall, for a few moments, and then turned suddenly towards his nephew, who stood an astonished witness of Martinuzzi's discomposure.

"What do you, sir," asked the regent, abruptly, "with that purple on your shoulder?"

Maximilian coloured, and he hesitated to reply.

"Will you please to attend, sir! What do you with that purple?" re-demanded Martinuzzi; "I desire an answer to my question."

"May it not displease your eminence," replied Pereny " 'tis a scarf of sendal — a kind of — a most choice piece of raiment — truly of very felicitous cut, and of the newest fantasie."

"I spoke of the colour, sir," said Martinuzzi, with severe emphasis.

"Why, I cannot say much for the colour, if it disliketh your eminence," answered the other.

"It doth offend me, sir," returned the cardinal, whilst a shade of dark displeasure settled on his countenance. "In common with every honest man in Hermanstadt, it offends me, to behold the laurel round thy temples—to mark a mindless, inconsiderate dolt, strutting and swelling, like the frog in the fable. Everlasting shame! the blossom, which thou hast plucked, and wound, as 'twere a chaplet, within thy hair, shall never grow a fruit, nor glisten, but the day long, on thy forehead. That garment, too! Sir, it is a basilisk in my eyes. Nearer."

Maximilian approached the cardinal, who, unloosening the invidious emblem, from his nephew's shoulders, rent it asunder, and trampled the shreds under his feet. "There!" he exclaimed, with vehemence, "tear it to rags! Is this a time," the regent continued, "when the enemies of Hungary ride the country, with arrayed banners, to perk your folly, in the face of the land? Who put into thy mind a robe, like that? Wer't drunk, to assume it, and incense the wise, and valiant, who now throng this city, in the forlorn hope of averting the shipwreck of the state—wert drunk, I ask?"

"The forlorn hope, your eminence?" repeated Maximilian, in the tone of interrogatory, and with no small symptoms of astonishment.

"Such were my words, young man," answered Martinezzi; "and 'tis one of the signs of the times," he continued, "not the least portentous, that thy borrowed feathers have not, ere yet, been plucked, and thy reflected light extinguished. Did this devoted land, or your uncle's government, promise aught of durable, you may rest assured, that Hungary, however fallen, lacks neither heart, nor arm, sinew, nor will, to put a date to your pretensions. Whoso scattereth the seeds of hatred, and suspicion, in his path, must look to reap a bloody harvest."

"Nathless, my lord, I may outlive the wound, and, perhaps, the assassin," observed Maximilian; "and who

should be the stabbers, that should do the deed you threaten?" he added, with an assumption of hauteur, and in an affected, and arrogant voice.

"Patriots, sir," answered the cardinal, in a deep, stern voice; "and, however you may flatter yourself," he presently subjoined, "there are, in Hermanstadt, who merit that title, ay, many, who would plunge their daggers, through your slashed jerkin, did they see cause."

"I should be glad to look upon such," returned Maximilian, with emphasis; bearing himself, at the same time, in a manner, not altogether unbecoming his high lineage; "can your eminence instruct me how, and where, I may most probably fall in with the butchers, you boast of?"

"They abound, just now, about the palace, nephew, and in the vicinity of the court," answered Martinuzzi, evasively.

"Would you describe only one, my lord," said Maximilian, drawing himself up, into an attitude of defiance, "I would save him, from fulfilling your kind augury, if his doublet be passable to sword, or pistol. Name but one, your eminence."

"The lord regent of Hungary," replied the prelate, sternly, "did he believe you worthy of his wrath; but *he* knows you, sir, and you have leave to ruffle it, for him."

Maximilian bit his lips, and, fixing his eyes on the ground, was silent.

"Maximilian," resumed the cardinal, "tell me what fools, and blows you up, like bubbles, thus? Have I toiled, for years, to build myself a name, for you to pluck up the foundations? Understand, my lord, you have neither weight of character, nor competent talent, nor one distinguishing requisite, that I know of, to constitute you the fitting minister of any body of men, even in holyday times, leave alone, in such an angry, and disjointed era, as that, we are doomed to jostle in; you can put forth no merits of your own, none personal, or proper to yourself;



your solitary hope of making way with the Magyar Orsag, must be derived from the name, you unworthily bear, but which, in fact, only recalls to men's minds, the great deeds of your ancestors, as witnesses of your degeneracy.\* As it is, your influence will expire, when I abdicate my office, and that may occur sooner, than, possibly, you look for."

"You do not mean it, your eminence," exclaimed Maximilian; "you can never intend to quail your high honours, to the violent, and vindictive policy of Isabella. Oh! you will never condescend to hold your life, as tenant at will, from her. Have you not long had letters missive from his holiness, bearing the grant or donation of Transylvania, as an appanage of your rank? And will you forego such a splendid acquisition?"

"And were I to accept the sceptre," replied the cardinal, "I have yet to discover, how the circumstance would operate to your advantage. I own to you, that, formerly, I indulged the hope, that the son of Peter Pereny, by an uniform, persevering course, in arts and arms, might have deserved well of his country, and even, perhaps, at one time or another, have found favour, in the sight of the Lady Czerina."

"My lord, such may yet be the case," said Maximilian.

"Never," replied the cardinal. "I repeat, there was a period, when I held such an opinion; but I must inform you, 'tis now many years since."

Maximilian would again have interposed, but the cardinal, without breaking off, with solemn earnestness proceeded; "You lay claim to an interest in my blood, Maximilian, and, from your earliest childhood, I have done all in my power to advantage your prospects, whether of this brief, phantasmal scene, or those, which centre in the

\* "Les grandes actions de leur pères ne sont plus que des temoins que déposent contre eux."—MABILLON.

brighter realities of eternity. For this, I require no thanks; I am accountable to Heaven for the trust, which your father left in my hands. Besides myself, Maximilian, you have scarcely a relative upon earth; certainly, not one, whose recognition would greatly delight, or credit you. I have been your only, but, hitherto, your powerful, and steady protector. I owe it to the memory of my sister, ever, whilst my name can serve you, to lend you all its lustre, to let you trim your feeble lamp, at the bright flame of my glory. Of three children, two brothers and a sister, your parent was, by far, the most estimable; but, alas! she soon sought the home of her nativity. The goodness of God, in still blessing my poor abilities, has since exalted me to my present distinguished rank in the state. Wherefore, think you, do I advert to these things? In order to put it to you, seriously, whether, in the absence of all intrinsic desert, you can trust to cabal, or party, to invest you with real, and lasting dignity? Why should you launch into the ocean of public life, without rudder or compass, and, above all, why alarm the national pride, by the impolitic and premature avowal of a design, which, it is my prayer to Heaven, that stubborn necessity may frustrate. Pereny, other Hungarians may have pointed out the Huniades and the Stradiote for their example; but, as your greatest glory is your father's name, so does the moral of his life furnish your best instruction.\* It might warn you, that incompetent ambition is one of the most pitiable species of self-deception, bearing, in its very principle, the germs of its own exposure, and defeat. Let me advise you to moderate your desires, to the level of your mediocrity of talent. Panoply thee, with all my heart, Maximilian, in the warrior's garb; let thy body groan under iron harness, and

\* "Aliis Decii reducesque Camilli  
Monstrentur; tu discis patrem."

STATIUS.

teach your lance, in the vanward of the battle, to pioneer your way to greatness. Would you ascend the steep of fame, you will have to struggle into eminence ; to fight your way, step by step, and every inch of your ground you must contest, and, again and again, by cheerful submission to toil, and amid the laborious details of discipline, vindicate your right, to blend your name with your sire's, and country's. Purple your hands deep, in the blood of Austria, and your uncle will be the first, to applaud their enanguined hue; but not your raiment, Maximilian, not your raiment ; and hereafter, thou wouldst do wisely, to place a shroud, before that solitary colour of a king, which sits on thee, like death."\*

"Death, uncle!" echoed Maximilian.

"Death, sir, to which 'twill lead you," replied the regent ; "you have no title on earth, to arrogate to yourself the insignia of empire. Your father might not, in his proudest days ; how then should you ?"

Maximilian's displeasure was pourtrayed on his countenance ; he, however, kept silence ; but shortly afterwards, as if the thought had suddenly struck him, he said, with an inquiring look, "You mentioned, even now, another brother of my mother—is he living ?"

The cardinal knit his brows, but remained silent.

Maximilian felt his curiosity excited, and, after a pause, he ventured to repeat the inquiry : "If," said he, "I have an uncle, besides your eminence, in existence, what is he ?"

"A villain!" answered Martinuzzi, in a voice of thunder. "A most consummate villain !" In uttering these words, a flush passed over his brow ; but, almost directly, he subjoined, in a milder tone, as if feeling ashamed, at having expressed himself, with such unwonted warmth—"One, Maximilian, who may yet—who may yet,

\* Ἐλάφι πορφύρεος θάνατος.—HOMER, II. v. 83.

by the grace of Heaven, live to repent his manifold iniquities. It is my daily prayer. Speak not of him."

To the mandate conveyed, in these last words, the curiosity of Pereny rendered him loath to submit; but he forbore to answer, and the regent, after casting his eye over the paper, he still held in his hand, said, "An affair of moment now calls me away; treasure up what I have spoken, and endeavour, for the future, 'so to order your conduct, as neither to abuse, nor waste the glory, left you by your ancestors.'"<sup>\*</sup> I tell thee, the sure, slow-wheeling hours, which time the evolution of ages, even now let loose the fate of Hungary, and her regent. Yet a little while, and both may subsist only in memory. Champ upon this bit, Maximilian, and act accordingly." In saying these words, the cardinal went forth, leaving his nephew standing, with vacant aspect, gazing, in the direction, which that personage had taken, and, apparently, hearkening to his receding footsteps, long after the sound could have possibly reached his ears. Then, rousing him-

<sup>\*</sup> See the dialogue of Plato, entitled Menexenus.—Antiquity cannot furnish a more admirable piece of oratory than that (placed in the mouth of Aspasia the Milesian) from whence the sentence, quoted above, is dishonoured into English. It was repeated every year, on the anniversary of Marathon, and preferred, by the Athenians, to the orations composed on the same subject, by their greatest orators, Pericles, Lysias, Hyperides, and Demosthenes. Whatever Anaximenes may pretend, and Plutarch repeat after him, of their originating with Solon, this is the first occasion of funeral eulogiums occurring among the Greeks. With the Romans, the custom was already established. The oration ascribed to Pericles in the historian is, in all probability, a characteristic sketch of Thucydides, whose speeches, however appropriate, are not given with the accuracy of a Times reporter. That of Lysias we have not read. The other two have fallen a sacrifice to the edax vetustas, which Shirley calls, "the cruel teeth of Time." We the less scruple, putting the ideas of Plato, into the mouth of Martinuzzi, because the eloquence of the prelate, by a sort of *πειθαρπυγη*,—an equal exertion of force and persuasion,—was commonly irresistible, and in his cradle (as was said of the Greek philosopher) a swarm of bees seemed to gather round his lips.

self, he settled his *saki*,\* with its sweeping plume, to the becoming angle, on his forehead, and shaking the lofty feather, by the haughty movement of his head, sallied forth, somewhat precipitately, in quest of those, who might afford him their counsel, in this emergency.

The understanding of Maximilian Pereny, was of that ordinary calibre, which corresponded not ill with his personal appearance. He possessed considerable pride, but little dignity; and, ascribing the continued favour of Martinuzzi entirely to his distinguished deserts, neither the invariable indulgence, nor the occasional correction, of his uncle, was capable of making any lasting impression, on such a temper. The repeated admonitions, and the gentleness, of the regent, alike failed to bridle the haughty, insolent, and overbearing spirit of the youth. The care taken for so many years, in appointing proper persons, to superintend his conduct, could not detach him, from the dissipation of amusement, or the allurements of the lowest sensuality. He was addicted to inebriety, and that to a degree, which exceeded the ordinary endurance of that age, and was far from consonant to contemporary habits. He would often indulge in the most shameless abandonment of passion, which gave umbrage to thinking men; and the coarseness of his debaucheries, even the extreme license of youth might hardly serve to palliate. Thus, devoted to all the levities, and prone to many of the vices of his age, and country, that Maximilian should become the dupe of his own headlong propensities, and overweening vanity, was the natural sequence. The lord of a powerful domain, he felt himself called upon, to take a prominent part, in the affairs of Hungary, at that important crisis. He aspired to grasp the falling mantle of the prophet, and eagerly looked forward to the day, when his uncle would think fit, to slacken his hold on power,

\* A French military cap.

and relinquish, into his hands, his delegated authority. But, to his chagrin, Martinuzzi did not appear, by any means, in a hurry, to cut out of the game; although, that he purposed, sooner or later, to retire into a private station, and substitute his nephew to the fatigues, and glory of office, was what his hopeful kinsman never suffered himself to doubt.

It is at all times difficult, and usually impossible, to conceive the actuating motives, if, indeed, there be any such, which influence a trifling, and irregular mind; the "true no meaning" of the poet cannot readily be compassed, and we find ourselves afloat, on a sea of conjecture, and all to no purpose. If it were not for this cause of hesitancy, we might, perhaps, and with some colour of reason, pronounce the ruling passion of Pereny, at this period, to have been ambition, although (as had been the case with his father) his hopes of success were so apparently founded on inordinate vanity, that never was the celebrated sentiment of the lyric poet, more applicable.\* Still, if we may not form any satisfactory conjecture respecting the grounds of his confidence, we conclude, with great probability, that, viewing his merits, in the glass of self-love and flattery, Maximilian vainly imagined that, like another Atlas, his shoulders could sustain the poles of empire.

He, who knew not how to rule his own rebellious nature, was eager to make himself accountable to his country, and to posterity, for the happiness of millions. So reaching is the appetite of the human mind, however eunuch, and ungenerative its capacity! This high opinion of his personal merit, which the arrogant self-sufficiency of Maximilian entertained, was assiduously cultivated and encouraged by his immediate followers, who, seeing, in their imagination, the crown of St. Stephen glitter on the brow of their weak, and misguided patron, trusted,

\* See Pindar; the 11th Nemean Ode, the 3rd Epode.

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rugged path; and  
windings of the city

own thoughts, as to be unaware, that a young cavalier, splendidly attired, was close beside her; and had passed and repassed her, more than once, during the last five minutes, ever and anon staring broadly at her, and scrutinizing her beautiful face, and figure, with marked intensity of admiration. Accommodating his walk to hers, the coxcomb in question, advanced, or slackened his pace, according as hers was accelerated, or diminished. How much longer his mute, but somewhat exaggerated, demonstrations of regard, could have escaped the observation of their fair object, cannot be told, since they were shortly interrupted, by the abrupt exit of Veronica, from the scene. Pereny, who, only the instant before, had rudely gazed back, upon the pensive countenance of the unconscious maiden, on again directing his eyes towards their guide and cynosure, found, to his astonishment, she had "melted, as breath into the wind."

There were now few passengers abroad, for the dusk of twilight was fast deepening into darkness, and the shadows of the projecting stories of the wooden buildings, fell gloomily down one side of the street. "Whither can the siren have vanished?" thought Maximilian, not a little nettled at her disappearance;—"into that house, to the right, I'll be sworn, but I'll unearth her, let her burrow ever so cunningly." With this view, he would have incontinently passed the threshold of the cottage, when a gentle pressure on his shoulder, arrested his intention. He turned to face the person, who had thus taken him off his guard, whom he instantly recognized.

"Ha, Bathori!" he exclaimed; "by the word of a prince, you startled me; I have come abroad, on purpose to speak with you."

"Your highness, then, on your way, seems to have undergone the influence of a cold, and potent spell," returned the other; "for, on that ground, have you grown for the last five minutes, as if transfixed, by the wand of some fell enchanter."



"Say an enchantress, and you will be nearer the mark.—By G—d! Bathori, I've seen an angel."

"From heaven, my lord?"

"No;—better by half, delicious flesh and blood! as lovely as Psyche, ere she wed,—as light, and full of grace; but not ether, man!—Not ether! at least I think so; although, while one might truss a point,\* she was off; and, by my uncle's cap! she evanesced, in a very ethereal sort of fashion: like a flitting shadow, or a soft creation of beautiful breath. Bathori! Bathori!" he continued, laying his hand impressively, on the arm of the baron; "were it to cost me half my heritage, as sure as there are seven sacraments, I will possess this girl, ere her maidenhood be riper, by another sunset."

"Your highness, I apprehend, will have to double your bidding, and, perhaps, not, after all, attain your gratification," replied, the other.

"Ha! what mean you?" said Maximilian.

Bathori hesitated, in his endeavour to select such words, as might intimate his sentiments, yet save him from giving offence. "I wish, without hurting your feelings," he said, "I knew how to bring your highness, to a sense of what is expected of the man, who aspires to reign in Hungary."

"Speak out, in the fiend's name," answered Pereny, "only be brief."

"My words may sound harsh," continued Bathori, with great gravity; "but physicians affirm, the more nauseous the drug to the mouth, the more likely is there to be healing in it."

"Zounds! my lord," interrupted Maximilian, "I have swallowed, within this hour, as bitter a potion, as thy skill ever compounded."

\* "One might truss a point," i. e. tie the strings that support the hose & breeches.

"I am sorry, it has not proved more efficacious," rejoined the other, with a smile: "prithee, who was your mediciner?"

"Even our sapient uncle," answered Maximilian.

"And the prescription?"

"To be on my good behaviour, at the peril of his favour."

"Did his eminence deliver himself in anger?"

"I never saw him excited to such a pitch of vehemence before," observed Maximilian; "and, what was worse, he tipped me a touch of the heroic, and tore my new purple manto,—that, you know, which was fashioned after a device of the dauphin's,—into so many fragments, that not all the milliners in Paris, could sew the shreds together."

"Oh, my lord!" said Bathori, with much earnestness "your uncle, in his heart, has no contempt for such an emblem; but he deemed it false, and wrong, to stir the injured sense of Erdély, to fear and jealousy, by pouring painful beams into men's sight, which thou shouldst rather persuade to sleep, by thy humble bearing. Martinuzzi must have been much incensed."

"I am not sure of that," returned Maximilian; "but I rather think, some state matters ruffled his temper. I know, heavens! he hinted, at abdicating his authority, and talked so darkly, about the mutability of human grandeur, and all that sort of thing, that, may I perish! I know, what to augur from it."

"Why, that you will never reign in Erdély," said the baron, "if you wager, with wild rashness, your reversal for the precarious smiles of woman." He paused, and then continued, in a lower, but more earnest tone, than before: "Again, my prince, beware of pleasure! The drained goblet is a charmed mirror, like to a crystal caliment 'fore the heart, through which each eye may look except the drinker;—and for the many glancing be-

of maidens' looks,—ah, your highness ! there may live several fair, like the Lady Czerina, but unto such, thou must be blinder than the Cyclop, if you would not have the world to roll away beneath thy feet. She who is queen, in no respect may brook a rival, *par amours* ; and, if you give her one, my lord, 'tis at the imminent peril of that sacred crown, you will, otherwise, one day share."

"But her grace shall never learn," began Maximilian, when the other again took up the word.

"Ha! your highness,—split not upon that rock ; princes, the copies of Divinity, aspire to many of his attributes ; amongst others they aim at omnipresence, and they often attain their object, more nearly, than men dream of. Never doubt me, my lord, but your motions are narrowly watched."

"By Czerina, surely?"

"By her mother, your highness."

"Oh, d—n her mother!" exclaimed Maximilian, with considerable emphasis.

"With all my heart, my lord," responded his companion, in a lower key, and making a hasty sign to repress the other's vehemence : "only curse within your compass ; do you not see, that a man, within this minute, has issued from yonder hut," and Bathori pointed to one, that stood a little apart from the general cluster : "if I mistake not, he yet lurks within the dark shadow of that thatched *piatza*."

"Thence, Bathori? By my uncle's hat ! 'tis the very shed, through which, if I mistake not, my divinity disappeared, just as you joined me !"

"Through that entrance, say you?" demanded the Graf.

"Ay, under the sloping roof to the left," returned Maximilian.

"Then I can tell you all about your charmer."

"... the same a dicker-bird of  
... whom I sus-  
... creature?" and, in  
... folded, to his  
... of the arrest of the  
... "I had forgot,  
... emerged from the  
...  
... of my sword," exclaimed  
... I will speak to

"... and let's pass on."  
... but my plea-  
... with lighted eye, and  
... as to loose  
... point-de-rice, and  
... by the Lord of  
... and Maximilian laid

"... said the baron,  
... sprung impetu-  
... of Bathori, either  
... changing his pur-

... the tones of  
... differently, from  
... thou art the most  
... to a crown! I have  
... thy leading impulses, and  
... indispensable to my own  
... the lowest round of that  
... and plant, wherewith to  
... its base is thy rash, and  
... like the dream of the

patriarch, is lost in cloud and vapour. I cannot see so far, but, methinks, already the golden circle of empire clips my parched brow,—down! down! my swelling thoughts. Why, oh! why does my teeming heart bound and rebound, as if to burst its feeble tenement? Why, ever, at the twilight hour, do I thrill to sensations, intense, in proportion to the deep mystery of their source? Ambition is the heavenward vice of noble natures: by that fell Satan. Wherefore, then, should my bosom repudiate so wild, and divine a sin. Ha! but let me be sure of my footing, ere I trust myself on the slippery, and unsure tracks, I am about to tread.—Ambition! 'tis to venture on a sea of melting ice! all around crackles at her step: yawning and frequent crannies intervene. She dare not,—she must not retreat;—afar, is situate the perilous and undiscovered shore,—beneath, rolls the deep abyss of waters, lying in wait for its prey; yet, methinks," he added, "with caution and courage for attendants, she may cross the gulf. The favourite of the Kiral!—\* that sounds well, but,—ha! perchance *the word itself*."

Bathori had suffered the current of his ardent reflections, to carry him thus far, beyond the confines of time and space, when his wild dreams were suddenly dispelled, by the sound of voices, high in argument, immediately succeeded, by the clashing of weapons, at no great distance. He hastened to the spot, whither Maximilian had preceded him, with the purpose of addressing the individual, whose form lay undistinguishable, in the deepening shades of evening. The broad shield of day had now, for some time, sunk down, behind a little ridge, or stony belt, which girded the fortification of Hermanstadt, to the west; and, although the horizon was illumined in her advent, the moon had not yet arisen, and the few eyes of heaven, overhead, twinkled faintly forth, as only half

\* Kiral; King.

awake. Thus all objects, more especially, where shadowed, by the projecting fronts of the houses, were wrapped in obscurity, and doubt.

It was owing to this cause, that the baron had reached the lofty wall, already mentioned, without being made aware, till he came up, that the conflict had found a natural, and speedy close, in the discomfiture of one of the combatants. On his arrival at the spot, he perceived Maximilian Pereny, stretched upon the earth, bleeding, and senseless; his broken weapon lay at his side, but his conqueror, whoever he might be, had fled.

## MANUSCRIPT VI.

"Hic vir—hic est tibi quem promitti sapius audis."

VIRG.

ISABELLA, the Queen Regent of Hungary, was in the prime, and full blaze of womanhood, at the period when our present history dates its commencement. Whilst only a child, in respect to her knowledge of the usages of the world, at the command of her father, and not by the dictates of young affection, she had been joined in wedlock to John Sepusius of Zapola. Whatever sanguine hopes were entertained of this alliance, rested solely, on the frail, and crumbling basis of political expediency. Difficulties, however, shortly intervened, and the measure proved, in its consummation, and results, wearisome, and disastrous. John was considerably her senior in years, and was far from being possessed of that person, or of those features, most readily adapted to seduce, and rivet the affections, or command the respect, of woman. There was none of that voluptuous abandonment in his character, which the sex is prompt to love, nor of that felicitous daring, which they are wont to admire. The husband of the beautiful daughter of Sigismund, was just such a man, as is calculated to wear a girl's heart out, whilst the seat of life and passion throbbed, by night and by day, in the fruitless endeavour to make itself love, and be beloved.

YET never was to him that the warm, and noble Isabella gazed her soul in the altar, vowing to honour and love him, whom she had met for the first time in her life, and he had loved up, and respecting whose disposition, and aims in her affection, she could know little, or nothing, of the world, and unacquainted with the boundless sympathies of her own heart, to the full of the soft enchantments of reciprocal attachment, she had entered the pure, and virgin charities of her nature, she saw the value of the sacrifice. For now she was fully conscious of the extent, and character of her new obligations: but, alas! the woman could not be so tried. As the excitement of novelty, and change ceased to operate, and her faculties expanded to a sense of the relative duties, which belonged to the married state, her passions and her understanding were reciprocally developed: the film cleared from her mental vision, and she awoke, from her sleep of apathy, to the stern reality of her position. The painted veil of life was rent asunder. The bright gilding, with which her inexperience had disguised the nature of her shackles, from her view, were away, and the iron entered her soul. She, who was formed to be the solace, and delight, the companion, lover, friend, of some gentle being, as warm, and susceptible, as the embodied creations of her fervid fancy, had been immolated, at the altar of state necessity, and sacrificed to the selfish views of the feudal aristocracy of Hungary. She, who was surely meant, to anchor her earthly hopes, in the bosom of fond confiding love,—to be heart-bare to the man of her choice, and plighted troth, found herself abruptly translated, from the arms of her mother, to the frigid atmosphere of Buda, to be mated with one, contemporary with her sire, and who, if not quite so graceful, seemed to the dispirited, and disappointed princess, as polished, and as cold, as the unbreathing marble, wrought to rival the human form. As month, after month, rolled on, and Isabella became gradually



inured to her purposeless existence, she learnt, indeed, to wear her bonds with dignity, but not with patience. The spring-dew of her heart was dried up at its source. The sweet, and glowing aspirations of childhood visited her no more; the delicious freshness of her emotions no longer threw its magic, on the colouring of the minute, or lent an enchantment to the brilliant to-morrow of her destiny. She had tried that to-morrow, and proved its worthlessness. It brought to her no kindred bosom, on which to repose, and pour herself,—no fond, and speaking eye, with which, to interchange the glances of inexpressible affection,—no confiding ear, in which to unburthen the tale of her indurated feelings, and blighted hopes. In the whole universe she had none to spoil her; and what were this bleak world worth, she thought, deprived of the occasional visitation of love, and sympathy? In the eloquent words of Shelley—

“To tread life’s dismaying wilderness,  
Without one smile to cheer, one voice to bless,  
Amid the scares and scoffs of human kind,  
Is hard.”

Alas! the waywardness of the female heart! “Despite her duty,” on the throne of her husband, Isabella yearned after the haunts, and dreams of her maidenhood. In her chaste married bed, she had to suppress the sigh, that struggled for utterance, and dry the scalding tear-drop on her eyelid, and, harder still, to blush, in the darkness of the night, at the commotion of her senses, of which a sigh, and a tear were not the sole interpreters.

It is not to be inferred, that the king regarded his charming wife, with any sentiments allied to aversion, or that he was insensible to the delicate endearments of conjugal society. This supposition is confuted, by the evidence of history. It is likely, he loved Isabella, as sincerely, as it was in his nature to affect any human being; but he was constitutionally frigid, and indifferent, and was, moreover, deficient in that particular, in default of which,

a man, however valuable his other qualities, seldom makes much impression, on the vacant tenderness of the female heart. He wanted soul,—sensibility,—that vital principle, which gives a zest to the soft communion of the sexes, without whose aid, gallantry is degraded to an idle, and unmeaning pastime, and the hackneyed routine of conjugal life, becomes flat and unfruitful, as the sea-sand. It was this deficiency in King John, that caused, in Isabella, that languishment of the spirit, that *besoin d'amour*, which stole over her, at intervals, even in the arms of her royal consort. She *inferred*, from the very depths of her aching sense, she was capable of loving, but did not love; she *felt*, she had been created to bless, and be blessed in requital; but “it was oh! in her heart,” that no blessing waited on her footsteps,—that no cherished thought of her’s found a responsive echo, in another’s remembrance,—that no approving eye beamed with more vivid satisfaction, at her approach, or became suffused with melancholy, in her absence. She was too great to court affection. Seated on her eirie aloft, she envied the linnet, who might freely nestle, and pair, at the foot of the precipice. She was solitary, unsolaced, joyless, unlinked—for what availed the joining of hands, if there ensued no intellectual connection,—no interchange of the heart? Alas! she felt, (and how truly!) that it was not home, without sympathy, without indulgence.

Just let loose, from the trammels, and fond cherishing of her childhood, she was like a bark, forced from shore, and cast, without steerage or compass, upon the wild of dreary waves, that swell the flood of time, with no haven in view, that she deemed worthy an effort; and incompetent, of herself, to weather each reef, and shoal, that momentarily object their peril, in the cheerless navigation of life. She had given her person to the monarch, but not her affections to the man; her heart would not blush into love, and joy, at her father’s bidding; she might not,—she could not bestow it, where she felt it was legally

due. But, alas! that heart—that site of her latent tenderness, and frailty—which even now panted for liberty, was not destined always to remain, the restless inmate of its mistress' bosom: the hour is at hand, when the dreamy vagueness of her wishes ("that craving void left aching at the breast,") which hath troubled her so long, without assuming any defined, or palpable shape, will converge its whole strength, and concentrate all the deep mystery of its source, into one burning focus of desire, and passion. But the hidden springs of affection were, as yet, untouched; and meanwhile, the mind of Isabella, required some relaxation, from those unavailing suggestions of the imagination, that sprung up within her, like weeds on a neglected tomb. She was not sorry to be awakened, from the delicious day-dreams, which besieged her on the throne, crept in upon her banquets, and violated the leisure of her solitude, without her having the power, or perhaps always the inclination, "to call back her self-control." Yes, she would rouse herself, and shake off her, like "dew from the lion's mane," the voluptuous languor, which enervated her spirits, for want of the healthful stimulus, which reciprocal, and gratified love should have supplied. This disenchantment, she sought, by mingling in the rush, and hurry of political intrigue, and by endeavouring to take an interest, in the administration of affairs of state.

Herein she partially succeeded; and none, in the predominating spirit of the Queen of Hungary, might discern the weakness of the woman, or penetrate the warm, and wanton feelings, that lay locked up within her.—"*Femina de sexu mollis, sed corde virili.*"\* But in thus disengaging herself, from the entanglements of a too susceptible imagination, by calling into play, the powers of a vigorous understanding, Isabella grew callous, and unfeeling. The bitter consciousness of her own worn sensations, superinduced an indifference to the

\* Character of Queen Isabella, in *Ruinæ Pannonicæ*.

misfortunes of her fellow-creatures. She owned a malignant pleasure, in wreaking upon others, the accumulated gall, which years of hackneyed splendour, and inward agony, had generated. She first welcomed the toils of ambition, in order to escape the meshes, with which her spirit had previously struggled; but, the exchange petrified, or erased every blessed, and gentler feeling, instead of meliorating her principles of action. Her sensibility, which could not subside into indifference, hardened into the *θηριον* \* of despotism.

The open and amiable girl, of a few years since, became gradually transformed, by the force of circumstances, and by the strong, though invisible influence of habit, into a violent, and inexorable being,—haughty in command, inflexible to entreaty, and impenetrable in her counsels. The fire of her ardent ungovernable temperament, flamed out in acts of authority, which bore down all opposition. Yet, was Isabella gifted by nature, with talents for command, of the very first order. Resolved and uncompromising, if she owned little of the cool sagacity, and comprehensive views, proper to the statesman; she was assuredly possessed of a certain impracticability, that knew not how to succumb,—a decision, that admitted of no temporising, or delay,—a tact, in anticipating what were the projects of her opponents,—and an admirable wit, in devising the readiest mode to circumvent them.

The impolitic division of the executive authority, in consequence of the last testament of John, became, as might have been predicted, the source of disunion between the parties.—“Two suns keep not their motion in the same sphere.” The jealousy of the supreme power, was inflamed by the inevitable distinction of sex, and the diversity, if not the opposition, of their characters; so that their rivalry was exasperated, not only by mutual

\* Aristot. ap Julian. p. 261.

injuries, but, what was harder to be borne, by reciprocal contempt. The cardinal despised Isabella, as a vain, and opinionative woman, and was, in his turn, disdained by his fair colleague, as a low-born, and hypocritical priest.—*Deux glaives ne peuvent être renfermés dans la même fourreau.*—However, in the hour of difficulty, and danger, Martinuzzi, gradually became lord of the ascendant.

————— Suffragia quippe peregit

Judex vera timor. Victus ratione saluti,

Ambitus, et pulsus tacuit formidine hirci.\*

But, alas! the temporary nature of Martinuzzi's power; the obligations, which it entailed upon him, were overlooked, in a bequest of such magnitude; and the slight tenure, by which he, at first, held his synarchy, was imperceptibly consolidated, into the abstract right, sequent upon long established possession. It may, however, silence the detractors, from the fame of Martinuzzi, would they bear in mind, that the fabric of the state was shattered, and disjointed; and that it required the strong, and skilful hand of a master, to hold together the bonds of national unity, and concord.

But Isabella never forgave the injuries she was obliged patiently to endure, at the hands of her colleague; and her resentment, perhaps, became the more rancorous, and inveterate, in proportion as experience taught her the necessity of temporising.—“*Manet alta mente reposta injuria.*”†—Perhaps, the enjoyment of present competence, is incompatible with the remembrance of past splendour. Be that as it may; regal honours, a stately palace, a numerous retinue, all, that, Martinuzzi hoped, might alleviate the chagrin of Isabella, served to exasperate, rather than appease, her secret sentiments of enmity. The restlessness of her ambition was thinly im-masked, by a tender concern for the succession, and by the

\* Claudian.

† Virgil.

specious pretence, which the natural anxiety of maternal fondness readily afforded, so that it was not, until after a long, and protracted struggle, that the lord regent wrenched the truncheon, from the fist of his royal colleague, and came to rule by his sole, and undisputed will. In fine, however, the defeat of her general, Valentinian Turascus, left her nothing, but the *inane nomen*,\* of her high office, whilst the master-mind of Martinuzzi, soon after, centered in himself the entire authority, attached to the title. He assumed the right of exercising, without appeal, the whole legislative, as well as the executive functions; he usurped, from Isabella, the privilege of coining money,† and imposing taxes,—his was, moreover, the jurisdiction of life and death, of foreign alliance, and domestic economy.

Still, even after the uncontrolled, and independent sovereignty of the state was extorted, by the grasping talents of the cardinal, and the natural, and resistless claims of merit, and of violence, had superseded the accidental, and ideal prerogative of birth, Isabella contrived, by gathering around her in opposition, many of the native, and turbulent nobility, to thwart the views, and vex the councils of the cardinal; and, by this means, to set bounds to the fulness of his power.

It thus unfortunately happened, that to all the other calamities, under which the country laboured, were joined the gall, and bitterness of court intrigues, and civil dissention. Yet, as respected the silent collision, (*"discordiæ tacitæ"*) of the regents, the less that real cordiality prevailed, the more were the exterior demonstrations of amity exhibited. On such occasions, the conventional decorums of high rank, are seldom violated, nor were the formal offices of friendship, suffered to fall

\* Boethius.

† On the coinage of Isabella, was this inscription:—*Si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?*

into desuetude, in the instance, under review. Whatever might be their mutual consciousness, both Isabella, and Martinuzzi, took care to cover their feelings towards each other, with the polished surface of reciprocal respect. Nevertheless, from the smiling ostentation of their courtesy, its rankling rottenness came to be understood, although, it was not permitted to be revealed.\* The clashing of interests, and the divisions, and subdivisions of faction, superinduced upon the supposed rivalry of the two supreme rulers of Hungary, it were at once needless, and tedious to dilate upon. They belong to a loftier avocation than ours, and have no direct bearing upon the present tale.

We may content ourselves briefly to notice, that, in spite of the providence of Martinuzzi, the distraction of the times paralysed the arm of government. It should seem, that conspiracy, and rebellion stalked abroad, like a giant at noon-day, naked and unchallenged. Either by the solitary ruffian, or by bands of lawless depredators, the whole country was spoiled, and laid waste. Those aggressions on the public tranquillity, which, considering the tumultuous disposition, familiar to the nation, might have been little regarded, seemed to become more serious, by being viewed, in connexion with the ill-compacted frame of government, consequent on the rivalry of the regents. In this state of affairs, the bonds of civil life were burst asunder, whilst those fierce haggards, the malignant passions, let loose upon society, were hallooed on to their quarry, and, under pretence of vindicating the cause of freedom, rapine, defloration, and murder, became the animating spirits of the scene. The household charities were invaded,—the wholesome ties of kindred were loosened and snapped,—the ordinary intercourse of humanity were interrupted, no one knowing in whom to confide,—the days of vassalage were gone,—

\* *Discordie tacite et quæ intelligerentur potiusquam viderentur.*

the hereditary serf found himself enfranchised, without an effort, and betrayed his lord to the vengeance of the invader,—“*Corrupti dominos servi*,”\* and, (a circumstance, by the way, which tends to illustrate, still more strongly, the factious spirit, and feverish excitement of the public mind, incident to a minority. A clamour was darkly propagated, which spared not even the regent. The rumour went, that persons had been subjected to the loss of liberty, and possibly of life, respecting whose practices, whether treasonable or innocent, the lord cardinal could only have obtained cognizance, through those emissaries, and spies, whom he scrupled not to introduce, in the guise of ecclesiastics, into the different monasteries, throughout Transylvania. But Martinuzzi, by his zeal and piety, had acquired the character of being a main pillar of the Catholic church, and it is not easy to conceive, that he would forfeit that high distinction, by permitting, for any secular ends, the sacred seal of confession, to be violated. It was evident, however, that he gained intelligence of all that passed in the principality, with an apparent prescience, that was inexplicable; but, whether it was merely a superior system of espionage, which gifted him with his colossal foreknowledge, is a question which cannot now be satisfactorily answered, since history affords us no clue, to unravel the mystery. At the time, however, the public apprehensions were fortified, by the strong suspicion, which the malignity of men’s tongues failed not to bruit abroad—that the confessor of Martinuzzi, like a subservient fiend, had compelled the powers of evil to work the will of himself, and his eminence, to the utter discomfiture of their common enemies. It would seem, however, incumbent on the historian, at this time of day, to presume the innocence of Martinuzzi, in regard to such a charge: the nice and secret springs of

\* Tacitus.



action, which impelled a high dignitary of the church, and one, too, who, otherwise, was looked upon as an amiable, and pious man, to retain so questionable a character as Father Dominick, in so intimate a relation, about his person, were involved in a cloud of suspicion, and, since they might not be investigated, were peculiarly obnoxious to the whispers of malevolence.\*

In the meanwhile, the death-stroke of several magnats, and independent chiefs, was accelerated by the axe of the executioner, because, as was said, "their virtues were incompatible with the rule of Martinuzzi."† — "The Corinthian columns of society," were either crumbled by the bolt, or scared by the flashes, of arbitrary power; and the dungeons of the regent were crowded with individuals, implicated in the late lawless transactions.

It was one morning, during the time of terror, and distrust, which we have commemorated in our last pages, that a cavalier, of mature years, clad in the knightly vestments of the time, stood, for a brief space, before a door of a small lodge, or turret, which flanked a stone wall of great height, and considerable extent. He was accompanied, or, perhaps, it were nearer the truth, to say, attended, by a person, whose towering form, and somewhat incongruous costume, doubtfully intimated the lawless Olah, or roving chief of Wallachia. The postern was opened, on a tap from the cavalier, and, having passed within, the two found themselves in a sort of park, or garden, seemingly private, beautifully arranged by art, and more beautifully broken by nature.

\* The philosophic observation of Tacitus, on a similar occasion, was happily applied by a satirist of the day, to Martinuzzi and his confessor. "Sed, quia P. Dominicus facinorum, omnium repertor habebatur, ex nimia caritate in eum, Martinusii, et ceterorum in utrumque odio, quamvis fabulosa et immania credebantur."

† "Quem Caligula occidit, quod melior vir esset quam esse quemquam tyranno expodiret." Seneca, De Beneficiis.

It was refreshed by fountains, and by the silver windings of the river Zibin. The grounds shot down upon the translucent waters, where they widened themselves into an extensive basin. This was skirted, by some gigantic trees, which, however few, sufficed to over-canopy a small, clear fountain, that threw up a crystal column, to the height of many feet, from a large jet, in the midst.

As the cavaliers walked leisurely on, in the direction of the river, the elder, and apparently the more important of the twain, addressed his companion, in words to the following effect :—

“The purpose, of which we have lately spoke, must now be opened to a person, whose interest is most deeply involved in our success. Let me, however, understand : thou remainest confident in thy opinion, that if the opportunity were afforded thee, by the permissive negligence of his followers, and officers, in the day of battle, thou couldst, with the aid of some of thy stout warhawks, by one bold swoop, bear off the person of this man, in the hour of his triumph, whither, matters not, provided that the magnats of Hungary, and Transylvania, be never more overborne, by his tyranny.”

“I will pledge myself, as deeply as thou pleasest to that point,” replied the other chieftain ; “and for this substantial reason, as I told you before, that, previously to your having instructed me in your wishes herein, and applied for my aid, to carry them into effect, it was my intention to adopt, from motives proper to myself, something like the line of proceeding, your policy would chalk out for me. But, my Lord Balassi, I must make free to inquire, who is this third party, you speak of ? Were our enterprise, or rather mine,—for I shall be the active instrument,—a mere undertaking for your single benefit, you might initiate all the world into the secret, for aught that I should demur ; but, since 'tis an affair, in which I consider myself the party, I do not say, most endangered, for I know not the meaning of the word, but most in-

terested ; I do not choose to have the success of my sanguine hopes, which soar on steady wing, beyond the utmost stretch of thy imagination, risked by any rash confidence of thine. Tell me, then, at once, who is this person ? or I go back as I came, and you may forget, we ever discussed the subject."

"Content thee, friend," replied Balassi, "she is one, who, whatever benefits may accrue to thee, and thy people, by the bolding this man in bondage, will find herself a hundred-fold more advantaged. 'Tis true, there is a reward, e'en now, advertised for thy head, which will be taken off,—not thy head, man, but its price—so thou needest not gloom so terribly ; but the personage to whom I allude, is concerned herein, more than the paltry preservation of life, and infinitely more than is comprehended in the mere gratification of a whole race of Egyptian pilgrims. Every minute of her existence is held in a state of thralldom, and one pang of her heart, in this regard, outweighs incalculably, the pains of a whole life of ordinary mortals. But why should I discourse to thee of such high matter, which exceedeth thy understanding ?"

"Why should you, indeed, my lord ? I am not a man to agitate my wits, with what is not directly conducive to my proper good : 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam,' hath ever been my rule."

"Well, friend," said Balassi, "your Cygani, or Wal-lachian Patois, which ever it be, is not now the thing needed ; the lady, to whom I shall presently introduce you —"

"A lady, forsooth!" interrupted the other ; "a most rare depositary for a secret ! But since it happens, I can give a guess, who *is* that lady." And he cast around a cursory, but significant look, on the highly-decorated grounds, they were slowly measuring. "I will not start any objection on that score."

"Twere as well you do not," replied Balassi, haugh-

tily ; " but to return to what we were saying. Have you these determined set of heroes, you boasted of erewhiles, planted on the spot, ready to act ?"

" Unquestionably, have I," answered the other. " They crouch, as little dreamt of, near Coloswar, as any troop of wolves, under their coverlet of snow, what time their scent is up, and appetite keen, and the sun goes down on the human spoil, with which Carnage hath sated his brother Death, and they rouse them, from their long slumber, to discuss their prepared quarry."

" Yes," said Balassi, musing ; " Coloswar is likely to be the point of attack, and, if I err not, the neighbourhood of that city must become the arena of a bloody struggle, one of these days. Towards the gates, the imperial force directs its march, doubtless allured by the regalia of Hungary, which is deposited within the fortress, and there will Martinuzzi be compelled to contest that sovereignty, which he would not voluntarily forego ; nor would I, God be my witness ! willingly see the crown of St. Stephen light on the head of Ferdinand."

" You may take my warrant for it, my lord, it never shall," said the other, with a peculiar expression, which, being remarked by Balassi, afterwards occurred to him as singular, although, at the moment, it made small impression on him.

" The genius of Martinuzzi is my best surety," said the count, after a short pause, " that such a fatal stab to the independence of fair Erdely will be warded off in time. Prior to the utter defeat of the invader, you will not be required to act : understand, sir, not against Baptista Castaldo, Marquis of Piadena, will you waste your strength ; but, on the overthrow of that general, you will spread your snares around the victor, George, cardinal, and regent of Hungary."

" Be assured, at all events, I will not drain my resources," said the other ; " my object is, first, the discomfiture of the Austrians ; and then, by shackling the

usurper, to clear the way for the universal acknowledgment of the rightful queen of Hungary."

"Nay, friend," observed Balassi; "I should rather suppose, your inducements to this business lie elsewhere; certain privileges to be conceded to thy people, for instance."

"It may be so," said the other, in a tone of indifference, "or, if not, we need not now confer about terms. You have your motives; I have mine; which are soundest, time will discover; and so that our common point be gained, it does not much matter, either way. But, my lord, though the moments of both of us may amount, in the end, to the same sum of time, my cares are more multitudinous than yours, and I cannot afford to lavish the precious fugitives, with the like thoughtlessness. My every minute is tasked to the uttermost. I have attended you so far, at your request. 'Tis treason to ourselves, since the lady, you spoke of, is not visible, to dally longer. Even were she present, I know of no inspiring argument, which she could use, in favour of this adventure, one half so powerful, as I have already whispered to my secret soul."

"Why, surely," said Balassi, "it would pleasure thee to know, from authority, that thou wert engaged in a loyal deed, were it only, as a set-off to certain transactions of a clear contrary description."

"The thought I meditate," said the other, "I care not what men call; they can't, I trust, but have to say, it succeeded, and success is every thing."

"Then this gallant gentleman is most confident in his ability, and means, to achieve this mighty enterprise," said a soft, and strange voice, close at hand; and the same minute, a female, splendidly arrayed, stepped forth, over the threshold of a low, rustic summer-house, near which they stood, and gracefully saluted Count Balassi. Both cavaliers uncovered their heads; the one, of his light calpac, and Balassi, of his open helmet, or morion; for

they had no difficulty, in immediately recognising Queen Isabella.

The same causes, which had insensibly inclined the disposition of the lady, from its original bent, had gradually left their proper traces, on her countenance. Still, what had once been the peculiar cast of her mind, might be gathered, from an attentive perusal of her features: for the physiognomy of qualities, which are indigenous (so to speak) to the individual, can never be entirely suppressed, however the discipline of time, and habit, may insensibly disguise, or partially obscure, its primary expression. Her stature was of a height, which rose to the majestic, and corresponded with her station, and royal habitudes. She looked "every inch a queen." Dignity, and command sat enthroned on her front, as on a pedestal; her dark hazel eyes, overarched by the gracefully-pencilled eyebrows, whilst they flashed with disdain, exultation, or reproof, confessed her born for empire; but, ah! in solitude, or when indeed she learned to love, "her life seemed melting through those looks," and the thirsty air might quaff whole draughts of liquid light, instinct with all the soft, and luxuriant sensibility of her temperament, and sparkling, like so many drops of soul, with the passion, which consumed her. Indeed, the dark hollows, round about those orbs, seemed, to use the figure of the poet, the very mark for Cupid's archery,\* Her profuse, and glossy ringlets rivalled, in darkness, the raven's plume; the form of her head was simple, and dignified, and the lines of her ample forehead, denoted her inflexibility of purpose. The outline of her face presented an oval, whose noble regularity, viewed in profile, might once have interested, from its romantic, and melancholy character; but, if so, the hand of time had nearly effaced that expression, and chiselled, in its place, the contour of

\* Κοίλαι βλεφάρων ιοτυπεας βάσεις.—RUPINUS.

regality, and pride. Her mouth was beautiful, and feminine, although the ripeness of the upper lip, slightly swollen, as if newly stung, (perhaps an outward, and visible indication, of what had been her abstract, sensual propensities, in her inexperienced girlhood), had settled into the habitual curl of haughtiness, and disdain. Within, gleamed two rows of polished ivory. The swan might have been proud to display so stately, and graceful a neck, as uprose, in just, and admirable undulation, from the firm, and developed bust, and broad, dazzling shoulders of Isabella.

Such was the queen of Hungary, when we introduce her to our readers, and to the Graf Balassi. The count, to whom she had addressed herself, was the first to speak.

"I have waited upon you, madam, at this hour, according to your wishes, expressed at our last interview, and have thought it advisable, that you should yourself converse with the famous leader, whom I named to you, and whose arm is destined to rid your highness, and the country of that domineering priest, you wot of. I have, therefore, your grace, brought him hither with me, and this person, standing before you, is the man."

"Now, as ever, you have acted rightly, my lord Balassi," said Isabella; "and you have my thanks. I need not inquire, friend," she continued, shooting a glance at Balassi's companion, by a turn of the eye, without, however, altering her position, "respecting your appetency for the glorious work, in which we would wish to employ thy energies, for I have heard much of what thou hast just spoken; I will ask, rather, that, which is more becoming of our station, and agreeable to our disposition to ascertain, namely, in what way we can best recompense, so enterprising a coadjutor?"

The person, thus addressed, stood with head erect, and a firm countenance. "Madam," he replied, "I mean no disrespect, when I assure you, that it were to tax your bounty, infinitely beyond the means of your exchequer,

were I to name a recompence—one half so mighty, as I propose to myself, in achieving this adventure; and that, without any reference to your grace's largesses. I seek nought of you, but your influence with your nobles, to afford me that opportunity, I thirst for, quite as much as can your highness, and, perhaps, with greater reason."

Isabella was probably mortified, to think, that the utmost extent of her proffered liberality should be rejected, in such unqualified terms; it was, therefore, with a considerable degree of hauteur, that, after scrutinizing, for a moment, his daring cast of countenance, she demanded of the count, whether his companion was not connected with the people, called Cyganis?

"I am their leader, madam," said the person in question, stopping the reply, that was on the lip of Balassi.

"And your name, sir; or title, if you have any?"

"I am count, by virtue of my office," answered the other; "and, in the world, commonly go by the style of Count Ragotzy, for it is convenient, sometimes," he continued, with a meaning smile, "to sink the name, Alarie Polgar, which is properly mine, by birth and parentage. Such, hitherto, have been my distinctive appellations: what they may become hereafter, depends very much, on the issue of that event, which shall shortly fill the ears of Hungary, but which is yet, in the womb of time."

"How, say'st thou?" said Isabella, and her look seemed to rest, with scorn, on the Cygani; "dost seek to exalt thee, by adding to thy titles? Thou would'st have had me believe, I ween, not a minute gone by, I had no boon, ample enough, to requite a brave officer like thee. What rank,—what new appellation,—what distinction, dost thou covet? Only state thy wish, that, with a word, I might transmute thy hope to certainty, or at least, to what is little less than such, being contingent, on the success of thy daring, in this emprise."

"Why, 'faith, madam," said Ragotzy, "I have only to repeat, I am not moved to the matter, by any hope of



your highness's patronage, or favour. I am here, acting from my own impulses : when you see, how far my course correspondeth with your highness's views, it will be then time enough, to talk of rewards and honours; but ere I humbly take my leave," he continued, disregarding of the angry spot, that loured on the imperial brow of Isabella,—“ I would request this lord,” turning to Balassi, “ to inform me, who are committed with him, in this conspiracy, and, by what token, I am to distinguish his confederates, so that I might make some distinction, between friends and foes, in the onslaught, which is likely to ensue; for I apprehend, that Martinuzzi will sell his liberty, and certain of his body-guard their lives, pretty dearly.”

“ Why, I believe,” replied Balassi; “ you must, e'en, in a great measure, trust to your sagacity, on the instant. The conduct of any particular chief, under the circumstances, will be the best badge. Any other, were dangerous; nay, it were obviously impossible, in certain instances, to adopt any common and distinguishing mark, and it were only to lead you into error, to assume such, partially. The lords, Maylat, Nadastis, and such as they, need hoist no colours to exhibit their hostility to Martinuzzi. Their deeds will manifest their party. Others, like Count Turascus, and old John Banffy, though we dare not lay open our conspiracy to them, have, we know, their hands on their swords' hilt, and the war-cry, “ Czerina” on their lip; and, trust me, the word will be pronounced, and a blow struck at the same moment, that they think they discover, the slightest waning of the star of Martinuzzi. Then will they bring to our aid, all the force of their vassals, and, what is of more importance, all the authority of their character. But you will be initiated, particularly herein, by Mircé, whom you will see at Coloswar, and unto whom your grace, if I understood right,” he added, addressing the queen, “ meant to transmit certain missives.”

“ You will oblige me, sir, by undertaking their charge,” said Isabella, in a grave tone of voice, and with a manner, even more formal, than she had hitherto adopted. Then, addressing herself to Balassi, she said, in a freer voice, while her countenance shone, with a smile of anticipated revenge :

“ It happens, most fortunately for our views, my lord, my having gained my point, with the cardinal, in regard to that truly attached, and faithful follower of mine, being appointed to the office of castellan, in Coloswar. Previous to the strange evanishment of Count Oldimar, both the governors were the cardinal’s creatures: now, thank Heavens! in Mirce, I command a most devoted adherent, on the very spot, where his services promise to be invaluable. Then, again,” speaking to Ragotzy, who had turned his head aside, during these last words, she said,— “ You are too little used to the decorums of a court, sir count, to hide your feelings: I, however, pardon your impatience, and will not detain you an instant, after consigning these trifling despatches to your especial care. Deliver them into Mirce’s hands; they contain directions for his conduct, and information, which he, and all my friends, may find of use; moreover, I have not forgotten to commend the interests of the bearer to his excellency.” She paused, and the haughty curl of her lip seemed to increase, as she added; “ adieu, sir count, till we meet again; when, please God! and your sword be true, we shall be in a position, to treat with you, as becomes a crowned queen.—My Lord Balassi, I look to see you once more, ere you leave Hermanstadt for your patrimonial hermitage. Gentlemen, both, your obedient!” —And Isabella, after acknowledging the reverence of the chieftains, with graceful, though somewhat haughty courtesy, turned in another direction, and followed one of the intersecting walks, which appeared to lead to a remote quarter of the gardens.

“ Now, that yonder lady be at length gone,” said Ra-

gotzy, "I shall be glad to hear, my Lord Balassi, your reasons, for mixing her greatness up, with the matter in hand. Were I less urged on by private motives, than I am, her carriage is not exactly calculated, to give one a zest for the undertaking."

"To say truth, friend," answered Balassi, "I myself, as to individual taste, entertain no uncommon good-will, for that haughty dowager. I ever held John of Zapola, since he joined in wedlock with her grace, no friend to the rights, and privileges of the nobility; and I, and Maylat, (the man I mean, who is now held a prisoner by Solyman, the father of the young nobleman, who is joined with us, in the present enterprise), and certain other indignant spirits, were, in fact, up in arms, on divers points of difference, when King John gave up the ghost, but that grudge is long over; and verily, after all, what were the fasces of the late king's authority, in comparison, with the rods of iron, with which the usurping regent scourges the native aristocracy? Isabella is confederated, at this day, with the magnats of Hungary, simply because common injuries have wrought out old causes of mutual distrust. I make no doubt, she anticipates ruling over the country, as perfectly in contempt of us, the people,\* as ever she was used to do, by means of her ascendancy, over her doating husband. She may find herself mistaken. The principal magnates dread her imperious temper, and in any event, will hardly enlarge her authority. They will ascertain their true interest, no less than perform a paramount duty, in supporting the Lady Czerina, in all her just prerogatives, on the throne of her father. She is a mere child, and might be easily moulded to our will; whilst her mother, as innately a tyrant as Martinuzzi himself, would be as little inclined, as is that stern prelate, to pay court to the nobility. But at present,

\* The people, i. e. the privileged classes.—*Nomine autem populi hoc in loco intellige solummodo dominos, praelatos, baronas, et alios magnates atque quoslibet nobiles.*—*Opus. Trip. part 3. tit. 4.*

that the minister of the willow of King John, we left him the necessary influence, and reputation; and he never harmed himself, by throwing a light on the private intentions, the removal of Martinuzzi, which he had feared on all sides."

Isabella paused for a moment, and then replied; "I will tell you, my Lord Balassi," he said: "one night, long after the deep mid-hour had passed, I was in a retired aisle of the church of St. Theresa. I heard the snatching, or the confession of a young soul, surrounded so remarkable a sojourn, names were uttered so free, that then, and there, I heard with astonishment, and a wise proud in seeming, pour forth, in a measure, her passionate love, for a youthful creature whom she loved, in the church, most probably as a paramour." "That paramour," continued Ragotzy, "had a name, and a pulse, that Balassi was silent from astonishment—for the words of Isabella implied his long-lost love to her—that paramour was Antoine Ferraro, the secretary to the Austrian legation, in this city."

Balassi smiled, and showed no small symptoms of surprise. "Heavens! is it credible?" he exclaimed.

"How," she replied Ragotzy; "but, nevertheless, most veritable."

"Did he go to her?"

"Rather, she sought him, plead, sued to him."

"How?—affectionately?"

"No; servilely,—I may say, basely."

"What? that scornful dame?"

"Scornful, my lord!—Pish, pish! Methinks, at your years, you should better understand woman's nature. Pent-fires!—But we are from the point. After what I

\* The interview between Isabella and Ferraro, will be found detailed in a future chapter, when the reader will learn how Count Ragotzy happened to overhear all that passed.

witnessed, I am right in considering her highness, no very safe accession to our confederacy."

"Antoine Ferraro!" ejaculated Balassi.

"Even he," replied Ragotzy; "and, holding the office he does, he is the very man, whose cognizance of our plot, we have most cause to deprecate."

"Isabella!—she, whose pride was glorious,—to stoop to such an abject lowness, as to sue a lover! To fall so far beneath her proper self!—But, enough,—she will never, surely, reveal to the Austrian, our scheme to free the country from Martinuzzi's domination." Thus Balassi pondered with himself, musing audibly.

"Possibly not," answered Ragotzy: "but the integrity of the head, where love's frailty riots in the heart, is not worth much. A seductive word will get at secrets sooner than the torture. However, if danger there be, 'tis already incurred, and for myself, my plans are hardly so bound up in yours, as to make it a circumstance worthy any regard; or else, by the God in heaven! the minion's intrigue with Isabella, should prove his last offering to the devil, whether *par amours*, or otherwise."

"Well," said Balassi, we must only hope for the best; 'tis singular, however, the choice her highness has made. I have heard it whispered, that this young secretary has been selected, by Martinuzzi, for the bridegroom of the Lady Czerina."

"Surely you err," said Ragotzy; "the rumour ran, the regent's nephew was to be turned into a king, by the conjuration of this royal maiden's bed."

"Why, in truth, such a match were not so bad. The son of my ancient friend, Pereny, would scarcely seem an unmeet mate, even for the queen of Hungary," returned Balassi; "but his folly, after wearying the whole kingdom, hath worn out the patience, even of his uncle. However, here we enter the more frequented walks of the gardens, and it were better separate. Farewell; you will not fail to take advantage of any disaffection, among

the two roads in the towns, through which you travel, to enervate the nation's government still further, by raising their minds to revolt and rebellion."

"I have not my moderns of ability that way, you may be assured, and dare to set to work, ere I leave Hungary and enslaved Ragotzy. After reciprocal expressions of courteous regard, which, as it happened, might have amounted to nothing, Count Balassi and the Count parted, made signs of leave-taking, and separated."

Struck by accompanying them, for a few paces, on their way, to discover the nature of their cogitations.

"I detest that lying miscreant's politics," said the English countess. "I see his drift: he thinks to make himself so useful, as to be indispensable; and then, suddenly, these Magyar people must have granted them all sort of privileges, with the Magyari; but once, by his means, if the nobles of Hungary get the upper hand, and Count Ragotzy—Count! ha! ha! ha!—shall be obliged, on many a bloody question. This precious race of vagabonds shall be rooted out of the land; the charter, they lay such stress upon, shall be abrogated; and the leaders, they take such pride in, shall feel the headman's axe."

"Proud, despicable noble!" thought Count Ragotzy, in his secret soul. "I had difficulty to forbear thee so long. My anger rose so, at thy arrogant bearing, that thy life was jeopardised, more than once, as we held speech together. And, thinkest thou, if Hungaria's weal moved me to this deed, that I would strip the purple off a single tyrant, (even were Martinuzzi such), and cast it among a hundred meaner despots, to divide into so many shreds and patches, as a type, at once, and an authority, for their several usurpations? No! for the happiness, and independence of the state, (with the exception of some score or two of factious grafs, like this Balassi), what rule could be better fitted, than that of Martinuzzi? Not

for thy benefit, misproud lord, nor that of thy overbearing order, did I conceive the noble enterprise, which I hope to carry into execution ; but because, as thou thyself saidst, in thine ignorance, the removal of Martinuzzi will leave the path open, on all sides. Yes, thou art right : the young queen must then be acknowledged, and her husband will be thy lord and master, my mighty magnat. Ay, Alaric Polgar will be the king of Hungary."

While raising these impalpable edifices, in the airy future, Ragotzy was so totally abstracted, from the more substantial interests of the present moment, that he was not a little startled, to find his visionary contemplations had carried him, right into the midst of a group of persons, assembled in the gardens of the palace.

These people were remarking, with no small marvel, a young cavalier of noble mien, and gallant bearing, who, with his arms folded across his breast, paced the margin of the river Zibin, beneath a grove of tall cypresses, that spired up, and glanced their foliage, in the glare, and fervour of the noon-day sun, like so many restless emeralds. The individual, in question, stopped, ever and anon, and then again walked pensively forward, as if his slow, and funereal tread was unconsciously keeping time, with the sullen current of his disturbed reflection. So conspicuously handsome was this man, and possessed of a physiognomy so remarkable, that, once beheld, his ineffaceable image would dwell in the memory for years, alike haunting the cheerful companioned day, and rising, like an unburied ghost, amid the visions of night. Though slightly built, and with a stature, hardly exceeding the middle height of man, his frame was sinewy, and agile. His features were well formed, and delicately chiselled, yet tinged to almost an Ethiopian hue. His mouth was compressed, as if by some strong internal effort, and small mustaches shaded the upper lip. His dark locks adjusted themselves to the shape of the head, which they enveloped,

excepting where, here and there, the short, close spiral of a loose curl elongated itself, about the nape of a throat. • These and the whiteness, the embroidered shirt-collar being thrown back, discovered to view. His small-tressed head was most gracefully set upon his shoulders. His countenance was high and full, and the somewhat oval cheek • was exquisitely rounded, towards the chin. His eyebrows were large and prominent, and from beneath their shadow, his dark eyes gazed out with almost preternatural lustre, • and sometimes such, whose expression, it were beyond the power of language to picture, being, at once, so intolerably fierce, and so exquisitely tender. This contrariety could not only be exhibited, in one, and the same glance: but the transition appeared so sudden, and instantaneous, as to excite, on the beholder, the effect of unity. Partowing to this mutable expression, and partly to the • intense, though powerful character of his whole aspect, the individual, of whom we speak, was one, who, soon entering a minute, left an impression, which even the elapsing of time might scarcely efface. The smile, so soft and sunny, and that terrific frown, seemingly woven, like light and darkness, in the same countenance, were remembered, and spoken of, by the passenger, long after he had forgotten them :

“ How well I awaken at night,  
With the dream of those ghastly eyes.” •

White-bidding maidens, at their mother’s door, would tremble, as he passed, and follow him, with straining gaze, and a displeasing fear, † till he was out of sight ; then, laying their hands on their fluttering bosoms, would sigh at thoughts, they dared not analyze, yet guessed not wherefore. Little children would stop short, in the midst of their gambols, to contemplate the stranger, with wonder, and instinctive awe ; and the fell assassin himself, would turn aside, in his midnight track, startled

• Southey.

† Byron.



and appalled, as at a visage, more ominous than his own. This individual was habited, according to the splendid, and picturesque costume of Spain, then much affected, by the cavaliers of the empire. His *jabon* fitted close to the body, and was composed of claret cloth; appended to this doublet were cuisses, or short skirts of white satin. Over this dress, he wore a light velvet mantle, of the colour of claret. His hat was embroidered round the crown, and brim, and looped up with pearls. Every article of this attire, was most lavishly passamented. Still, though a fastidious eye might detect some points, too richly overlaid, (which few, who remarked, how admirably his fine person became his "prodigal embroideries,"\* would care to object), the over-abundant costliness must fairly be ascribed to the bias of the times, and not to any error, in the taste of the wearer. His age could not exceed one-and-twenty, and might be, under that period. Such was Marc Antoine Ferraro, secretary to Castaldo, Marquis of Piadena, the accredited ambassador, from Ferdinand of Austria, to the court of Hermanstadt. For above an hour, this individual traversed the grand lawn, fronting the palace, regardless of the passers by, to whom he soon became an object of no inconsiderable marvel; nor did he appear to be aware, that his wild and abstracted deportment, had attracted the attention of more than one knot of gazers, who were now drawn together, busying themselves, in eyeing the young secretary, with all due regard, to keeping their own distance.

"Holy Mary!" ejaculated a passenger, a middle-aged dame, as she flagged her steps, near one of those straggling coteries: "Holy Mary! did ever Christian see the like? The young gentleman is lunatic; yet mark how gallantly he looks it, with his tags, and embroidery. How pale, too!—and what a smile!—as from an angel."

\* Shirley.

"The world is a stage," said he, "and the men and women upon it are but players. They have their exits and their entrances, and one must play his part as he is given it."

"And the play is called 'The Comedy of Errors'?"

"That is the name of the play," said he, "and the errors are the mistakes that men and women make in their lives. It is a comedy, for in the end all is well, and the play is over."

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—Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene I

na, and the woods of Transylvania answer. Ha! did I not well, friends?"

The little knot of citizens drew back in a body, perfectly at a loss to comprehend, how any man could be so foolhardy, as to give utterance, to such language, at on-day, in Hermanstadt. The individual, who excited astonishment, was tall, and of majestic mien, but his person was carefully enveloped, in a motley sheep-skin cloak; such as the richters, or chiefs of the neighbouring prince of Wallachia, were accustomed to wrap about them. It was decorated, on the outside, with patches of other, of divers sizes, and colours, and was faced, with fur of no ordinary price. The cape was of the finest velvet, and was drawn so closely round the under part of the face, that it suggested the idea, of being intended for disguise. If this was really the case, the object was not altogether attained, for the few points of his costume, which his muster-piece did not hide, betrayed an incongruity, that could not easily escape notice. He had on his head the *kálpac*, or Hungarian national cap, with a projecting front of black lambakin, which slouched, in a enormous shade, over his face, and was surmounted, by a small peacock's feather. In his left hand, he held the *chakan*, or bludgeon, of considerable thickness. So far, there was nothing remarkable; but the minutiae, we have described, were utterly out of keeping, with the *czikirmas*, or open boots, of the finest chamois leather, that graced his legs, and with the massive golden spurs, thereunto attached; which singular, and ill-assorted union, indeed, seemed to give the lie direct, to his other accoutrements.

"I tell ye," continued this personage, with animation, whilst many of his auditors, not being ambitious of his lecture, or, perhaps, not caring to render themselves amenable to the arm of power, had either slunk away, one by one, in confusion, and remained loitering, at a short distance, or had fled the gardens entirely — 'sic

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

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was not, however, so quickly executed, but that the weapon attracted the eyes of Scipio, in whom the deepest excitation seemed to be suddenly produced by the sight.

"How came you by that?" he demanded, in an impetuous, and agitated voice.

The other, wrapping the cape of his mantle closer around the under part of his face, and pulling down his kalpac, so low over his brows, as to cast his eyes into shadow, answered, in a tone, which was intended to appear cool, and indifferent. "What's that to you, my sable questioner?" With these words, he brushed by his companion, and passed forward, at a quick pace.

The black instantly followed, and, coming up with him, the two men strode silently, side by side. For above a minute, the Ethiop sternly scanned him of the muster-piece. He again spoke,—"I have found, then, the murderer at last, and in thee!"

"I understand you not," replied the stranger, with apparent unconcern, and without stopping, or turning his head.

"Well, it skills not wasting words," rejoined the black. "You are now in the city, on Father Dominick's warrant of safe conduct, and it may not consist with his policy to break it; nevertheless, after this notice, if straightwise thou quittest not Hermanstadt, I will myself denounce thee to the tribunal of justice!—Avaunt thee, homicide!"

"Thou art under some delusion, friend; I assure you," answered the stranger; "we never met before in our lives; and, on such a point," he subjoined, scoffingly, "I suspect, I am likely to be the better judge: you know me not."

"A word in your ear," said the African. He drew cautiously nearer; and, remote as they were from observation, sunk his voice into a whisper, as he added, "we encountered on the night of the murder of Count Rodna."

The stranger half stopped short, and thrust his hand within his mantle-piece. "'Tis false!" he said, faintly. "Thou wast not present,—nor I."

"Whose spear is that, by thy side?" interrupted Scipio, again fixing on him a long, piercing look. "The good old man who once owned it, shall yet be avenged; but you may now depart." Having uttered this command, he abruptly halted beside a ruinous porchway, which, in other times, was the entrance of the royal palace, but of late years had been suffered to grow dilapidated. The other made a pause also.

"Do you hear?" repeated the African, in a louder and authoritative tone, motioning him away, with a high, and haughty sweep of his arm: "I would be alone."

The other hesitated, looked around him, for an instant, and then said, slowly, but joyously — "This chance will prove as good for me, as half thy revenues, counted in my coffers, thou mighty renegade! By my hand, Ferdinand sends you this!" With these words, he drew his sword, and rushed towards where the African had been standing, only a few seconds before. He had already, however, retired within the umbrage of the porch. The stranger pursued, but suddenly drew back, and gazed about him bewildered. The man, whom he had just destined for his victim, had vanished! The frustrate murderer presently turned about, and left the place. His steps were measured, until he had passed the wooded belt of the garden, when, immediately, with rapid strides, he hurried along the narrow street, and soon reached the barrier. Here, the sentinel on duty stopped him; but being in possession of the countersign, he was allowed to quit the city; and the last glance from Heaven, on that day, threw his gigantic shadow, upon horseback, along the wayside, many leagues distant, from the city of Hermanstadt.

A few minutes after the departure of the stranger, Scipio, was again, in the gardens of the palace, and stood, at Ferraro's side, ere the other knew of his approach. "Boy! look up!" cried the African, in a loud voice.

Waking from his reverie, with a start, Ferraro looked around.

"So thou art come," he said, in a tone, that seemed deeply agitated, by his melancholy reflections. "I have been some time waiting."

"You are to blame," observed the black, "to make yourself the general spectacle :—your vagaries have been the subject of observation, to the accidental passengers, for the last half hour."

"It matters not ; all is over," returned Ferraro, and he hung his head, as if in hopeless despondency.

"What can have happened, to unhinge thy mind to this degree ?" demanded the African.

"Art thou wise ?" said Ferraro ; "if so, leave me to my fate."

"Never !" answered Scipio. Then, in a more persuasive accent, he continued, "Come, come, be advised — tell me, the source of these throes of sorrow : methinks thou canst feel none, I cannot remedy,—perhaps, do not already guess."

"Thou liest, old man," answered the other, with yet greater distemperature of manner,—“this grief is beyond thy ken. Thy words are ever false ; they soothe my senses, indeed, for the instant, but they are breath, and leave no monument behind : thou shouldst blush, through that visage of thine, were it begrimed, as with the smoke of hell, for having lured me on, day after day, as in a dream. Oh ! what a dolt was I, to suppose, that thou hadst power to save me from the brink ! Ere your honeyed words taught me to hope, I was content — ay, content, though wretched. Now ! I have indulged myself in dreams of transport, which, to realize, the paradise of the false prophet, were well fortified. I will not have my dazzling, and heaven-capped visions topple from their base ;—’twas you first set me on to build them. If they dissolve,” he concluded, in a paroxysm of emotion, which had in it something almost frantic,—“may the vast ruin crush you !”

"I know, it was no light matter I engaged for," re-

plied the black : " but I repeat, Ferraro, that the Queen of Hungary shall, one day, be yours."

" One day, say you !" echoed Ferraro, with a yell of agony. " Ay, the one day, which yonder planet has already worn to the dregs ;—this day, or never !—Did not the angel, you have in pay, tell you so much ?—I have had presents from the Marquis Piadena."

" Well," said the African, in a calm voice.

" Do you hear ?—from the Imperial court !"

" Well," repeated the other, with imperturbable gravity : " Well, well !—and is that all ? I tell you, these despatches, writ in gall, brewed from the infernal Styx, bear my damnation. Can your wisdom divine how ?"

" Coleswar is invested," replied the black ; " and, further, the army of your royal master, by forced marches, hath entrenched itself at Alba Julia."

" Man !" ejaculated Ferraro, in an accent of uncontrolled wonder. There was silence for above a minute ; at length the secretary again spoke : " So, black magician ! what besides ?" And the impassioned youth stood, with his arms folded, whilst he awaited the other's answer.

It was almost instantly rendered. " In consequence of the absence of the Marquis of Piadena, you are invested with authority, by your king, to declare war, in his name, unless, without reservation, certain conditions be complied with."

" Black magician !" said Ferraro, with a look of increased astonishment, and awe ; and in a voice, whose tones were far deeper, and more concentrated, than before : " Can you name those conditions ?"

" The immediate deposition of the daughter of John, and Isabella, in favour of Martinuzzi, who is to hold his crown, as tributary vassal to Ferdinand. That is the first condition.

" The second is the cession of Transylvania, to the crown of Austria, on the demise of Martinuzzi."



"Verily, thou hast not been misinformed," exclaimed Ferraro, with bitterness, "let thy information come from what fiend it may. However, say on ; what instructions besides ?"

"You are ordered, in case these terms (as is well taken for granted) be rejected, forthwith to demand your safe-conduct, and proceed hence, without loss of time, to join the Austrian army, of which Castaldo hath already assumed the command."

"And you know all this ?" shouted Ferraro, in a voice of thunder. "Grant, my punishment was ordained, were there no bolts but these to hurl, at my devoted head ? By the red expiation of my soul, 'tis past endurance ! I rob my adored Czerina of her kingdom ! I rudely snatch her coronet, from her beauteous head ! I remain at her court, like an infernal lie, as an assurance of peace, betwixt the two kingdoms, whilst Ferdinand marches an hostile army, into the heart of the country ! Now, what say you, to this accumulation of horrors, thou never-failing mediciner ?"

Ferraro ceased, and, with a gaze of unutterable anguish, looked in the face of his sable counsellor. Scipio remained mute. There was solitude over that landscape. The gardens of the palace were deserted, and as they glared on one another, with a meteoric, and similar expression, in both their eyes, they offered no bad image of two of the enemies of man, met, on this nether sphere, to consult about the kidnapping of human souls.

The African was the first to speak. "Ferraro," he said, in a solemn voice, "it is the part of a coward to despair ; the brave man hopes on to the end. The chances of *time* flit along the horizon of his life, till time is no more ; perhaps, indeed, he may not clutch them, but they soothe the fancy, nevertheless ; or, when they delude no longer, there is *eternity* !"

"Dost preach ?" exclaimed Ferraro, in a transport of passion.

"Yet, bear with me, my young friend," resumed the

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black. "If, what I have just divined, be all your difficulty, it need not distress you."

"How?" returned the secretary, breaking in with increasing wildness of speech, and gesture—"Not distress me, to depose Czerina by force of arms, and despoil her of her royal inheritance! What do you dream of?"

"The conditions annexed to peace may be accepted," observed the black.

"No, 'tis vain to reckon on that, than which no dream is less substantial," said Ferraro, after a moment's pause; "'twould brand the proud name of Martinuzzi, with everlasting infamy, for him to stoop so low, as to become the servile minister of a foreign court."

"Perhaps so; yet continue not in error, Ferraro," said the black; "those conditions of peace, you will lay before Martinuzzi, *will* be subscribed."

"Away! thou dost malign the regent," answered Ferraro, with the enthusiasm which belonged to his character; "thou dost him foul wrong, sir. The guardian and protector turn usurper? Never! Martinuzzi prove false to himself, and his country? No, sir! He knows too well what he owes to his exalted reputation, to wreck it, on such pitiful ambition. Indeed, you belie him; he is not the man to comprise, in one bad deed, all that is dishonourable, and cruel."

Scipio looked upon his enthusiastic companion, for a minute, without replying. At length, with a deep solemnity of manner, he made answer—"The exact measure of iniquity that enters into any act, can be known. Antoine, only to the Searcher of all hearts; the best of us are but men, and liable to the infirmities of human nature; and are not to be tried by the standard of their own, sometime, and, perchance, short-lived perfection, which were a criterion, more adapted to the unfaltering purity of angels. Trust me, Martinuzzi *will* subscribe the terms proposed, by your royal master."

The African spoke slowly, and earnestly; and a pause

ensued, which he broke, by abruptly asking, as if at the suggestion of a sudden thought—"Have you explained the situation of your heart, to the fair lady of your love? Believe me, as matters stand, it is your only course. The sooner you prevail, on the lady Czerina, to give you a title to protect her, the better for herself. Seek her, as near her solitude, as you may penetrate. Have you yet spoken out?"

"Ah! my friend," answered Ferraro, "what need of words, to make her understand, how I do languish for her? If," he proceeded, in a strain, and accent of the deepest feeling, "if she cannot read the state of my affections, in the long-drawn sigh, that will not be suppressed—in the vainly-guarded glances of unutterable devotion, which will escape me, when I am near her—in the voluptuous trembling of my frame—in the flush, with which an inadvertent word suffuses me, and the deep paleness, which succeeds—in the moving languor, which subdues me in her presence—in my broken speech, and in the, still more prevailing, eloquence of silence—in my departed spirits, and in my declining health—surely, my friend, if appeals, like these, can't touch the sympathy of woman, 'twere a waste of breath, to unlock the fountains of the sealed-up heart, and speak."

"Ah! Ferraro," said the African, evincing the strongest symptoms of interest, and compassion, "were my life-blood necessary, to obtain thee the hand of the young queen, so Heaven deal with me, in my need! if I would not submit my neck to the headsman's axe, or the assassin's steel, both of which, God wot how difficultly, I have for so many years evaded. Still, let not this thing dull the current of thy young blood, but speak to the lady. There is a minute—such omnipotence hath sympathy over the female heart—in which a lover's presence is irresistible, and when he will not woo in vain."

"Alas! my friend," returned Ferraro, "Ixion like, I gaze on loved Czerina, till my heart is scorched. I dare

presume no more, and feel it is almost blasphemy, even in my dreams, to clasp her shadow."

"I believe," replied the black, "I can imbue you with a motive, sufficiently startling, to oblige you to penetrate the cloud of her divinity, and embrace a substance for thy pains."

"What doth thy speech imply?" inquired the secretary.

"This much; that unless you speedily come to explanation with the lady, she will be compelled to surrender her hand to Solyman."

"What say you?" demanded Ferraro, in the hollow tones of anguish, and amazement.

"I tell you, the Sultan asks the queen of Hungary in marriage," answered the black.

"Then, God help her!" said Ferraro, in solemn accents; "and God preserve my poor senses; for fate, it seems, has taken her side—the side of wrong and misery. Yet, how can you suppose, the knowledge of my passion might avert the destruction of us both?"

"Why," replied the black, "were she conscious, that your arms were unto her, as a haven, the strong necessity of her heart would bid her stand at bay, and laugh to derision, the menaces of Isabella."

"Whose!" exclaimed Ferraro.

"The queen dowager," replied the black.

"Ha! and is that it?" cried Ferraro, with increasing energy, and haste; "then this alliance you speak of, Scipio, is of her mother's concocting, is it?"

"The queen regent has entered into a sort of treaty, with Solyman, the main stipulation of which is, the sacrifice of Czerina."

"How know you this?" demanded Ferraro.

"I overheard Isabella expatiate largely to her daughter, on the advantage of the connection."

"You overheard this, my friend!" cried Ferraro, in amazement. "Do you mean, that you were present?"

"I believe, I must acknowledge as much," answered the black, with a grim smile.

"Sacred Providence!" cried Ferraro; "was Czerina a party to her mother's views?"

"She protested she would sooner die, than suffer, in her person, such a profanation of the sacrament of marriage."

"That's some comfort, yet," said Ferraro.

"But," rejoined the African, "she will find herself too feeble to resist, for any length of time, the arts, and rage of Isabella." He paused, and then, in a tone of greater depth, and seriousness than before, continued—"The autumn leafage, fallen in yonder basined lake, whirls, ever and anon, upon the eddying breeze, oscillating, hither and thither, between wind and water; yet must be ultimately wafted along upon the ripples of the current: thus Czerina's mind, however it may struggle, to and fro, for awhile, will finally set, in the direction of her mother's wishes. On you, depends her only chance of deliverance; be the result what it may, declare yourself immediately: do so, lest your—I would say, lest Maximilian, Count Pereny, anticipate you."

"Ha!" exclaimed Ferraro.

"Do so," continued the black, "ere some brigand chief, so plentiful in these bad, and broken times, forestall your purposes."

"What mean you?" cried Ferraro.

"Do so," proceeded the black, without noticing the interruption, "ere Isabella take effectual means, to prevent you."

The glow faded, from Ferraro's cheek; he moved one step backwards, as if struck, by something, in the black's last observation, and observed—"Then will I confess: pray Heaven, as you say, it be not already too late. If Isabella discover my love, for her daughter, I am undone; for, oh! my friend, learn that—" Here, arresting the current of his speech, Ferraro stopped short, like one,

who is afraid of committing himself. "No, for shame! Ferraro," he subjoined, in a lower key, "that were unworthy of me to allude to."

"What must I believe?" demanded the black, hastily.

"It boots not now to tell," returned Ferraro, with assumed indifference; "only if the queen regent should obtain a knowledge of my passion, for the lady Czerina, there remains not the remotest chance, that the star of my love will be propitious."

The African listened attentively, but, with the countenance of a man, lost in profound, and anxious rumination. "A painful idea flashes on me," he muttered, musingly, in a hoarse, and altered tone—"Tis, indeed," he said, affecting a calmness, he was far from feeling, "a fatal quicksand, on which you have cast your hopes. But—" Here the accents of the black swelled into sternness, and he raised up his clenched hands, as he inquired, with vehemence, "Who gave you permission, sir?" Then, breaking off, in some confusion, after a minute's pause, he ejaculated to himself, with strong agitation of manner, although in a suppressed voice—"Oh cursed! in every way—in retrospect—in prospect. Both, too!"

The young secretary looked on, amazed, for a moment, and then, impatient of the conference, intimated, that even whilst he spake, the regent had promised to allow him an audience. The two shortly separated, the black, with a saddened brow, striking into the deepest of the neighbouring thickets; and Ferraro, as Scipio disappeared from view, taking the nearest path, that led to the Gothic keep of Hermanstadt.

Antoine Ferraro, early an orphan, was the grandson, on the mother's side, and pupil, of the celebrated historian, Jerome Lascus, erewhiles palatine of Seradia. The adventures, and hair-breadth scrapes of that personage, fall not within the scope of our story. His life had been in imminent danger, from the dungeon of Solyman, the tor-



tures of John of Zapola, and the poisonous medicaments of Sigismund, king of Poland, his native sovereign. For the last few years of his eventful, and protracted pilgrimage, he had resided in Vienna, on a small pension, allowed him, in consideration of his counsel, and services, by the archduke Ferdinand. It was long since reported, throughout Europe, that the lamented statesman had fallen a victim to his hardships, and misfortunes, and the secret of his continued existence was only promulged, to a very few of his most assured, and intimate friends.

On the Marquis of Piadena being appointed ambassador to Hermanstadt, Lascus's interest obtained, for his grandson, the situation of secretary to that nobleman. At parting, Ferraro was enjoined, by his venerable preceptor, to seek out, in the capital of Transylvania, a friend of his father's; and recommended, at the same time, to take no measure of importance, without that person's concurrence.

"And who, and what may be this individual?" inquired Ferraro.

"An African," answered Lascus, "at present in the service of the holy confessor of cardinal Martinuzzi. Resort to him, in all times of inquietude, and peril, as you would to me, were you in Vienna."

"A menial were a fine counsellor, truly, for one, who wears chain and spurs!" exclaimed Ferraro, with no little disdain.

"He is not what he seems," rejoined Lascus. "Respect my wishes, Antoine, in giving heed to that man. He is your fate!"

This request, so solemnly enjoined, was not disregarded. From the moment of Ferraro's introducing himself to the notice of the black, he felt drawn towards him, by an impulse, the force of which he could neither understand, nor oppose. The attendant of Father Dominick, obtained an influence over him, so powerful, that into his ears he freely confided all his most treasured thoughts, and wishes, till,

in an evil hour, he yielded to a temptation, that shame and honour, alike forbade his communicating to his sabbat intimate. But when, subsequently, the true flame of his passion for the queen of Hungary, absorbed and swallowed up, like the rod of Aaron, the false, and sensuous incantations which preceded it, Ferraro made the black the confidant of his audacious love, and was encouraged, by the mysterious man, to prosecute his suit, in the certainty of not being refused her royal hand, by her guardian, if he could only obtain her own consent, to make him king of Hungary.

We will now return to where we left the young secretary, proceeding with all speed, to his interview with Martinuzzi. The mere distance he had to traverse, was not great; nevertheless, it took him some time to surmount all the embarrassments of the ruinous street—and this period he employed, in endeavouring to collect his scattered thoughts, that he might play his part, with proper dignity, in the impending conference, with the regent. To his discretion, was entrusted the majesty of Austria, and however, in his secret soul, he might scorn the duplicity of Ferdinand, it was not for him, in his sacred capacity, to betray his sentiments, or to derogate, from the honour of the sovereign, who employed him, by any admission of his treachery. Still, he could not but be conscious, that he was charged with a commission, in the highest degree, dangerous, and delicate, and his generous mind revolted, at having to palliate, or rather justify, so atrocious a proceeding, as the invasion of the territory of an ally, with the object of dethroning the sovereign, and despoiling her of her dominions.

The prize, held out to the ambition of the regent, he looked upon, as no less disgraceful, in his court, to offer, than beneath the dignity of Martinuzzi, to accept. He adhered most constantly, and inflexibly to his first opinion, that the proposition, he had to submit, would be rejected, with unqualified disdain. Still, after his late conference,

with Scipio, he could not shut out ideas of an opposite kind, nor help wishing, that Martinuzzi might, in this instance, not act up, to those exalted preconceptions of his character, which his actions had inspired. Yet, when he further came to reflect, that that side of the alternative, involved the deposition of his adored Czerina, he could only accuse himself of selfishness, in contemplating the possibility of such an issue, with any feelings of satisfaction. And yet, Ferraro did regard the contingency of Martinuzzi's acquiescence, in the demands of Ferdinand, with a partial gleam of undefined, and ineffable delight. Would not the very fact of the young queen's resignation of her crown, pave the way for his pretensions, by rendering her a more legitimate object of ambition? And would not he remain in Hermanstadt, in peace, instead of having to enter the city, through carnage, and in triumph? Thus, he pondered within himself, and who, with such happiness in prospect, could turn away his mind, at the voice of principle, and not cherish, with Ferraro, a confused hope, that the indulgence of his passions might, by some means or other, yet in the womb of fate, be found compatible with his public duty,\* and that circumstances would reconcile, and subserve, his secret purposes?

Presently, these sanguine considerations, which had just flowed, with the most plenteous tide, began to ebb; and again Ferraro argued, with a curdling of the blood, that the injured maiden would never endure the presence of a man, who, by her dethronement, had put a sudden date to the regal dynasty, of which she was the illustrious representative. Would she condescend, to return the affections of one, who came, like a mildew, in the hands of tyranny, to blight her fair leaves of promise? Yet, again, where-

\* It has ever been the problem of life, how to make probity and gratification cohere; but it cannot be worked, for as Lord Shaftesbury well observes, "The rules of harmony will not permit it. The dissimulations are too strong."—*Charact.* part. 4, § 2.—*Freedom of Wit,*

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 what we may contend, and  
 —*St. BENN. in Ser.*

—*utereus, nec ullus ei tutus ad*  
*—lib. i. c. 16.*

—*quis me lenire docebit*  
*—lingam fallere noctem*  
*—Lib. Milton.*

—*παράλογον οστις αὐ θιώπων*  
*—πῖν, σός ὦ Βρούτε δαίμων*

been so often iterated, from the  
 present day, as almost to have  
 whereas poets picture the golden  
 was yet young, so childhood is the  
 an life. But, although this analogy  
 part, it is far from being universally  
 mention the thousands, and tens of  
 the human creatures, from the sweat of  
 the, the wealth of nations is painfully  
 are neither penning a satire, nor a sermon,  
 more explicit), and who, ere the waters of  
 upon their heads,—yea, with their mother's  
 on their livid lips, begin their unhallowed  
 through years of helplessness, hopelessly, toil

on, till precocious passion dawns, to redeem their captivity, at once gilding, with its false hectic, the sombre colouring of their lives, and, with its fruitless stings,\* spurring them forward, to the close. Not to insist on such, let us glance our mind's eye, on those children of competence, who are presumed to commence their lives, under happier auspices. But, in this survey, however, we may persuade ourselves, we can only determine of the whole, by a limited induction of particulars.

In the spring of life, however regretful the current of our days, sorrow has scarce had time, to leave his distinguishing traces, in the lines of our countenances,—the physiognomy is yet unformed, and that secret, “which weighs on the heart,” but which cannot be gathered, from the features, it were in vain to seek, in the confession of the sufferer. There is seldom much sympathy between the child, and the adult. Neither are their joys mutual, nor sorrows, in common; and, when sympathy is withheld, or believed to be so, by what conjuration can confidence be induced? Youth is more frequently the season of reserve, than people imagine; and the young heart, in, by far the greater part of its depths, remains a holy, and hidden thing, only known to its Omniscient Searcher. Grief and anxiety do not, it is true, commonly lay an invincible hold of us, in childhood. The elasticity of that early period of existence, will soon procure an interval of repose, which, however, be it remembered, is no less transient, than the anguish which preceded it. Indeed, it may fairly be made a question, whether the briefness of infantile sorrow can counterpoise its degree of agony, or compensate, for the frequency of its recurrence. “The tear forgot as soon as shed,” we do not believe in; but if the experience of the reader be happier than our own, let him recollect, how many a scalding, though, (we grant) causeless, tear blots the fair page of the history of child-

\* *Infructuosis affectuum spinis.*—BOETHIUS.



hood. We are persuaded, that the judgments conceived of the disposition, and state of mind of the juvenile portion of society, by their nearest connections, are often fallacious, and too hastily imbibed; they contemplate the habits of the helpless being, under their control, through too close, and therefore a delusive medium, which discolours, and perverts, the object; and are apt to reconcile, and accommodate, whatever fall under their observation, to some hastily conceived theory, with which, not once in a hundred instances, will they be found, exactly, to quadrate.

Thus, building, with inadequate materials, a baseless edifice of character, and disposition, and grasping some shadowy semblances, they early begin to fashion the mind, and heart, of their young disciple, according to their pre-conceptions, and ever afterwards, misinterpret all his minutest words, and indifferent actions; viewing them, not as they are, but according to the nice, and deceptive microscope of parental, or kindred prejudice. It is astonishing the injustice, that is, not seldom, committed, by these false constructions, and the puerile grief and indignation to which they give rise, are more excessive, than the injured party cares to acknowledge. But, were there no other cause, than the abject state of subjection, to which the free will of children is condemned, in, what is called, civilized society, that were more than sufficient to countervail every incentive to happiness, whether springing, from the accident of prosperity, or the more intrinsic advantage of a lively temperament.

" But children near their parents tremble now,  
Because they must obey."\*

By no latitude of the imagination, can we fancy, that the incomparable, and immortal men, who, in the seven-

\* Shelley.

teenth century. walked England, like so many spirits of a higher sphere. passed the spring-tide of their days in happiness:—they. who enacted the “*facinus tam illustre*,” of Milton.—to use the words of Wordsworth—

“ The later Sydney, Marvel, Harrington,  
Young Vane and others, who called Milton friend;”

or these many other illustrious characters, to whose memorable example. (under God), this country hath stood indebted. down to the present day, for that dogged spirit of independence, which, it is to be believed, will ever characterize her sons.—Could the imperious discipline, and summary dealing of brief authority, have made the wholesome element of their minds?—Could they have cheerfully submitted to the tyranny of unmerited castigation? Impossible. For our own part, we are free to confess, though rear’d, with exclusive care, under the parental wing, in that “golden mediocrity”\* of station, which “nor mean, nor riotous,”† is equally removed, from the torrid heat of the fashionable nursery, and the frost-bitten atmosphere of the work-house; still, we would not live our days of vassalage over again; no, not to be heir to all the land, that lies between the four corners of broad England.

“ Ah! what avails heroic deed?  
What liberty? if no defence  
Be won for feeble innocence.  
Father of all! if wilful man must read  
His punishment in soul distress,  
Grant to the morn of life its natural blessedness!”‡

We have now to advert to circumstances, which happened, long antecedent to the opening of our history.

\* Aurea mediocritas.—HORACE.

† Ford.

‡ Wordsworth.

The high constable, Hubert Vicchy,\* Duke of Emsen-  
burg, had been several years governor of Temeswar,  
when John of Zapola died. He was the main-spring of  
the abortive movement of Valentine Turascus, in favour  
of the queen regent, which we briefly noticed, in our in-  
troduitory chapter. His duchess was a lady, of whom,  
it might be difficult to say, whether the graces of her  
person, or her mental endowments, were more admirable.  
But these virtues were only the shining sins of a he-  
retic. Her firm, and inquisitive understanding had not  
shrunk from polemics; and the new teachers, who pro-  
fessed to revive the old truths of the Gospel, taught her  
to abjure that admixture of error, and those "weak in-  
ventions of the enemy," with which, they affirmed, that  
the simplicity, and purity of the Christian faith, during  
the long night of Gothic ignorance, had been conta-  
minated, and overlaid. From her cradle, the daughter  
of Veronica had the virtues, and faith of her mother  
wound into her fair form; and the trials of her subse-  
quent life only rivetted those intermediate links, in the  
chain of evidence, which bound her pious spirit to the  
vital truths of the reformed religion.

The reader may marvel, how such a woman came to  
unite her fate with one, who was ignorant of the lowest  
elements of literature; — but the wonder will subside,  
if our fair critic will please, to look a little closer, into the  
state of society, in Hungary, in the sixteenth century,  
and ask herself, seriously, how she would like, to have  
been debarred, entering the blessed state of holy matri-  
mony, simply because the young gentleman, who soli-  
cited the honour of her hand, happened (like most of his  
compeers) to have left uncultivated the *belles lettres*?

\* The Christian appellation, which this person bears in history, is  
Peter, for which, lest the reader should confound the principal charac-  
ters of our tale, we have substituted the name of Hubert. We have  
already noted introducing two Peters, which, however, is the fault of  
their godfathers and godmothers, and none of ours.

When we are told, owing to the disorders, which accumulated on the country, subsequent to the battle of Mohacs, that no fewer than seven bishops\* flourished, in a most unorthodox state of incertitude, as to the distinctive characters of the alphabet; it cannot be made matter of surprise, that the feudal barons, who were military men, were content to repose, in the lethargy of ignorance, without coveting a greater degree of erudition than was exacted, by the opinions of the age, and which they saw, might suffice their "spiritual pastors and masters." If this explanation fail to reconcile the difficulty, we can only regret, that the stubborn nature of historical truths must preclude us, were we the most daring legendary, from forbidding the banns.

Whether Vicchy deferred invariably to his gifted partner's depth of sagacity, or firmness of mind, we are not instructed to state; and this expressive silence of contemporary satire, furnishes such strong presumption to the contrary, as ought, by rights, to more than outweigh in the scale of evidence, any loose, and floating atoms of later scandal. It is likely, however, that the natural influence, which a strong will insensibly obtain, over a feebler understanding, if moving in the same orbit, may have exercised a salutary restraint upon Vicchy, and that, on many occasions, he found the *domus et placens* error, the softening sense, and silken trammels of home, sustain his wavering resolution.

It was shortly after that period, when his outlawry had been decreed, by the states of Transylvania, that the death of Veronica cut him out, from those moorings of the heart, whose cable alone held his vacillating passions, in the roadstead of virtue, and discretion, and set his soul adrift, upon the waves of life, at the mercy of the

\* These were the Bishops of Waradin, Agria, Five Churches, Nitra, Javarin, Alba Julia, and Chosad. Libentius intuentur Martham quam Marcum; malunt legere in Salmona quam in Solomone. — ALARS de Arc. Presb.

first shifting gale, that sprung up, let it blow, from what quarter of the heavens it listed.

Veronica of Eissenburg, from the time of her mother's death, to the midnight hour, in which we first introduced the maiden, *en diskabille*, to the blushes of our readers, had been the constant, and cheerful companion, and friend, of her blasted, dishonoured, and outcast father. Whilst, close, and closer, in the clouds of adversity, and error, that father wrapt himself, from the contemplation of the present, and the prospect of the future, she would pry those orbs, veiled by the dim suffusion of mortality,\* and shed a glory, round the deepening infamy of his path, as the "hastening angel" might be supposed to hallow the declining footsteps of our first parents, in their solitary way from Eden. Nor did she, at last, cease from her ministering office, when the object of all her solicitude too visibly displayed the mire, and rust, which, during his travail in a defiling world, his soul had contracted. "The sworded angel" turned back, at the gates of paradise, and abandoned our guilty ancestors to "the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world." He was deterred, by the black, and heavy mists of sin, and mortality, which, like a mantle, shrouded the horizon of this low earth. Not so Veronica.—She only adhered the more steadfastly, in her patient devotedness, to the slightest wishes of her sire, as the faculties of mind and body began to expand, and she became more sensible of the debasing character of sin, and involuntarily grasped the conviction of Vicchy's frailty. If his crimes were manifold, utter likewise was his defeature; and, though the goods of this life melted away,—though followers, and friends fell off, and the whole world forsook him,—though Justice shook her strong steel, and waved it, like the

\* *Lumina ejus mortalium rerum nube caligantia turgamus.* —  
BOETIUS.

cherub's fiery sword of yore, for a barrier from paradise,—  
 “though the earth quaked, and the sea saw it, and fled,”  
 —though the hills “reeled to and fro like a drunken  
 man,”—though, with raven wing, Despair circled his  
 motions, and hell itself, as it were, yawned to swallow  
 him, his child (as, of old, the gentle Antigone tended her  
 blind, and wandering sire\*) would prop, and lead him on,  
 amid the wilderness of life; and, whether he pitched his  
 tabernacle in the outlaw's cave, or the peasant's hovel,  
 or was chained down to the captive's cell, there would  
 Innocence, and Love sit brooding over him, with halcyon  
 wings, to allay to peace the waters of bitterness, on which  
 his soul was tossed;—ay, even in the central darkness  
 of a dishonoured grave, her pious offices would avail to  
 embalm, and emblazon his memory, and her affections,  
 hovering nigh, would hang about his hearse, like plumed  
 pennons.

At the time, that Vicchy was cited to surrender him-  
 self to trial, the life of his Veronica was hovering on the  
 confines of two worlds. Thus circumstanced, he na-  
 turally refused, while the vital spark “lit her mortal  
 frame,” to quit her death-bed. In consequence, the  
 summary proceeding of his outlawry intervened, and in-  
 spired him, with sentiments of implacable enmity to that  
 state, which, without evidence or trial, had thus thrust  
 him, beyond the pale of her society, and the protection  
 of her laws. He vowed, in his secret soul, he would lie  
 in wait, for a day of retribution; but his opportunities  
 in that regard, long fluctuated, with the vicissitudes of  
 his life. As a vessel, intercepted in its course, by op-  
 posing winds, Hubert's characteristic indecision operated  
 when his hopes were at the flood, to suspend, till the  
 time for action had escaped, his powers of volition

“Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus,  
 Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.”†

\* See the *Œdipus Coloneus*.

† Statius, *Theb.* lib. 1.

This may go far to explain, why "all the courses of his life were bound in shallows, and in misery."

One of the ancients\* has remarked, that it is in human life, as in a game at tables,—and the analogy would seem to hold good in a sense, that was not contemplated. The utmost skill, or the finest schemes, that can be laid by human wisdom, may be alike neutralized, and perverted, where the chances of the game are against us; while, on the other hand, even a series of good fortune supposes a certain felicitous daring, in the person whom it befalls; and the highest cast of the die were thrown in vain, unless the player be gifted with the happy rashness, to seize the occasion, and improve his advantage.

Somewhat in conformity, with this way of thinking, was an opinion, which formerly prevailed, that Fortune ever lent her aid to the prudent;† nor should the fine and deep reflection of Fontenelle, to the same purpose, be lost sight of,—"*Ces bons hasards,*" he says, "*ne sont que pour ceux qui jouent bien.*"

From all we can gather of his character, Vicchy must have answered, badly, Dr. Johnson's idea of "a good hater," although, in the sad varieties of his subsequent career, while yielding to every temptation of circumstance, he wrapped himself, from the upbraidings of his own heart, by saying, and believing, that he was only varying his means, the better to ascertain that vengeance, to which, in reality, he had become wholly indifferent.

Whilst his prospects gradually became black, and comfortless, on all sides, Crime, alternated with superstitious devotion in his bosom, as day with night, in some dark cemetery. At one time, he would take Satan's wages, to satisfy the idolatrous worship of gold, the *auri sacra fames*, which informed, and animated the minutest of his undertakings, and would, soon after, appease the antagonist

\* Plutarch.

† *πᾶσι συμφέρουσι συνέχευι τύχη*.—Frag. Vet. Poet.

principle of his nature, by offering the accursed coin, on the altar, *pro remedio animæ suæ*. Alas ! how will not fortune, and circumstance degrade the original excellence of our common humanity, to a level with the foulest aspect of the outer world ! How will not time break down the stubborn spirit, no less than the marble column ! We find the man, through whose hands once circulated the revenue of a prince, coveting, in his adversity, a single ducat, with such "itchy palm," as to tamper, with his soul's health, for the sake of its possession !

For months subsequent to the death of the Duchess of Eissenburg, and the outlawry of her husband, we are compelled, for want of materials, to grope our way very much in the dark, during which space of time, we often lose sight of Vicchy. It would seem, however, from the slight, and incidental notice of contemporary annalists, that he had not long taken up his abode in Poland, ere the spirit of change seized him, and, after some hesitation, and the necessary delays of a few weeks, in equipping for so formidable a migration, Hubert, as we shall still occasionally call him, and his little girl, on horseback, accompanied by a guide, and two sumpter mules, for the purpose of transporting their baggage, commenced their route, upon the morning of a sultry summer's day. Their daily progress was measured, by the ability, or sluggishness of the animals who bore them, and we have briefly to pass over the interval of a fortnight, whereof, here needs no account. Towards the close of that period, however, our travellers fell in with an adventure, which somewhat broke the monotonous *agrèmens* of their pilgrimage.

The incident, we allude to, may as well be inserted, in the place, and, since it gave a fresh impulse to the ruin of Vicchy, and has besides a considerable bearing, on the mysteries of our story, we shall take leave, to lay it before the reader, with some circumstantiality.

On the evening of the twelfth day, from their first setting out, Vicchy, and his daughter had arrived, within a few



hours' travel of the city of Coloswar. The weather had all along proved remarkably propitious, but this day, on the contrary, the sun's disk was obscured in lurid, and accumulated clouds, which, fallen, and diffused into a uniform haze, seemed charged with matter, for tempest, and storm. The ineffectual struggle of the sun's rays soon ceased; and long, ere the hour, when he should have sunk below the horizon, a sylvan, and mountainous country might be discerned, with difficulty. Vicchy had calculated on reaching Coloswar, or, at least, the immediate neighbourhood of that city, ere nightfall, but the misty twilight which thus early unrolled itself, upon hill and dale, and the rapid drops of rain, which, somewhat abruptly, inflicted a severe drenching on our travellers, induced them to look out, with no small anxiety, for some nearer place of shelter for the night. The discomforts of their situation, would alone have been sufficient to urge them to this; but, in addition, the horse, which their guide rode, had thrown his forefoot shoe, and, despite their utmost vigilance, it was difficult to distinguish the direction of their journey, through a country, which particles of sleet, and mist, shrouded in wildering darkness. Moreover, the horses could hardly keep their feet, along the tracks of jungle, and knolls, intercepted, at every turn, with swelling streams, lashed by the irritating elements, into sheets of foam. As they struggled forward, they came up with three foot passengers. Whilst crossing a narrow bridge, which brought their persons sensibly nearer, Veronica pointed them out, to her father, who immediately accosted them, inquiring, whether they could tell of any *kortsma*,\* or monastery, or other place of shelter, thereabouts, where a night's lodging might be procured?

"What would you have of us?" interrogated one of the trio, in a voice, that betokened disguise.

Vicchy repeated his question.

\* Inn.

"We are strangers in these parts, like yourselves; but I trow there be no hostelry, nor religious order either, between this, and Coloswar," was the cold, and evasive response of another of these pedestrians.

"Hold well to your saddle, and we will put our horses to the trot, my love," said her father, in a low voice to Veronica; and then, having given his steed free head, he hallooed to the guide, to keep up with them, while he, and his child toiled along the broken, and dubious track, till the straggling stumps, and protruding roots of old trees again obliged them, to continue their journey, with a slackened pace, and a guarded rein. However, they breasted the fierce storm-gusts of wind, and drift, and splashed through the deep brooks, which beset their way, with dogged resolution,—the mind of Vicchy, infinitely more tortured, with fears for his child's health, than on account of his own personal sufferings, although they included some inward misgivings, as to the cause of his guide's prolonged separation. Presently, he mounted the little girl, on his own horse, before him, and, wrapping his cloak, so closely about her, as to shield her, in a great degree, from the relentless dashing of the rain; he led his palfrey, with his left hand on the bridle, and thus held on his way.

"Would you have rest, and shelter, for yourselves, and weary beasts?" demanded some one, suddenly, in a rough and peculiar tone of voice, which sounded distinctly within arm's length of their horses' heads.

Vicchy started in his saddle, and, turning his eyes hastily, in the direction of the speaker, could discern (though nearly lost in shapeless darkness,) a tall figure walking by the side of the animal, on which Veronica had ridden, and, at the same moment, he felt a strong hand laid, upon the bridle. The voice he recognised for the same, which, an hour before, had returned so evasive answer to his inquiry. "I thought, you told me erewhile you were a stranger in these parts," observed Vicchy.

"You have an ear, I wis, sir traveller," returned the other: "I have subsequently been directed, to a sort of manse hereabouts; and if you, or your little one there, would prefer fire, food, and shelter, to cold, hunger, and a watery exit, you will, doubtless, yede ye wi' me."

The man ceased, and walked on, apparently awaiting the answer of Vicchy, who, for a minute, revolved the matter over, in his mind. He could not but marvel, how a pedestrian, and one too, who professed to have no local knowledge of the country, had contrived, for the last hour, in the teeth of obstacles, which might seem insuperable, to keep up with himself, and child, notwithstanding their superior facilities, for passing over the ground; and, if the difficulty of the feat staggered him, his suspicions were no less aroused, as to the motive, which prompted the stranger to surmount it. He half feared,—as he recollected, that he had companions, at the time, he first accented him,—that he was in the power of banditti. His first impression, therefore, was to decline accompanying the fellow; but, the next instant, the storm reburst in full violence, and the idea of his child being forced to abide its brunt, crossed his mind, with a pang, that determined him, to risk accepting the man's proposal. Suppressing, therefore, as far as he might, any appearance of apprehension, he presently said; "My good friend, thine offer is fair, and we will e'en wend our way with thee."

"Now, by my troth," returned the other, "from the time you took to consider, it seemed to me, that you had your private reasons, for not recking the deluge of this mirksome night. Some folks," he added, placing his hand, on the long mane\* of the palfrey, and lightly

\* In the time of our story, the tails and manes of Hungarian horses, were let to grow as nature meant them, and were not docked, and "timely dressed" as now-a-days. See Brown's Travels in Dacia, Syria, &c. London, 4to., 1688.

vaulting into the seat, which Veronica had lately filled: "some folks, I trow, never die of hydrophobia."

"Free and easy!" thought Vicchy, as, reining back his horse, he turned his head, to look after the follower, who had the care of his wealth, and baggage; but, only six yards off, all things were wrapt in darkness, and, resuming his course, Vicchy involuntarily heaved an apprehensive groan.

"By the mass!" said his officious companion, "though I'm wrong to make an oath upon it, the sight of your late guide, or his beast, is past an ave, on that you may take my troth, an you will."

Vicchy would not condescend to demand an explanation; but his fears, respecting his property, became intolerable, and he pursued his slow, and toilsome way, in a state of mental agitation, which we will not essay to describe.

In a short time, having deflected a little from the road, into a narrow bridle-path, a sudden turn brought the party, in front of a large quadrangular edifice. The imperfect light hardly admitted of Vicchy's distinguishing even a part of the outline of the building, which however, he judged to be vast, and dreary. It was massively built, and, like every other fortified mansion in the country,\* encompassed with a deep moat. Embosomed amid huge trees, on the verge of a vast forest, it lay enshrouded, apparently guarded from casual discovery, by the troubled difficulty of its access. Their pseudo guide alighted, opposite the immense wide portals, before which the drawbridge was raised up. Here, he applied to his mouth a horn, chained to a large stone pillar, and blew a loud blast. Presently a voice demanded, what they wanted. Their conductor took on himself the task of explanation.

\* Comme toutes les autres forteresses du pays entourée d'un fossé fort large et qui forme une petite rivière. Mem. du Comte de Niklos.

"Three benighted travellers," he replied : " my master and his child, and myself, their guide, crave shelter for the night, from the inclemency of the weather."

A brief period of anxiety, to Vicchy, followed, which was determined by the slow lowering of the rattling drawbridge. This (the unknown assuming the lead,) they crossed on horseback ; when, almost immediately, the loud groaning of the laden windlasses, announced, that the bridge was again being uplifted. And now, torches glared around our travellers, who, after dismounting, were ushered through a heavy gateway, into a large, low-roofed apartment, where a " liveried army " of menials, in a double line, awaited them. Her father, who had assisted Veronica out of the saddle, and still retained her, in his arms, well nigh dropped the child, to the ground, as his eyes lit on the person of his mysterious conductor, which the torch-light gave to view. For a moment, he deemed he looked, indeed, upon the very guide, who had accompanied him, from Warsaw. The habit, which was after a peculiar fashion, Vicchy recalled, to the minutest particular, and, though he could not account for the metamorphosis, a dreadful suspicion, almost amounting to conviction, crept over him, that it was the identical garb, worn, by his absent follower. The physiognomy, however, of this man, was evidently of a different cast, although an immense black patch, which hood-winked one eye, and deformed half the visage, together with the long flaxen hair, streaming, in thick profusion, over the forehead, and bushy eye-brows, made it difficult, to distinguish the exact lineaments of a countenance so strangely disfigured, and disguised. As Vicchy gazed, in horrified amazement, he observed the stranger take, from the pocket of his outward vest, a green scarf, and carelessly wrap it round the arm, near his right elbow, to cover certain sanguine gouts, which discoloured the sleeve.

" Certes, that was an ugly fall, honourable master, on

the descent of the bridge yonder," said the man, addressing himself to Vicchy, "but for the intervention of St. John Nepamacene,\* you had lost a guide whose value—but, perdy, that were better left for others to tell of, only, I trow, you might not readily have found a substitute."

"You bleed; are you much hurt, friend?" inquired one of the swarm of lacqueys, who flocked around the party.

"Not to signify,—a graze of the skin,—thank you, and God be praised! I am no chicken;" responded the stranger; "no bones broken,—only a bruise, sir; yet who would think of as thorough-paced a garron,\* I assure you, as any on the roads, serving one such a jade's trick? A stumble, sir, a stumble; but, gramercie! the saint was standing by at the time, do ye see; so I shall survive this bout."

Vicchy's immediate impulse was to denounce the villain; but the consummate effrontery, his conduct exhibited, so oppressed, and, as it were, overawed the magnat, that he felt disinclined, to proceed to that extremity. While he hesitated how to act, an old domestic, of grave and formal deportment, entered the vestibule, and scanned our belated travellers, with an eye of minute observation. He came to announce, that Count Rodna, the proprietor of the mansion, would be happy to receive the gentleman, and his daughter. Vicchy, retaining Veronica by the hand, prepared to accompany the solemn seneschal, for such was the man's office,—when a word, lowly spoken in his ear, caused him to start, and turn his head.

"Eissenburg!" whispered the fearful individual, who had conducted him to the house, and who now seized his arm, as he was about to pass, through the door of the

\* The tutelary statue of this saint is very generally placed over bridges, he having been thrown over the bridge, at Prague.

† Garron,—hack.

apartment: "Eissenburg! Outlaw!—I penetrate your disguise; breathe a syllable that may harm me, and, by immortal vengeance! the crow shall batten on thy stiffening corse, from the highest gibbet, in the city of Coloswar, ere to-morrow's sun set. But keep a close tongue in your head, sir duke, and I, on my part, will lock thy secret, where only the Mano, and myself are like to find it." Having thus spoken, the man turned on his heel; and Vicchy, at once surprised, indignant, and alarmed, hastened, with his daughter, after the functionary.

The ideas, which filled the head of the miscreant, who tarried behind, were much to the following purpose:—

"So I have cowed our high constable,—there's nothing sooner transmutes a man of metal to a coward, than the thought of these young brats, with their milk-white faces! How I scared his dukeship, with his own man's livery!—my 'haviour overpowered him!—Ha! I have seldom found it fail me: let me see;—this Vicchy is, evidently, a feeble-minded lord, and so men report him; and now, or I greatly err, the lord's a *betyar*,\*—a *betyar*—so—and who ever heard speak of a beggar chaffering, when gold was to be got at? Every man, I opine, hath his purchase; and be he poor, his conscience is less costly; besides, I have but to say the word, and, he knows, his life is forfeited. All things considered, he'll scarce sleep to-night—how, if I sound him? For Pereny, and that boy,—they shall, they must be murdered! My visit here, shall not be for nought;—but Wurmser's misadventure was ill-timed; I could have better spared him, after the deed. To decapitate son, as well as father, and make away with their heads, undetected and unharmed, through the various hindrances of the barricaded dwelling, and that without assistance, would seem hardly feasible. This Herezeg† is a proper person for my purpose; and him, my good genius hath sent me, at

\* *Pauvre diable.*

† *Duke.*

a pinch. I have only to superintend, and regulate, the first paroxysms of his consternation, and despair, and, peradventure, I may render both subservient to the accomplishment of the emperor's mandate. If, while I speed Peter Pereny to his long, last reckoning, I could but induce this weak nobleman, for love,—no, that will never do,—well, lucre,—or, egad ! out of downright terror, to puff out the light of the young whelp,—his duplicate, the affair might be compassed without noise, or risk, on my part : it is not unlikely ;—I'll try for it, at all events." The train of his thoughts was interrupted, by the entrance of several of the household : " So, here are those," he muttered to himself, " who must instruct me in the ' whereabouts,' of this vast chateau ;" and the rascal immediately addressed himself to the busy menials, who were spreading the table, with dried caviare, vegetables, and fruit, in the Christian spirit of compromise, significant of catholic hospitality, on a fast-day.

Let us return to Vicchy, who, with his child, emerged again into the sweeping blast, and was marshalled, by the solemn functionary aforesaid, across an open area, or plot of grass, to a massive door, which gave access to the main body of the building. Thence they were introduced, through a spacious ante-room, into the presence of the venerable proprietor of the mansion.

At the upper end of a large, and handsome apartment, the folding doors of which were thrown open, to receive Vicchy, and his daughter, was seated Count Rodna, who rose on their entrance, and, with reserved, though stately courtesy, advanced a few steps, to meet our travellers. With that undefinable, and unconstrained air, that *manière d'être*, which decisive, and conscious worth, or superiority of station, naturally induces, he begged to be informed, how he might best evince the sincerity of the welcome, he tendered ? After briefly returning thanks, Vicchy expressed an anxious wish, that his little girl should instantly retire, and divest herself of her dripping



clothes. Accordingly, Veronica was committed to the motherly care of a female domestic, and, under her auspices, withdrew. Vicchy, his parental feelings being thus relieved, proceeded to examine, with a degree of wonder, deepened by involuntary respect, the person of his ancient host. He seemed to have numbered at least as many years of life, as the two wisest of men \* have assigned, for the limit of human health, and vigour, at which climacteric, our spiritual horizon dilates itself before us, and whence the most hale, and strong are bid to contemplate, in a deepening perspective of decay, and imbecility, the brief remainder of their mortal tarrance, and the final close of a protracted pilgrimage. His habit was becoming, though not costly, and rather appeared under, than over, his rank, as lord of that mansion. A valuable turquoise ring might be discerned, on the middle finger of his right hand,—it was the only ornament, he wore. A cap, or bonnet, of green velvet, sat lightly on his head, which a few wintry hairs, the livery of age, could hardly be said to exempt from total baldness. His height rose scarcely above the middle standard, but it might be gathered, from the compactness of his figure, though slightly bent by years, that, in the prime of manhood, his person must have been peculiarly adapted for jousts, tournaments, and other athletic exercises of the tilt-yard. The whole cast of his form, and countenance, might have afforded an artist an admirable model, for the king of Pylos. An indescribable halo of majesty, distinguished his every step, and animated every gesture of his body. His very nature, however, mellowed, by the gentle influence of Time, or, it might be, subdued, by misfortune, appeared circumfused by that “divinity,” which, *in other days*, was thought to “hedge a king.”

There was, indeed, a something, which might well be termed regal, in the light of his full, hazel eye, chas-

\* Solon and Solomon.

tened, as it was, by long abstinence from command, and worldly dignity, and softened, by his continued, and exemplary observance, of certain ascetic rites of the Romish church. So filled was the mind of Vicchy, with the impression of venerable grandeur, which the appearance of Count Rodna, unbowed, either by the weight of years, or luxurious indulgence, was ever sure to inspire, that it was not, till after some brief interval, that he took even a cursory view of the apartment, into which he had been ushered. The pannels, on every side, were framed of polished cedar wood, heavily, though highly, wrought. The lofty roof was rudely, and somewhat fantastically carved into ornament, which, radiating, from the centre of the ceiling, to the loaded cornices, became confounded with their elaborate sculpturings. A coat of plate-armour, and steel bonnet, corresponding to it; a dag, and two-handed sword, set with precious stones, contributed to relieve the gloomy splendour of the antique chimney-piece, over which they hung. A range of narrow cells or niches, each hallowed, by the image of some Romish saint, glittering in the impotency of paint, and tinsel, (the Lares of the Catholic church), had been skilfully carved, in the wooden entablature of the heavy mantel. Some half dozen iron cressets, branching from the wainscoat, at respective distances, lit up the chamber. Three deep narrow windows, enriched with emblazoned glass, were now draperied from view, whilst, before each arched recess, the voluminous curtains flung down, from their faded festoons, in many an ample fold, the long-suspended loopings, and fringes, which swept the inlaid floor.

The old gentleman shortly broke the silence, by saying, — “ You have incurred no inconvenience, I trust, sir, nor injury, from the effects of the storm, which a night’s good rest will not cause you to forget; indeed, if man knew his real interest, he would rather pray for these rubs, and temporary annoyances, than wish to be exempt

from them : they teach him to set a just value, on his own condition, and enhance, and give a zest to, those ordinary blessings, which, otherwise, grown common, are conceived, in the pride of possession, to be his inherent right, till his soul forgets to thank the Giver of all goodness."

Vicchy, who, immediately looked on his host, as a very saint-like personage, made a suitable reply ; and then he could not avoid intimating, how great was his anxiety, respecting the property, in gold pieces, and moveables, he had entrusted to the charge of his missing follower.

"On this score, I wis," answered Count Rodna, "you may set your mind at rest, sir merchant, (for such was the character, which Vicchy personated) our neighbourhood is, happily, seldom visited, by those marauding troopers, of the Bloody Peter, which, elsewhere, desolate the land ; and the bands of the Cyganis, with whom, truth to say, we are somewhat more troubled, have not been heard of, of late. Your servitor, I trow, will join you at Coloswar, so let not his absence occasion you uneasiness."

Vicchy, who called to mind the bloody garments of his guide, sported like a trophy, by that daring miscreant, to whose minatory language his ears yet rung, could not exactly reciprocate these anticipations ; but the terrible retaliation, which was in the villain's power, and which he had threatened to execute, should he be impeached, induced Vicchy, with whatever reluctance, to confine his apprehensions, for the present, to his own bosom.

Count Rodna, misapprehending the nature of his cogitation, after a short pause, resumed, "Nay, sir merchant," he said, and a quiet smile lighted his noble features, "we will, nathless, have the country scoured by daybreak, in search of intelligence ; but, prithee," he added, pointing to a sort of refection, which had been prepared, on a side table, "be seated, and partake of such poor cheer, as our buttery can supply."

"For myself," continued the hareschina\*, "I were loath to break my fast, on a day of mortification, more especially at this season, which I ever set apart to expiate, by bitter penance, fatal, and heinous sins, done, sir, in my days of pride, and thoughtlessness,—done—horrible remembrance!"—and the speaker's voice assumed a tone of deep, and solemn earnestness,—"in opposition to the express commands of Heaven, whose nuncio, the well-beloved of Jesus, came down, from on high, and, before the assembled congregation, reproached me, for my past transgressions, and warned me, to desist from the crime, I meditated. In the face of the nation, was I solemnly rebuked, and the heaviest malisons were invoked, as the penalty of my future disobedience! and, oh God! in the face of the world, by my vain glory, and sacrilegious daring, I reaped, and drew down on my head those anathemas, which timely humiliation, and repentance, might have averted, and since, an exile, as you see, have I, for eight-and-twenty years, bewailed, in sackcloth and ashes, my disregard of the apostle, and its direful consequence." He ceased, and crossing his arms meekly on his breast, appeared absorbed in thought, for a few moments: while Vicchy was too deeply impressed, with reverence for his host, to break the silence. It was not long, ere Count Rodna resumed, with more cheerfulness: "I have entered into these details, sir merchant, to account for my barren hospitality. I am sure, you will allow my peculiar obligations, to excuse my absence—but be seated;" and, with these words, the reverend personage withdrew.

Our traveller had small appetite for the *vesper-brod*,† provided for him, and shortly after, the seneschal, before-mentioned, attended, to show him his bed-chamber. After having ascended a blind, and winding staircase, the two passed along a corridor, off which, several doors, on

\* Hareschina; head of the household.

† Supper.

either side, issued into different chambers. The wind, which had somehow found, or forced, a vent, at the extremity of the passage, rushed by, with such fitful violence, that the light, which was borne, by the domestic, who preceded Hubert, was now, wholly dulled, and anon, flared, with precarious brightness. Once, as the man paused, to shield the flickering taper, a tall figure, wrapped in the habit of a monk, and having an immense leaden crucifix, suspended from his girdle, suddenly passed by Vicchy, whose reverted eye was still pursuing the obscure shape, as it receded, like a spirit, into the darkness ; when a low, arched door, opening upon the gallery, slowly revolved, and a person, whom he conceived to be Count Rodna, reclosed it, though not, before he caught a glimpse of another individual, kneeling, in the posture of devotion, before a large picture of the Virgin Mary. The gusts of wind having died away, they again pressed forward, and presently reached the sleeping apartment, allotted to our traveller.

Left to himself, Vicchy immediately secured the door, so far as two strong bolts permitted, and proceeded to revolve over those events of the past day, which bore down his mind, with the most dismal forebodings. For awhile, he balanced in his thoughts, whether, if, in the course of the next morning, there were no tidings of his guide, he would not disclose to his host the presumptive proof, he thought, he possessed, of the stranger's guilt. Then the vengeance, which had been threatened recurred to him, and the vile calculation, on which the miscreant had acted, assured his safety ; as, of yore, the "*vitraa forma*" was wont to shield the hunter of the tigress ; \* for the poignant idea of the helpless prospects of his child, were he to perish, "puzzled the will," and Hu-

\* To avoid the rage of the tigress, says Pomponius Mela, the hunter would cast before him a mirror. The reflected image, being mistaken for her young, would distract the attention of the parent, *et sic ipse* (the hunter) *fugit*.



culative, and the young, the visitation of poverty, in the fulness of his power, may draw down little compassion on the sufferer; not that their hearts are incapable of sympathy, but because, from the accident of their position in society, they are, happily, incompetent to estimate the import of the term, or to comprehend its hard, and coarse significance. Knowledge, of whatsoever kind, is vague, and superficial until it be *felt*; until, according to the sublime tragedian,\* it comes to us by suffering†: and the science of adversity, in all its bearings, can only be adequately appreciated by that man, who has himself gone through its degrading elements. “We must feel, if we would know.” May the gentle reader, who, perchance, revels in the wantonness of wealth, never experience those realities, whose horrid apprehension shot icicles, through the heart of Hubert! May he never graduate in a school, where the knowledge of mankind is the harsh, and miserable lesson to be conned! May the idea of poverty still associate itself, with classical, and heart-stirring recollections; such as the integrity of Fabricius, the patriotism of Cincinnatus, or the genius of Alfred — and may he never come into close contact, with its rending, and calamitous details! But really these *diverticula*‡ will never do: let us return to our tale.

Suddenly, Vicchy felt the arms of some one clasp him round the neck, and, roused, by this intimation of *her* presence, for whose sake, he chiefly regretted, the utter bankruptcy of his means, he raised his head, and beheld Veronica, who had crept to his side, and who now looked up to him, with eyes, whose ethereal sapphire, the very soul of innocence seemed to inhabit. Parting her beautiful hair, on either side of her forehead, he held her from him, for a moment, as he perused, with parental fondness, the ten-

\* Eschyles.

† *ὅτι οὐδὲν τοῖς, μὴν παθεῖν μὴ εἰς ἐπιβίωσιν.*—ΑΓΑΜ.

‡ A diverticulo repetatur fabula.—JUVENAL, Sat. xv. v. 72.

her most heavenly expression of the damsel's countenance. Her eyes, illumined, gladdened with sensibility, and Vicchy, drawing her fast from nearer to him, kissed away their moisture, and then pressing her convulsively to his breast, where no longer stood rebuked, but vindicated her soft interstices. The presence of his child, her innocent endowments, smote him, even, like the wand of the holy messenger in the desert, loosening the hidden springs of feeling and—"he wept—he wept!" And oh! those moments of rapture, when the deep fountains of the sealed-in heart overflow their bounds. Ye know not—ye, who never, in the course of your lives, felt for another's woe, whose beam of prosperity, amidst the night of this evil world, hath never failed you—whose nature is enshrouded under the forms, and habitudes of social selfishness—ye know not the luxury of such grief; else, would ye almost rather the misad common-places of a state of existence, which shuts out all casualty, and woe, for the joys of tranquillity, and change, and quit the dull round of slight wishes and palled desires, to taste those transports, "few and far between," which charm away adversity.

"Father, why do you weep, and turn away your face?" asked Vicchy, as the tears coursed one another, down her wet pale cheeks.

"My dear, becometh we are pensioners on the casual charity of every passing stranger," sobbed the parent, drawing towards her, a look of smothered agony; "every such friend in the world, was rapt from me, in the storm last night."

"God's dispensations must be acquiesced in, father, you know; but never mind being poor, for if you will let me, I will beg for you, and labour for you, and were I a man, I'd fight for you; but, as it is, o' the long evenings, I will sing, and dance, and never doubt, we will be as merry as crickets, when you will see, how happy I can be by your smiles—if you will but smile—and how good a girl!"



Vicchy strained the youthful speaker to his heart—"Bless you, love!" he said, in a voice of the keenest anguish, when the child resumed, more confidently—

"A pin for being rich! 'tis being good, makes the heart jovial, which is every thing we need care about. Were we an emperor, joy were all: and being wicked, the emperor tastes it not; so that you see, dear father, the sinful man, set off, with all the trim of his greatness, might well envy the virtuous pauper, though in rags—'tis just so, and you smile."

The artless philosophy of his innocent child found its way to the heart of Vicchy; he could not reply, but bent over her, in melting tenderness. Their tears flowed together, and perhaps those of the father were not altogether tears of sorrow. Somewhat tranquillized, by having yielded to this burst of natural emotion, they sat down to their melancholy meal, which, being discussed, Vicchy was left to his private meditations. "Yes," thought the fond father, as the door closed, on the obedient child, "I am still rich in blessings, which outvalue all I've lost, while she is left me! Heaven forefend that my evil destiny drag her along with it, to ruin!" A tear, he was unable to repress, stole from his eye, and he turned to the window.

The storm of the preceding evening seemed to have increased in violence—the high sounding winds whistled loudly, and mournfully, through the branches of the forest—the dark, red clouds enveloped the face of earth, whilst their sulphureous appearance served to indicate, that the tempest had not yet exhausted itself.

We should have mentioned, that a message had been conveyed from Count Rodna, during their repast, recommending Vicchy, and his daughter, not to think, for that day, of exposing themselves, to the rage of the weather.

Let us draw a veil over the early ebullition of Vicchy's feelings, as he contemplated, in dim perspective, the horrible realities of the future. The state of his mind

around its ~~the~~ prototype, in the elementary din, and clang, which, like an ancient chorus, or overture of an ~~more~~ ~~work~~ of some master hand, voiced a hollow, and responsive cadence to the fatal, and mysterious drama, now unfolding, within that retired dwelling, and howled a funeral anthem over the lost and last child of the race of Essenburg. So thought Vicchy, and he might have vented his inner meditations in the words of Zanga—

"Hark in ye winds! burst clouds! and waters roar!  
 You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,  
 And such the gloomy fate of my soul."

As he stood at the casement, now gazing, unconsciously, at the monstrous waterfall, from the eaves of the building, and now, shrinking, at the lightning, as it quivered between the boles and dripping foliage of the forest; he was startled to behold the figure of his sanguinary guide, emerge, from the shadow of the trees. The accomplished ruffian crossed the drawbridge, and, shortly after, glided, into the apartment. As the door, through which he passed, was behind Vicchy, and he trod, with a soft step, the notice of that unhappy man was solicited, by a slight tap, on the shoulder, ere he was aware of his approach. Vicchy recoiled involuntarily, as if an adder had stung him, but, recollecting himself, he endeavoured to suppress his natural feelings, whilst the other, without shifting his position, made a slight obeisance, and smiled derisively.

"Fellow," demanded Vicchy; "How came you by those garments, which were my guide's?"

"Egad, my lord duke, you owe me some thanks," answered the man.

"Thanks, villain! a halter rather," returned Vicchy.

"That were an ungrateful acknowledgment, for having saved your life," observed the stranger.

"Saved my life!" repeated Vicchy, contemptuously.

"Even so," replied the other, taking from his pocket a slip of paper, which he unfolded, and read aloud. It appeared from this, and other documents, fallen into the

possession of the unknown, that the official, whose faith Vicchy had never distrusted, contemplated betraying the outlawed nobleman, as soon as he had trepanned him, by a pretended ignorance of his rank, into the city of Coloswar. That this man was a confidential agent of the authorities, was so clearly evidenced, as not to admit of a doubt. Thus, that very stroke, which had like to have stunned Vicchy, with its sudden infliction, proved a direct intervention of Providence, in his favour. Oh! ever may the pious mind observe, in the blow of adversity, however acute its momentary agony, if not a prominent, at least, a covert blessing; and where we sometimes fail to reconcile the mysterious dispensations of Heaven, let us turn an eye of faith, on those chastisements, which may seem unmerited, remembering, that the object of our merciful Father, in taking from the Christian the world, is to give him, himself, and that his ways, concern the trappings and baubles of time, no farther, than these might work out, in joy or sorrow, our everlasting happiness.\*

"However you meant the deed, I must needs own, you are entitled to my thanks," said Vicchy, when, at length, the extremity of his surprise, left him room for speech. "Fill up the measure of the obligation, and restore me the property, committed to the charge of him, whom, it seems, you have murdered and rifled."

The stranger laughed outright—"By Saint Nicholas! that's a modest request; and you prefer it with a face, as if it were conscionable. I cannot choose but laugh. Because I have reprieved your life, does it follow, that I am to return you my booty?"

"What you call your booty," answered Vicchy, somewhat angrily, "consists of pieces of gold, and certain moveables, which are mine, do you see,—my property, friend, and"——

\* La religion est la fin de tous les desseins de Dieu sur la terre.—  
MABILLON.

"Not so fast, my good lord," interrupted the other. "In the present condition of Erdély, there is a sort of general scramble, during which, men will not wait the sanction of a legal sentence, to seize, what they can lay their hands on. Your property that was, is become mine, by the right of conquest; were the laws enforced. yours, it might scarcely be, pending your outlawry; 'tis mine, or the state's, at all events."

Vicchy groaned audibly.

"Nevertheless," proceeded the man, "I am of a pitiful disposition, and will do that, which, you may take your oath, the government never would. I will give you back your property, without the mulct of so much, as a single hongree!" The eyes of Vicchy sparkled, with thankfulness, and surprise. "I will," concluded the stranger — "I will, by G—d!"

"That hath a better sound," began Vicchy; "though, indeed, I can never sufficiently testify ——" He hesitated, and the other seized the moment, to break in.

"Don't be too sure of that, my lord duke," he said: "there is a trifling boon that, in return, I'd ask of you, which, I flatter myself, you will not think of refusing."

"Name it," said Vicchy, "and, if it be within compass of possibility, and the competence of a nobleman, and a good catholic, you may command me."

"Um!" ejaculated the stranger, looking cautiously around him, as he drew, from the innermost folds of his vest, a roll of parchment, which appeared to be closely written over, on one side. The stranger held the broad sheet before him, and, after casting a jealous glance around, was about to read it aloud, when a forked stream of lightning, darting by the window, dimmed his vision. Vicchy shrunk from the lurid flame, whilst the other smiled disdainfully. Again, in a brief second of time, another fierce, and sulphuric flash enveloped earth, and heaven, smashing, into shivers, the gorgeous, and emblazoned panes, that filled the compartments of the case-

ent, within whose deep recess they were stationed. The volley of thunder, that directly reverberated along the heavens, shook the building, from its pinnacle to its very basement. A bolt had fallen. Vicchy lay stretched on the ground, while his lip faintly muttered a *pater-noster*. The weighty armour, suspended over the mantel-piece, was loosened, and fell to the pavement, with a tremendous clash, and the murderer himself was brought down, to the posture of prayer, with his one hand pressed against his forehead, the other, clasping the archment, he had instinctively thrust, within the bosom of his dress. If his aim was to preserve the instrument, it must have been too slow, or the lightning was too instantaneous, for, the next minute, he started to his feet, and drew forth his hand; — his eyes rolled from the empty palm to the floor, where lay the blasted remnant of the parchment, scorched,—shrivelled to a cinder. It was at that moment that Veronica rushed forward, and threw herself into her father's arms, as he slowly arose from the ground. Amongst others, who, at the same time, crowded into the room, was the venerable Count Rodna, who, raising the long spear from the ground, regarded it with a mournful aspect.

"Fell was the dint, which laid thee low, my brave sword! Donald," he added, addressing the seneschal, "bid some one replace these mailed pieces." Then, turning to Vicchy, he said, "My experience hath been long and various, sir merchant, but it may not parallel an hour like this; never, in my memory, did the wrath of the skies so loudly vent their thunder. Trust me, some blot, some foulness in creation, needs cleansing; yes, there is a cause."

"What cause?" said Vicchy, who, occupied with his daughter, was hardly aware he spoke.

"Crime, sir, crime, that should be searched, and rooted out," returned Count Rodna, with solemn dignity of aspect; — and now, the visiting blasts of Heaven are dealing with it; else, why these horrors?"



lating character. On his brow, at the moment, there was a cast of anxiety; and his lips were compressed, as in thought.

" His gathered brow and lips,  
Wreathed by long scorn, did only sneer, and frown,  
With hue like that, when some great painter dips  
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse." \*

We will detain the narrative no longer. The murderer approached near, and nearer, to where Vicchy was hanging over his child, till he stood beside that nobleman, when seizing his arm, he spake, in a low, though piercing tone. " Do you know that man?" he inquired.

" Know whom?" demanded Vicchy. The other guardedly cast a look towards the centre of the room. Vicchy followed slowly, with his eyes, the furtive, but withering glance of the unknown, till they fell upon the person, with whom Count Rodna had been conversing. As they finally settled there, in a steady gaze, his countenance lighted up,—with recognition. He saw the same man, of whom, the preceding night, he had caught a glimpse, at prayer. Regarding him now, however, with more attention, Vicchy recoiled apace, as he recollected that the memorable occasion, on which he had last been in his company, was, when the Princess Beatrice, in the august presence of the ambassador of Solyman, and the magnates of Hungary, had solemnly accepted the noble for her affianced husband.

" Know him! ay, surely; he is Peter Pereny," answered Vicchy, at the same time falling back, towards the window.

" The very individual, whose bride you made away with," dryly rejoined the other, still at his elbow.

" Liar!" hotly ejaculated Vicchy. The loud tone attracted the ears of some present; but the strange, and daring character, who had called forth the epithet, had already glided, amongst an adjacent party, who were busily engaged, raising the cumbrous armour to its former station. Beholding none within the deep embrasure, but

the father and child, they, who were startled by the exclamation, probably imagined they had misapprehended what had been spoken, for the room became soon cleared of all, save Vicchy, Veronica, and that man, who seemed resolved to link some dreadful purpose of his own, with the interests of Eissenburg.

Again approaching the fated nobleman, "My lord," he said, "I pass over that ugly word, you cast on me erewhiles, in respect that you know me not. See here," continued the ruffian, as he stooped, and raised, in his hands, the blasted dust of parchment—"What sorry spite of Heaven!—But I tell ye," he continued, raising his eyes, and exalting his voice; "Ye who wield the thunder! that the virgin bays of courage shall withstand, and laugh to scorn, your danger; and the behests, and fierce pursuit of crowned heads, shall ye be execute, though ye threap ever so stoutly!—Lord constable," proceeded the man, addressing himself to Vicchy who, with horrified astonishment, regarded him; "unto that indenture, which the silly lightning, as you see, hath incinerated to nothingness, was attached the royal seal and autography of two crowned, and reigning sovereigns offering a vast reward, in case of certain services being rendered, which were therein stipulated."

"But what have I to do," broke in Vicchy, "with this parchment, or its contents?"

"You shall hear," returned the ruffian; "Listen to me. Many are the tongues, into which that proclamation hath been translated; and few the European states whither it hath not penetrated; yet, neither the feudal tyrants of Germany, and of Spain, **SAVE TWO**, nor the millions of their vassals, ever heard of its existence; but the knowledge of its purport, rolls surely, and secretly, like an under-current, beneath the surface of society, and despite the elements, would continue to circulate amongst that class unto whom it is directed, did not one of such this very night, work its predestined will."

"What class?" inquired Vicchy, with a displeased



look, but faltering tone, whilst Veronica's cheek grew pale, as she clung closer to her father's knee.

"Such as I was born, and as thou art become, from circumstances," answered the other, with a grim smile of portentous meaning. Vicchy started, and the ruffian thus proceeded:—"The bandit, the murderer, the outlaw,—men, my lord duke, who are the Arabs of civilized society,—the *condottierri* of Europe! In the Wallachian tents, and the Cyganis' cave, a duplicate of that royal indenture, will be seen posted up,—nailed to the mast of every corsair's galley, it may be read, and let any magnat, between Calpè's cliff, and the flat margin of the Baltic, brave the offended laws, and hold out against the Lord's anointed, and that shrunken warranty shall be met with, on the rebel's festive board, ere the news be a week old. I tell thee, Herezeg of Eissenburg, that, now-a-days, the perusal of that same bit of parchment, is the initiatory rite of half the villains in Christendom." Veronica shook,—a curdling shudder crept through her frame. The damp hand she held, clipped in both hers, she strained convulsively to her lips, whilst her earnest eyes, upturned, watched, with anxious look, the effect of the ruffian's language on her father's countenance.

"Why this, to me?" demanded Vicchy, at last, with an intonation of voice, which he meant should express his indignation, but which, the consciousness of how much, in every way, he was in the villain's power, considerably softened.

"Because thou art of us," was the daring replication.

"How, man?" breathed, rather than exclaimed, the magnat.

"Lord constable, that wert, erewhiles," rejoined the other, with solemn voice; "you would do well to remember, that thy shield is battered, pierced, and that thy shrouded ancestry, will start at the trump of doom, ere thou, or thy child, or her children, shall ever rouse them at the herald's call, beneath those centuried, and erst stainless ensigns, which were handed down for thine in

“Veebly clasped  
 the man in his feeble hold  
 with intense anxiety,  
 The tempter

“but now, I  
 observed the man.  
 and he raised  
 proceeded:—  
 where I have

“come.  
 there, another  
 the vernacular  
 which I will  
 in some

“he ob-

“promises.”  
 horse, and  
 done. I

“Veebly, after a

“Veebly, catch-  
 a sudden tear  
 must not,  
 for the first  
 caressing  
 a gentle voice.  
 a good back, and  
 Vernacular, which I  
 my name  
 “our absence.”

and, having handed her the volume, the man withdrew, beckoning to Vicchy, that he should follow.

"Be still, my little heart, I shall be back in an hour," said the lost noble, with a convulsive attempt to smile, and imprinting a kiss on the forehead of his child.

"Oh, remain where you are!" Veronica exclaimed, with a faint shriek; "the enterprise in which you would engage may be unholy." She looked up—her father had quitted the room; she walked to the window to watch his receding form, till the dark colours of his capote became blended with the deepening shadows of the wood, and then, as she sunk on her knees, a nameless, and chill presentiment crept to her heart.

It was in the midst of grief, and terror, the cause of whose vague excess, she could hardly explain to herself, that the book she had continued, unconsciously, holding in her hand, flew open, and her eye lit on these words,—  
"Come unto me, all ye that are heavy-laden, and I will refresh ye." Young as Veronica was, she had been instructed to peruse that holy testament, with the like single-minded, and undoubting faith, which, immortalized upon earth, and sanctified unto Heaven, those undaunted apostles of the Reformation, who, in that age, raised their protesting outcry, against the splendid idolatry of the see of Rome; and who, at the stake, sealed their belief, in the sufficiency of Jesus's Gospel to salvation; showing up to an ignorant, astonished world, side by side, the "false Florizel," and her antitype, and intrepidly arraigning the papal church, almost in the words of Hamlet to his mother —

"Look here upon this picture, and on this,  
The counterfeited presentment of two brothers :  
See what a grace was seated on his brow,  
This was your husband — look you now what follows :  
Here is your husband — like a mildewed ear  
Blasting his wholesome brother — have you eyes ?  
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed  
And batten on this moor ?"

The important privilege of searching the Scriptures was necessarily vindicated, by the very act of separating from the Roman Catholic community. To the exercise of private judgment, every one, according to the fundamental doctrine of the Reformation, owned an inherent title. But, however incontrovertible in the abstract, this asserted right does not appear to have wrought unmingled benefit to Christianity. From hence have sprung up, in every direction, a vile spawn of sectaries, who, distorting the texts, and warping the tenets of holy writ, would accommodate God's word to their own crude, conceited, and even blasphemous opinions — "*Chacun s'est fait à soi-même un tribunal ou il s'est rendu l'arbitre de sa croyance.*"\*

This persuasion of each individual being both qualified, and entitled to judge for himself, in points of faith, caused the Scriptures, about this period, to be examined, in a fanatical spirit, with a view, either of having preconceived dogmas confirmed, or adopting a new creed, instead of their being taken up in that humble frame of mind, which were more rational, and becoming. Not unfrequently, they were resorted to for the superstitious purpose of ascertaining, from the passages which came uppermost, the line of conduct approved by Heaven, in cases of doubt, emergency, or tribulation; and, in some such mood and temper, our little maiden hied, with devout mien, and composed step, to the privacy of her bed-chamber.

Vicchy, towards evening, returned, alone, from his unwitnessed interview. His daughter, whose ears had long thirsted for the well-known footsteps, flew to welcome him; but he repelled her affectionate caresses, with coldness, if not with displeasure. A withering chill came over the spirit of the little girl, as, stifling the choking sob, and checking the rising tear, she silently turned away. Oh! there is no sting of disappointment.

\* Bossuet.

treachery, ingratitude, and hopeless love — afflictions which shadow the remote perspective of a child's subsequent existence,—that will bear comparison with the stab, that strikes home to his young heart, when its affectionate transports experience that freezing rebuff, ordinary to the thoughtless, and chartered tyranny of his elders. 'Tis as if drops of frost, each sharper than the sharpest lancet, drizzled over every atom of the naked frame. The antidote against the calamities of riper years, may be found in pride, in religion, in the inborn consciousness of rectitude; but the outraged feeling, the repressed solicitude, the crushed affections of the child, can have no such orrivan : again, and again, his passionate thoughts will revert, with suicidal aim, to the poignant remembrance; like the scorpion, that turns upon its own breast, the instrument, that was meant for a protection. Veronica gazed on her father, and instantly discovered, he was no longer the same man — his eyes were glazed — his features haggard, and care-worn — his cheek bloodless — he looked a walking corpse, rather than a living creature. A second time, Veronica, tremblingly approached him, only to encounter a still sharper repulse. "Ah!" thought the wretched girl, in the simplicity of her innocence; "God always hardens the heart of such a sort with wicked men, even, as we read, 'he hardened the heart of Pharaoh,' and this must be what the inspired page referred to. Alas! that naughty villain, who seduced my father—away with him!—would, please God! he had never been born."

Was this, an ominous foreshadowing on that child's soul, of the unknown's influence on her destiny? Was it an unconscious augury? Could she, indeed, have looked into the bosom of time, what bitter excuse would she have there discerned, for that uncharitable, and prophetic aspiration! *Id fatis videbatur!*

Darkness came on; and the tempest, which had not ceased during the entire day, seemed now to summon its whole collected force,—and that was terrible. Out of

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete them.

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[illegible]

whom we allude, was an eminently handsome lad, in the first glow, and buoyancy of existence, having curly hair, full, sparkling, blue eyes, lit with intelligence, and betokening a noble purpose, and a heroic spirit; uncommonly fine teeth, regular features, and olive complexion. He was tall for his years, and the expansion of his chest, and the agile symmetry of his make, were exhibited to advantage, beneath the close vest and tunic of blue velvet, cinctured, by means of a crimson sash, tight to the waist. This lad was commonly styled Sir Sigismund, by the retainers of that chateau, though what was his parentage or birth, remained a mystery. He now lay basking on the floor, in the blaze of firelight, having an immense folio displayed before him, with whose highly illuminated page he seemed intently occupied; not but that, often, for consecutive minutes, he would raise his eyes, and fix them, with a thoughtful tenderness, beyond his years, upon the crackling *krumholz*,\* which presented ten thousand varieties of landscapes, and histrionic marvels, or whatever else, the poetic feeling of the moment, made up of reverie and sensation, might please to conceive or conjure —

“ And oft before his youthful eyes would run,  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse’s ray.”†

For the space of an hour, not a word had passed the lips of any in this apartment, and all had remained nearly stationary, in the respective attitudes, and under the influence of those feelings, we have just described.

At length, Count Rodna broke the protracted silence. “ Methinks,” he said, doffing his outer vest, and casting the robe on the back of his seat, “ methinks these blazing brands remind one of an officious jester, I have heard tell of, whose wit was admirable in itself, but usually ill-timed. An unseasonable blessing is as little estimated, as the worth of one, fallen from his original estate, whose

\* Knee-wood.

† Gray.

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"It was my father," replied Count Rodna. "In view-  
ing this belt," he presently added, "you behold my self-in-  
flicted punishment."

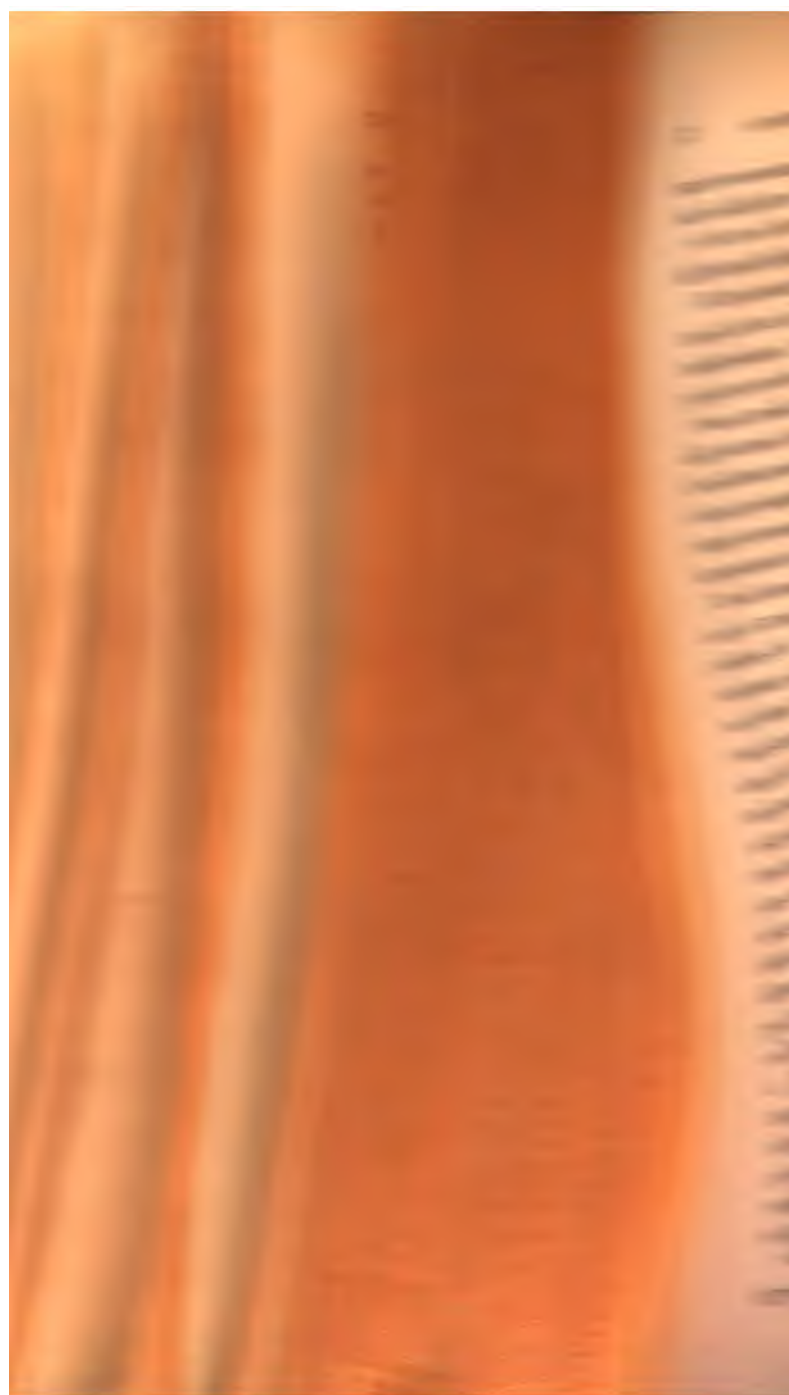
The youthful querist listened with rooted attention, whilst his eyes bespoke the deep interest he felt, in the relation of Count Rodna, and his commiseration for the silent old man; but he did not speak, while the noble yet shortly resumed—"and yet, it was not parricide," he said,—“no!—these hands never shed blood except in the field—but”—he was here interrupted by a deep, and hollow groan:—they started. Veronica passed, with extraneous quickness, between her father, and the general gaze, to conceal his pale, and agonized expression of countenance. It was from him the melancholy sound issued.

"Are you ill, sir?" inquired one of the troop of sentinels, standing near to Vicchy, who, raising his head, was in the act of rendering some brief, and probably, evasive answer, when, at that moment, a loud blast, emitted from the bugle hanging without the fossé, resounded through the ancient dwelling, and aroused every inhabitant within its walls.

And now the storm seemed to rage abroad, with greater violence than ever, and the artillery of Heaven rolled such a dreadful volley through the skies, as to threaten that the building would topple, on the heads of the inmates. Presently, one or two rushed into the apartments, with pale visages, and hair on end, followed by the affrighted janitor, who, in broken and inarticulate speech, gave his master to understand, that some strange person waited without, whose business he could not exactly ascertain.

"How so, man? Will he not tell his errand?" demanded Count Rodna.

"He cannot, I fear," answered the domestic; "his accents are too deep, and grave for life—they are unlike any thing human—and his figure, holy Mary save us!—such a figure!" and the man uplifted the whites of his eyes, and raised his hands on high, in which mute expressions of



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he said; "let us all

head, and whispered a

after he was surrounded by those who had preceded him in his flight in the portal.

Count Rodna bent upon us, that you look so terrible," uttered Sir Sigismund in a low tone, of one of these.

"The horrible deed himself," was the communication of the man to his fellows, delivered in a hoarse, breathless whisper. "I could not look upon him, without a gasp of astonishment."

"Some traitor in distress, who requires shelter," next he assumed his usual voice, "Get you, Donald;" and Count Rodna ceased speaking; for again a summons, as loud and prolonged as the former, not only reverberated through the passages and chambers of the vast edifice, but penetrated to the inmost heart of all who heard it.

The count himself did not seem much to relish his mission; he started homely pale, but, at the same time, quickened his movements. During his absence, the countenance of every individual in the apartment, save one, retained the superstitious terror, which was uppermost in the minds. Save one—the guide of Vicchy, who alone, of all that furnished company, appeared as if he felt small concern in what was going on. His character had no tinge of that visionary superstition, which spread, in those days, a sort of thrilling interest, over the common places, and routine of life. With his eyes, watching the varying expression of Hubert's countenance, and his arms folded together, in composure, he stood, with apparent indifference, amid the group, untouched, in the remotest degree, by that magnetic virtue—sympathy. It was not long, ere Donald re-entered the room, still paler than he quitted it. A bewildered expression of mingled horror and amazement had settled on his brow, and he appeared considerably agitated. Having come up to his master, his quivering lips refused to form the words, which he attempted to utter, in an under tone, and it was with difficulty, he made himself understood.

"How so?" replied Count Rodna, in a more audible—  
—"he *will* speak with me, say you? Was this

message, a message of command to me? Ha! to me, Donald?"

"Not altogether a command; yet his mode of speech, methought, was horribly menacing," answered the other.

"Is he benighted? If so, open wide our gates to him, and we will hear what he has to tell us."

"No," returned Donald, "his was not the voice of distress, nor the bidding of earthly power; and, moreover, he declared, he would not cross the moat; and, for the matter of that, God forbid, I say, that his cloven tread were on the sill of any Christian habitation!"

"Why, Donald," said the venerable Scot, raising himself from his seat, "what contagious folly is here? back! and tell this presumptuous summoner, we will not parley with him, but, if he choose, he can instruct you with his purpose, or pray him to enter. On such a night one's enemy's dog should obtain shelter. Gracious Heavens! there was a peal to wake the dead! Obey me, Donald."

The seneschal, with evident appearance of reluctance, which met an answering expression of sympathy, in the countenance of almost every one present, dragged himself out of the room. Count Rodna remained in a musing attitude, which none present cared to disturb. The silence of expectancy was over all, and the eager, horrified eyes, of every one in the room, were directed to the door, with feverish anxiety. Presently, the ancient follower, manifesting, if possible, still stronger symptoms of consternation, returned.

"The being insists,—'tis his own word—on your appearing before him," began the seneschal: "he has that unfold," he says, "which brooks neither other audience, nor delay: he summons you, by the token that——" Donald's voice faltered. He crept close beside to his venerable master, who, with considerable dignity, took up the word.

"Speak out this invocation," he said; "let us all hear!"—but Donald stooped his head, and whispered a few words, in his ear.

A slight flush suffused the complexion of Count Rodna, which was instantly succeeded, by a deadly paleness. Whatever were his thoughts, he made no reply; but, on the moment, with a calm and resolved air, he rose, and deliberately withdrew, leaving, on the minds of all, as he closed the door after him, an anxious impression of indefinable awe. He proceeded straight to the outer court. The night was as black as ink;—but Count Rodna had, with him, a torch, by the aid of whose light, might be faintly descried, on the opposite side of the moat, the gigantic shadow, whose imperative demand had brought him to the spot. He started back, and the torch, falling to the earth, was extinguished; but, braving himself for the encounter, he again prepared to direct his eyes, towards where the dusky summer stood! when, immediately, the heavy masses of cloud broke asunder, and one red, and fiery star struggled, through the lurid atmosphere. For the first time, that night, the beams of the moon pierced the drifting vapour, and shed a flood of mild lustre, on a little space of green expanse, surrounded by a border of brush, in the midst of which, rose the supernatural appearance. With what emotions of sublime, and thrilling curiosity, did Count Rodna gaze upon that stationary phantom! He deemed, that he beheld, stretching itself before him, a kind of shadowy outline, of some vast, immane, and unformed spectre, and his whole frame was held in an attitude of solemn, and awe-struck contemplation.

“In God’s name! who, and what art thou?” he demanded, in a low and indrawn voice.

The amorphous phantasm, motioned forth its fleshless hand:—

“Exile of Scotland!” he began, in accents horribly unearthly; “you behold the genius of Hungary: I am the same, who, on the eve of Mohacs, would have forewarned King Lewis of his fate, and so have averted the

catastrophe of that disastrous day. I am appointed, for a term, to watch over the destinies of this country, whose ruin is, this night, meant to be consummated, by the massacre of your guest."

"Massacre!—Guest!—Whom?" ejaculated Count Rodna, in a choked and trembling tone.

"The boy Sigismund," replied the phantom, "confided to your care, by Luke Swartz. He must inevitably perish, in cold blood, within these three hours, unless the deed be frustrated, by your changing the lad's dormitory, and hiding from every creature, even from himself, where he will lie this night. I adjure you, do this," proceeded the supernatural voice,—“I adjure you—

By him who fell unshrived, unblest,  
Whose painful memory weighs thy breast!  
By the malison of woe,  
Launched on thy head at Lialithgow:  
By the red ruin of Flodden rill,  
I adjure thee, heed my will!"

As the undefined spectre concluded these last words, a blinding flash of lightning darted across the eyes of Count Rodna;—he closed them:—the rending of elements followed, and so loud and continuous was the sounding forth, that, one would have imagined, the arena of our planet, were substituted for the battling of fiends, in lieu of their native element of fire. At length, all was hushed. Count Rodna looked up. The gigantic vision had vanished, along with the moon's transient halo.

After having, privately, issued directions that, for that night, a translocation of the sleeping chambers of Sigismund and Veronica should be effected; Count Rodna slowly, and wrapt in thought, bent his footsteps to a remote part of the building. He paused, for an instant, before a door, and gently rapped at it. A low and hollow voice, from within, bade him enter. He passed into the apartment:—it was spacious and lofty. At a







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pirit of the departed! do you know that I am innocent?"

The soliloquist paused, and dropped his hands, when, by some accidental movement, his elbow struck the lamp from off the table; the light went out, and the ensive habitant of that remote chamber sat alone, and in darkness. He raised his eyes, and a curdling thrill crept through his veins! for, lo! the prayer, that, almost silently, had welled up from the sanctuary of his soul, had reached its aim, *and had an answer*. The far depths of the room became gradually brightened with a glory, not of this world; and a dim, thin, human shape, slowly developed its indistinct and shadowy outline, by insensibly divesting itself, as it were, of one immortal shroud after another, till it stood, pale and confessed, in ethereal repose.

The dilated orbs of the monk became transfixed, on the apparition, which, by degrees, cleared itself to his sight and sense; and he watched, calm, hueless, and set in immortal beauty, the features of the being, whom, in his rapt musing, he had involuntarily invoked. Awful, and radiant, like that of an angel, shone her countenance: she spoke no word, but fixed her stony gaze upon the ecclesiastic, who caught, for a brief second, one celestial smile—a look that could not die; while, upon those pallid lips, yet safe from the outrage of the tomb, there crept a tremulous motion, which, however slight, evanescent, and inaudible, was intelligible, beyond all articulation. It passed into the beholder's heart, with electric facility, and he saw that his inquiry was answered; and he knew, and soothing was the intuitive consciousness, that all was at length explained; and, he believed, that the spirit of the departed, with a love, not to be dated or bounded by the pulse's throb, had appeared to intimate to him his acquittal. "It was a moment worthy years;" he bowed his head,—and behold!



"IWAN SIGISMUND!" said the father, taking the paper in his hands.

"Iwan and John are equivalent, you know," remarked the boy, with a smile.

"True, my son; though John was, in this case, preferable."

"And now attend to me;—what remains to be done, is not to be forgotten. It is *my* turn to sign;" and the monk took up the pen, and, after looking at Sigismund, for an instant, with a meaning glance, traced the characters of a NAME upon the paper. When he had done, he handed the inscription to the youth, whose countenance and manner, on beholding what was written, betrayed the extremest astonishment. "This half-hour, I trust, will remain indelibly stamped upon the volume of your brain," presently, observed the monk, in an almost solemn voice; "and when next, my son, you cast eyes upon these three signatures, the obscurity you speak of, will be illumined, and you become cognizant of the purport of these papers; till when, may peace, virtue, and honourable thoughts be with you, in all your ingoings and outcomings!" Shortly afterwards, Count Rodna retired, as he came, bearing Sigismund away with him.

Veronica, on retiring to her repose, felt a passing sensation of wonder, at having to substitute for her previous dormitory, the more commodious and splendid chamber, into which she was now shown, by the sedate matron, to whom that duty was assigned, and who, having seen the child into bed, left her to solitude and darkness. The marvellous occurrences of the past day, had contributed to relax the mental powers of Veronica, and to render her more than commonly susceptible of visionary influences. The spirit of superstition, indeed, at that "witching hour," darkened over the house, and found, in the thick-coming fancies of its habitants, a meet atmosphere, wherein to move her "sail-stretched" wings. Every one appeared, more or less, enthralled by the bale-

ful presence,—nor was this vague and involuntary impression, without excuse. The untimely, and, as was believed, the supernatural tempest, which had raged, without intermission, for so many hours, and with such intemperate violence,—the frequent, and sulphureous lightnings, which, throughout the day, had illumined the thick vault of Heaven; the thunderbolt, which that morning had struck the mansion, as if to hurl it to its base,—and rising above all, the visiting phantom, who, so lately, had held mysterious commune with the foreign and unknown proprietor of the domain;—all these causes presented a mighty incentive to shadowy, and imaginary terrors. And what wonder, that a mere child should fail to escape the general contagion? But, in addition to these unsubstantial impressions, the daughter of Eissenburg, had to endure feelings of distress, peculiar to herself. The strange temerity of the man, who had brought them to that temporary residence, his alarming discourse with her father, to which she had listened, with a terrified and absorbed attention; his success in inveigling him, in spite of the element's tempestuous havock, to leave the house—which, child as she was, filled her mind with strong, though indefinite forebodings,—the mysterious conduct, and sullen demeanour of Hubert, since his return; these were incidents, calculated to debilitate her nerves, even until her shattered faculties lost all confidence in their proper strength, and resources.

It will have been gathered, from many incidental notices, that Veronica was no ordinary child,—her understanding was, indeed, precocious, beyond the usual capacities of her age. Nevertheless, it should be considered, that the times on which she was cast, were comparatively unenlightened, and contemporary prejudices tended, of course, to shackle the exercise, and free growth of her natural good sense. Her strong leaning, moreover, to the contemplation of those momentous truths, enforced at the Reformation, and the poetical and prophetic garb, in which those truths clothed themselves,

superinduced a train of thinking, and the lurking incitements to a practical error, with respect to religion, which, although of a distinct character from the prevailing superstition, was not less enervating and fatal.

On this opposite fallacy we have, already, had occasion to animadvert; and it was in that holy, though, if we may so say, somewhat Hebrew spirit, that sublime trust in the omnipresence, and protecting inspiration of her Heavenly Parent, that Veronica breathed, in a soft tone, her extempore and simple supplication to the Deity. The painful impression, which the wonders of the last few hours had wrought on her, she confessed to the abstracted and invisible principle, whose element is infinitude, and she looked for relief and guidance, not to any defined and outward presentment; she invoked no sensuous incarnation, no oracular or mediatory semblance, but confided implicitly in the inward, and spiritual workings of her soul. Her trust rested in the Supreme of things; in the direct ministering of God himself, in her heart. She was slowly, and insensibly detached from this elevation of her nature, by the intervention of certain sounds and appearances, which, for awhile, had solicited her bodily organs, without arresting her mental consciousness. But, however engrossed, her thoughts became gradually abstracted from their divine object, and settled on the mortal and immediate interests, that pressed upon her;—these proved, in the event, sufficiently startling. A stream of light fell across the bed, upon which Veronica knelt, though not until above a minute after her eyes caught the radiance, did she perceive that it issued through a narrow chink or incisure, which the hand of time had worked, or warped, in the wainscot of her apartment. For an instant, Veronica gazed intently on the opening, and, having slid softly from her lofty couch, she cautiously, and with a beating heart, stole to the aperture. On looking through, she descried the mysterious guide, traversing, with hasty tread,





his features were fixed, in an expression of determined, ferocious villany. Passion — fatal and indelible passion — was stamped on his front, in appalling tokens. Usually, in the physiognomy of the most depraved, some evil or other, lurks behind, to evidence, that his common humanity hath lent root to some vulnerable point of weakness; but, about this man, there was no such touch of pity."

" *Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.*"

At a first view, however, the spirit, which looked forth from his brilliant, and fiery glance, might seem to indicate softness, and a generous temperament; but a deeper insight, into its meaning, would correct the illusion. They were not the aspirings of a noble soul — noble, however erring, which that fierce and violent look betokened; but, rather, the sanguinary, and self-willed temper of the criminal murderer. He seemed a man, capable alike of conceiving, and executing the most audacious deeds. One quality, however, distinguished him, which seldom fails to attract the vulgar, and command their admiration, even when accompanied with the allay of a thousand crimes, and although therein, the possessor, after all, only shares the common instinct of the wolf, and the hyena. This consisted in that dogged, indomitable courage, in encountering, and address in surmounting difficulties, which no object could divert, no danger deter, and which, "if the cracked orbs should split and fall,"\* they would not humble. Such was the character, which might be easily gleaned, from a close study of the unknown's countenance, — a character, unreprimed by an atom of principle, and, perhaps, bolstered in its iniquity, by a certain degree of natural talent, and guided and directed, by the appliances of a cultivated mind. If we reflect, for a moment, what tremendous advantage over his fellows, that man possesses, whom Nature hath gifted,

\* Fanshawe.

with a vigorous frame, and a hardy constitution, and who, in the furthering of his selfish schemes, recked neither opinion nor death, nor "the dread of something after death," whom, not even the superstitious misgivings, the *ἄναιστανόρ* of Paganism, restrains, we may form some idea of THEIR critical situation, whose hard fate had thrown them on the trail of this ruthless ruffian, whether, at first, for enemies or friends, in all probability, in the long run, for victims.

Veronica had not, as yet, recovered from her amazement, at witnessing this man's metamorphosis, when three or four low taps, on the adjoining chamber-door aroused her. In an instant, *les grosses tresses* were again collocated over the unknown's black glossy ringlets, and disposed so as to conceal his stern, and polished brow. The immense patch overspread one-half of his countenance, and, instead of the dawn of manhood, which properly distinguished him, his appearance became stamped with an almost senile character. The unknown then proceeded to undo the inside fastening of the door. Veronica could hardly believe her eyes. Was she awake?—Why, what could *her father* want, at midnight, with this man? If her astonishment was unbounded, her apprehensions were no less on the alert. She longed to shriek aloud to Vicchy, that the person before him was other than he seemed. But her tongue clave to the roof of her unmoistened mouth. She felt nailed to the spot, where she stood, beholding, as under a nightmare spell, the fate of her dearest sire, evolve, like some mighty drama, but incapable of stretching out a finger, to avert the catastrophe;—a weight, like that of the Carpathians, lay upon, and unnerved her joints. Whilst she continued in this state of entire incertitude, the door was reclosed, and Vicchy slowly advanced into the room. The change which appeared in him was marvellous; all colour had fled his cheeks, which were of a ghastly whiteness; his eyes were glazed; his limbs seemed too

able to sustain their allotted weight ; he trembled ; and, as he threw himself into a chair, his distracted gaze superadded an appearance of wildness, to the haggard *are*, impressed upon his countenance.

The unknown commenced the interview, with an expression of impatience. "Wherefore," he demanded, "droop'st thou now ? Is not the deed, we meditate, an act of justice ? If there be wrong, let those who command the performance, look to it ; — for us, we are but the executioners of majesty ; thou saw'st the instrument with thine own eyes, — the imperial arms — the sign manual — would'st thou look again ? I have it yet about me. — See, here," and he drew from his person a roll, similar, in shape and appearance, to the parchment, which the lightning had shrivelled that morn. "Call up your blood again, my lord duke, and gaze," proceeded the stranger, as he held the parchment towards Vicchi, with his left hand. "*Ferdinand the First !* ha !" and, at the exclamation, a hollow sound, as of a drum, evidenced the force, with which he struck the fore-finger of his right hand, against the document. "*Charles the Fifth !* do you mark ?" and the dauntless desperado repeated the stroke. "If the emperor, and his brother," he continued, pointing, with his finger, impressively to different parts of the writing, "*will scatter their promissory temptations through Europe, 'tis at their own risk. A fraction of the mighty recompence they engage for, will, through the church's charitable alchemy, root out, from our souls, whatever vile excrescence, obedience to their majesties might engraft there. But thou art dumb.*"

"Not so," responded Vicchy, in a broken voice, "I was but marvelling what offence either Peter Pereny, or this lad can have committed, against Ferdinand and Charles, that they should join in seeking their lives, with such pertinacity ; or how it can be worth their while, to drain their exchequer for such an object."

"That concerns us not," replied the other ; "they,

doubtless, have their sufficing reasons, or they think so, which comes to the same thing."

"Know you no cause?" asked Vicchy, much in that procrastinating spirit, with which, we recollect, when a child, to have turned from the nauseous drug, we knew, we should have, at last, to swallow.

"Men say," returned the unknown, "that Pereny played the traitor before Buda, and was the occasion of Roccandolph's defeat, by the lord regent. If so, he well merits his punishment; though why his life should be pursued so rancorously, is not stated in the proclamation, nor do I pretend to conjecture. But we are losing time."

"Oh, no, we are not," cried Vicchy, eagerly; "while you converse, I forget myself. In pity, talk on. Would you have my aid herein, we must dally awhile; say any thing, only let me hear your voice. Speak on some indifferent matter; tell me, how it is, that, Pereny is still alive, in the teeth of the deadly will of Ferdinand and Charles. By what means has he eluded their vengeance?"

"By disguise, flight, and keeping out of the way? The graf would out-do Proteus, yet I will reach his heart, and set my seal upon him. You must know, for a time, he found a fautorer in Solyman; but the sultan has lately left him to his shifts, not approving, as the report goes, of his having suffered the princess Beatrice, to slip so easily through his fingers — but you know most about that raptus."

"A truce, sir, to such insinuations: there's offence in what you say," replied Vicchy, in a tone of austere gravity.

"Well, well, as you will; your cheek hath now the true livery. Oh, how bravely that hasty spark of anger shows in you! But this gossip is more than idle: have you your weapon?"

"It hangs in my room. In the hurry of the moment, I forgot it," answered Vicchy, tremblingly.

"That was amiss," observed the other. "Here, take mine, whilst I find my way to the apartment, where we spoke this morning, to seize hold of that jewelled spear, suspended against the wainscot. Now for action."

"But leave me a minute's thought, I beg," implored Vicchy, his heart almost failing him; "perchance, we are wrong."

"Not a second, man," answered the unknown: "you allowed, this morning, you had sufficient motives for the deed. I found you apt; why need I repeat my argument—amazing wealth!"

"But, ah! the sin," interrupted Vicchy, in a tone of nervous emotion; "the sin!"

"Pshaw! St. Peter's key is of gold. A trifling penance. Nay, nay, nay; think rather of your revenge. Pereny, recollect, might have prevented your attainder; since he, at all events, must have known your innocence. Be of good cheer. Revenge, which the gods were said to begrudge us mortals, and monopolize to themselves. Dost thou still hesitate? 'Sdeath, what wouldst thou have?"

Vicchy rose, and walked away. He pressed his hand to his brow. "'Tis a horrid crime!" he said, shudderingly, reseating himself, at the foot of the bed.

"That will gold remit; but I tell you, 'tis none. Think yourself the executioner of justice, and well fee'd too; since I swear to thee again, thou shalt have a moiety of the reward. Why dost shake, like a girl in a fever? What a coil is here! Revenge, wealth, on the one hand; on the other, exposure—death! Rise, Eissenburg, and be a man!"

"I am both ways lost," cried Vicchy; "but where," he whispered, "where sleeps the boy?"

"In the next chamber," replied the villain.

"So near!" said the other.

Again he slowly rose, and tottered across the room, seeming to move with difficulty. His face was contorted,

and there was a sinking of his body, which not un-  
 happily represented the strife and loathing within him.  
 After some moments he abruptly came up to the unknown  
 — "Take back his ring aspic," he cried, in a half scream.  
 "I cannot say, where is no resistance."

"Then, my com. with the blackened features, which  
 were now even become the perch of crows," said the  
 other man.

"And better it were so: better my grave were the maw  
 of a scorpion, than shed innocent blood," rejoined Hubert,  
 with deep feeling.

"Indeed," rejoined the young and subtle instigator,  
 who was feeling, or perhaps hearing him, "the prophecy  
 of a child, wearing the crown of Hungary, will be of no  
 avail, its fulfilment being contingent on the death of  
 his son." Thus goaded the serpent, and Vicchy's reso-  
 lution was shaken.

"You say so, then, so it was. Well, I will cast the gold,  
 at the foot of the altar, and perhaps —" The casuist  
 stopped short. The anticipated possibility of Heaven's  
 pardon, he dared not breathe aloud. — "Only," shortly  
 added the wretched father, "suffer me to awake Vero-  
 nica, that she may be in readiness."

"Not before the deed be done," objected the other,  
 with a suppressed, and portentous sort of chuckle. "Re-  
 member one blow, and sure. There must be no death-  
 wound, to turn the house. Then sever the head clean  
 from the shoulders: we lose our labour else. I'll deal  
 with Ferens in the same sort. He's in the chapel, doing  
 penance: he could not die more seasonably for salva-  
 tion. Do you wait on the spot, till I join you."

"What, all alone with the decapitated trunk!" said  
 Vicchy, with an internal shiver.

"Tush! man, I'll warrant 'twill not harm you," re-  
 turned the other. "After having overpowered the war-  
 der, you may arouse your child, and then we have nothing  
 to do but to decamp."

"Who has the ordering of the horses?" inquired Vicchy.

"Unna," was the reply. "She is even now without, waiting for us. Are you resolved?"

"I think I am," murmured the infatuated man; while the idea of his fallen condition burned, like living coal in his heart.

"That's well," said the unknown. "I go. Mark me—ere two minutes elapse, I reach down the spear from the wall; in two more, I calculate to arrive at the chapel; a fifth, and Pereny is a headless corpse. Do you time your movements to mine: courage!" and the dreadful man passed without the chamber.

How can we dive into the mysterious recesses of the human heart, or how explain the torture, the hesitation, the conflicting passions, which held the mind of Vicchy, "like to a little kingdom in a state of insurrection!" This instant, his hand compressed his sword's hilt, with the desperate energy of a maniac; and the next, he cast the weapon from him, with horror and indignation, resolved to lend a deaf ear to the whisperings of his venal nature, and not to act the hireling bravo, though only thereby he might insure his child a diadem, or "reprieve him from the wrath of greatest justice." In this dubious and tumultuous dilemma, Vicchy's soul hovered on the verge of the tremendous abyss. In vain, he conjured up every palliative, that he could think of, to quiet the indignant remonstrances of conscience—in vain, he pleaded hard, that self-preservation left him no choice—in vain, he called to mind the augury of the sybil, and revolved the contingent contrast of amazing wealth, and abject penury—in vain, he endeavoured to trust in the facility of repentance; in the unbounded goodness of his church to her wealthy suppliants—whether as anodynes, or stimulants, these suggestions were of no avail. NOT ALL THE SUBTLETY OF VICCHY'S REASONING COULD RAISE THE DEVIL. "Who hesitates, is lost," is a fiction of the poet,





noble, might rather be regarded as weak, than unprincipled; and, on finding himself borne along, to the very point of such horrible, and revolting crime, the peril of his position, excited an emotion of horror, with which the reader will readily sympathize. It appears wonderful, how the unknown came to trust to the assistance of such a neophyte; a man, too, possessed of such a wavering disposition, as that, which Vicchy had exhibited; but having, himself, at a single *coup d'essai*, "fallen such a pernicious height,"\* the accomplished ruffian (*repente turpissimus*), might not be aware, by what compunctious, and progressive steps, most men descend iniquity's graduated scale. Three minutes went by as a second, and the mind of Vicchy tossed and surged, with the tempest of his emotion. A kind of paralysis came over him, which was the more discomfiting, that he seemed bereaved of all consistent thinking. Over all his ideas, however, one demoniac impulse held tyrant sway, unto which he longed to give the reins, in order to escape from the torturing, giddiness, and agony of mind, which resistance, and incertitude occasioned.

In the meantime, the howling of the storm, never, for an instant, ceased, and it seemed, to the excited mind of Vicchy, that the congregated bolts of Heaven, were being hurled against the devoted mansion. He clasped his hands together, and, pressing them to his forehead, hid his face upon the bed. Thought with him was stagnant. Even as he lay, thus spell bound, all at once, between the intervals of the crashing elements, a soft sigh vibrated, so close on his ear, that, as it were, he could feel its touch; he raised his head, and listened—it was not repeated. Shifting his position, he saw that he was alone; there was no time for surprise, for now he hears a hasty footstep hurrying along the corridor. The gentle suspiration, he had just caught, is "back resounded," and echoed, with an emphasis, such

\* Milton.

as "hell sighed from all her caves, at the hideous name of Death," what time the abhorred offspring of Sin broke through the torn entrails of his incestuous mother, and with an inflamed visage and distracted gestures, he, that heaved that groan, rushed, breathlessly into the chamber. Vicchy trembled. "Sceptered damnation! — we must be betrayed! — the spear is removed from the wall!" was all that, at first, the passionate villain could utter, through his clenched teeth. His one eye shot fire, and his nostrils were distended, partly, perhaps, with rage, but, also, evidencing the indomitable resolution of his nature. "He shall not escape me this time, notwithstanding!" he cried; "give me my sword again?" Vicchy, only the minute before, had thrown the weapon from him; he looked for it upon the bed — started — searched the room, but the instrument was not discoverable. The other, whilst he watched his movements, reciprocated the astonishment, which could be plainly read in Hubert's countenance. In three words, he was informed of the loss of the sword, though its disappearance could not be accounted for.

"Now do you suppose," he replied, "that I'll be fobbed off in this fashion?" and, then, he proceeded to accuse Vicchy, in no measured terms, of practising treachery; the latter rebutted the charge, and vehemently protested his ignorance of how the weapon had been conveyed away.

"I must take your word," said the unknown, seeming to check his rising passion; "since, in the present exigence, I have nothing else for it; but, rely upon this, if you, indeed, play me false, nor time, nor place shall screen you from my vengeance. When you least expect it, at dead of night, I may draw your curtain, or come upon you, in the very heart of rest. Understand, distinctly, Eissenburg, I have a hand and poniard, to reach a traitor's bosom, were he sheltered, under the capacious purple of Cardinal Martinuzzi, or, for that matter, of his Holiness himself — so sure as you betray me, so surely

will I prosecute, and obtain revenge." He paused ; and Vicchy, plunged in thought, received this intimation, in moody silence.

" But your sword hangs in your chamber, you say," resumed the ruffian ; " Wait here — I'll be back, with the graf's head, in a twinkling ;" and again the ruthless desperado quitted the apartment. But not, as in the former instance, did he leave Vicchy a prey to doubt and horror — the removal of the jewelled spear — the unaccountable disappearance of that, with which the ruffian had entrusted him, were startling incidents, which assumed all the appearance of a direct interposition from above. Nay, Vicchy viewed these unexpected obstacles, thrown in the way of murder, as an index of the line of conduct, which the emergency required of him. It was but the turn of an atom in the scale, but that was enough. The unknown's hasty, and ill-timed insinuation of treachery, and the jarring to which it gave occasion, however momentary, operated, like the sprinkling of cold water on one in a syncope, and renewed the tone and elasticity of Vicchy's mind. Influenced by causes, which he looked upon as little less than miraculous, he felt impelled to save the life of the very youth, who, only a minute before, was within an ace of becoming his victim. With nervous trepidation, he measured the few steps to the entrance of the adjoining chamber, and there stood, half a minute, to recover his self-possession. The room, into which he felt his way, was involved in pitchy darkness. Fearing, that the moments were too precious to admit of his now remedying his inadvertence in not having brought with him the lamp, and thinking, at once to awaken Sigismund, and apprise him of the danger, in which he stood of his life, that the lad might seek protection of some of the household, Vicchy immediately advanced forward ; but as he knew neither the size, nor local hindrances of the apartment, he was obliged to grope his way, with a stealthy and ill-assured step. In

this unnatural, and constrained attitude, he had proceeded a few paces, when his ear caught a faint yell, succeeded by the cries of terror, and the groans of death, which appeared to proceed from a remote part of the building. Then he apprehended that the bloody work was going on, and knew that he had not a moment to lose.

"Arise!" he cried, in a vehement whisper, "arise, Sir Sigismund, and save yourself—you will be murdered else. What, ho!—boy up! and escape while yet you may." He had scarcely spoken these words, when a short and wild shriek, uttered, even within a yard of the spot, he stood on, pierced his senses, followed by a noise, which sounded like the fall of a human being upon the floor. There was something in the cry, painfully familiar to him—perhaps his Veronica; but ~~that~~ was too terrible for belief! and Hubert held his breath—his heart stood still—he remained rooted to the spot while the cold drops burst out from every pore:

—————"Oh! that fear,  
When the heart longs to know what it is death to hear."<sup>\*</sup>

At the same moment, there were hurrying to and fro then came shouts and clamour—the clashing of swords and the report of fire arms; and then, the shrill & soul-harrowing exclamation from a hundred voices, "murder!" and the thunder pealed, and the vociferous seemed to be reverberated—horrible murder!—and again and yet again, below—around—far—near, resounded cry of "murder! murder! murder!"—

"—————so from the body of a single deed,  
A thousand ghastly fears and haunting thoughts proceed."

The din of elements, and the human outcry mingled horrors; but the uproar within doors was more awful the raging of the storm. "Murder! sacrilege! seize villain!" resounded from every quarter. The voice

\* Croly.

† Wordsworth.

proached. Presently, after a pause in the elemental "burly burly," of unusual duration, there succeeded a far louder clap of thunder than any yet, and the lightning, which glared away the darkness, quivered along the blade of an extended weapon, right before the eyes of Vicchy; but even louder than the loud thunder, rose the shriek of the magnat, as his distracted vision glanced on the being, who still upheld that instrument of death, though her form and features, which were worth all the world to him, lay stretched on the floor, all wan and lifeless.

The next minute darkness returned, and her father raised the inanimate child in his arms, to convey her to the light. His was a vain endeavour, to loosen from her grasp the naked scimitar. Half way between the two rooms, he was compelled to stand on one side, to let pass a crowd of armed domestics, bearing along with them the murderer, disarmed, and bleeding at every pore. His light hair was scorched, and dabbled in gore, and his hands were incarnadine, with the same horrid fluid. Just as the party came up to where the two were stationed, Veronica, with a short convulsive grasp, recovered her consciousness; but, on beholding the blood-stained spectacle of the assassin, she echoed shriek on shriek, with childish repetition, whilst her father himself was soon incapacitated, from his vain attempts at quieting her terrors. "The villain's confederate!" shouted several voices; "lay hands on him." At the words, the person of Vicchy was forcibly, held captive. To no purpose Veronica reiterated, in a tone of deep emotion, "He is innocent! he is innocent! he would have saved Sir Sigismund." Her piercing exclamations rent the air; but on the air they spent their force—

"————— her words of flame,  
And mightier looks availed not."<sup>o</sup>

• Shelley.

All had too good grounds, they believed, wherewith to substantiate the guilt of Vicchy, and, in their first exasperation, at the crime of the murderer, and bitter joy at his detection, they had no room for sympathy, with his child, and were scarcely in a frame of mind to suspend, or forego their hallowed anger.

But how felt that wretched man? As one, from off whose conscience a fearful load has been removed. True, he was in durance, but that very circumstance, by showing him the brink, on which he had stood, made his heart rebound, in gratitude for his redemption. True, he was about to be carried off to imprisonment on a charge of murder, but he owned the conscious freedom from blood-guiltiness, which he was so near forfeiting, and felt, that the hand of him, who spake the *sou* into being was upon him—*Digitus Dei est hic!*

With what different emotions, and environed by what dreadful circumstances, might he not, at that moment have been under arrest! The contrast struck him with awe and gratitude, to think, that his soul was still white—“*Hal'á Istennek!*” he murmured to himself with deep emotion—“*Hal'á Istennek!*” With these words, he leaped over his daughter, sobbing like a child; but such tears were sweet, and for the first time, since he had entered the house, Vicchy might be said to be comparatively happy. His state of mind, however, though it has required many words for explanation, and analysis, was condensed into single emotion, which was, in him, the birth of an instant. The guard of retainers, armed with carabines, and sword, hurried the prisoners forward, into that same refectory where the venerable Count Rodna had first welcomed Vicchy to the shelter of his hospitable roof. Vera entered, with the general rush, clinging close to her father's knees. Here the party halted for a moment, the purpose of having the murderer and his accomplices ironed.

• God be thanked.

The dauntless intrepidity of the youthful assassin, was bottomed on that *agekinois*, that happy decision, and undoubting confidence, in his own powers of mind, in moments of difficulty and danger, which habitual success is qualified to produce, and which may be considered essential points in the composition of the heroic character. He was fully sensible of his perilous situation, but his spirit, instead of blenching beneath the sudden disaster, expanded to meet the magnitude of the risk, and proved itself equal to the crisis: *Il peut prendre son parti*. Struck to the earth, he yet stood, like a fresh Anteus, and, in the extremity of his fate, his springy spirit rebounded, and made itself triumphant. With a searching eye, he looked about, in what way he might recover his liberty, and the quickness of his genius suggested an expedient, which circumstances seemed to favour. Suddenly, and almost at unawares, he extricated his sword-arm, out of the gripe of his right-hand guard, and, as he tripped up the fellow's heels, snatched a carabine from his baldric. With the butt-end, he dashed to the ground one near him, who had raised a dagger within a hand's breadth of his bosom. Seized by another assailant, he brought the muzzle of the carabine, within an inch of his head, and, firing, shot him dead upon the spot: then, wielding an arm of iron, he either struck down, or shook off, the restraint of such as closed around him, and, with a bound, like that of a tiger, clearing the space to where Veronica, trembling and pale, stood, near her father, wrenched the sword, she held, perhaps, unconsciously, out of the child's grasp, and, at once, sprung upon his assailants, with the fury of a hunted lion, among a pack of hounds. All this passed like successive flashes of the lightning. It happened, that the defence of the domestics was weakened, and their object distracted, by the apparent necessity of maintaining guard over the prisoner, who remained inactive. Profiting by this imperfect resistance, the dauntless villain, nerved with a strength, few men could boast, pressed his

with such skill and vigour, that his dismayed opponents fled from him on all sides. The great number of those who were not disabled, or sent on to the place of death, were collected, at the upper end of the apartment. As the fray relaxed, carabines were loaded and discharged in the invincible swordsman, but sweeping movements, and the rapidity of his attack, mowed the thick row of men, in the confusion of a sword, though missed, he might hardly, much less have assumed the described shot, which whizzed across him, from the commencement, he had not ascertained a mode of defence, which Heaven itself seemed open to him. The sword being still at the hottest, darted off, with the speed and fierceness of a falcon, wing to the opposite side of the apartment. As he himself, of a ledge, which jutted out beneath the window, he caught, gymnastically, with his hand, at one of pointed arches, which had resisted the thunderbolt of preceding day, and, at his clutch, a considerable portion of the shifted casement, worn by time, or else injured by lightning, fell inward, with a tremendous crash. In an instant after, his athletic form was seen towering in the breach, as in mid air. There, with a hoarse cry of defiance, he poised himself for a moment, and, while a dozen bullets rattled, impotent, against mouldering framework, the baffled marksmen caught the splashing sound without, which told they had plunged, into the waters of the moat. Thus the known assured his safety, and his enraged guards, joining it hopeless to endeavour to recapture him, were solved, that the remaining delinquent should not liberally effect his escape. For greater security, as hands were not forthcoming, they proceeded to pinion his arms over the elbows, by a strong cord, drawn tight round his body, and carefully knotted behind. While this being made fast, the door, at the lower end of the apartment, was unclosed, and a number of the retainers of the ho-



hold were seen advancing, in mournful procession, bearing the gory corpse of him, who had been murdered, at the foot of the altar. The body was here deposited on the large table, in the middle of the apartment. The eyes of Vicchy were naturally turned to the spot. There stood the monk, whom he had twice before fallen on with beneath that roof, and whom, likewise, he had beheld, under mysterious circumstances, during his absence with, the homicide; his face, which was overshadowed by his cowl, was gently bent over the corpse, and he appeared absorbed in contemplation of that gory spectacle. Presently, Vicchy's looks encountered those of a man, who stood a short way off, with folded arms and a thoughtful eye. He started. "Merciful powers!" he murmured, "can it be he? — Pereny! — alive and unharmed! If, if thou art not a mockery, — what cold, stiff, and senseless clod of earth is *that*, whose ghastly form lies stretched upon the bloody table? *Whom has the assassin sacrificed?*" He gazed wildly in the direction of the corpse, but the course of his thoughts was here interrupted by the lad Sigismund, who, in uncontrollable agitation, threw himself beside the dead body, bursting out in a tone, which went through the hearts of all present —

"My more than father, dost thou lie there, weltering in thy blood? Let me mingle my tears with the precious current — and is grief then all the incense, thy bleeding corpse should obtain? Alas! I have none else; but a day may come — yes, a day may come, when thy ashes shall be bedewed, and thy spirit appeased, with manlier offerings, and yet this blood may call down retribution; till then, the curse of Cain be on thy murderer: and, be this my memory." Saying these words, he tore off the corner of a light silken scarf, from the waist of the murdered man, and pressing it in the ensanguined die, thus subjoined, in a more solemn tone: "I vow, through all time, and all change, to bear this property about me, till hereafter, I come across the author of this butchery!"

when I will steep it in his heart's best blood ; so help me God, at my need, as I fulfil my engagement, and expiate thy death — friend, protector, cherisher of the friendless orphan !" and the boy, placing the shred within his vest, fell, weeping, on the floor.

A piteous exclamation, or yell of deep grief, burst from the assembled retainers of the murdered count, which, presently, gave place to the graver lament of Pereny, who, deeply moved, bent over the body. "And art thou gone before me, my friend ? — exile of Caledonia ! Hath thy long pilgrimage closed at last, in blood ? Whom have I now to speak to, of the glory and shame of the past, the horrors of the present, or the chances of the future ? In whose sympathising ear shall I confide my misfortunes ? Thou couldst, indeed, feel for the Hungarian magnat ; for as our fate was not dissimilar, so our woes were the same ; thou readest my grief in thine own heart. Oh ! would to God, I were laid beside thee, my last, my only friend !" Vicchy heard no more, for now he, and his daughter were withdrawn from the apartment.

## MANUSCRIPT VIII.

" *Bis ille miser, qui carus amavit.*"

MILTON.

" Upon those pallid lips,  
So sweet, even in their silence — on those eyes,  
That image sleep in death — upon that form,  
Yet safe from the worms' outrage, let no tear  
Be shed, — not even in thought."

ALASTON.

" Virtuous men pass mildly away,  
And whisper to their souls to go :  
While some of their sad friends do say,  
The breath goes now ; and some say, no !"

DONNE.

WE think it right, in order to clear the way, for the more important, and, perhaps, more interesting scene which presently will begin to open, to elucidate, forthwith, one or two points in the last chapter, which, lying, as it were, out of our direct path, we were diverted from noticing, at the time, by the rapid and straight-forward tenor of our narrative. Having, however, helped our principal actor off the stage, *via* the window, we find we have breath and leisure to look about us, and are quite ready to resolve any difficulty, to the satisfaction of the fair reader. You take us at our word, you say. Much obliged, my dear young lady ; be pleased to mention what explanation you require, and we will set about giving it accordingly.

*The Reader.* — Imprimis, then, Mr. S. (excuse my

handmaiden, may I ask, by whose agency the jewelled spear came to be removed away so opportunely, from where it was slung over the chimney-piece? — *Answer.* By that of Veronica, who, having overheard the disguised homicide signify his intention of using it, in the deed he meditated, hit upon that mode of frustrating his designs. Impelled, by that fearless decision, we love to recognise in her character, after hurriedly slipping on some night body-dress, she stole, on tiptoe, with a beating heart, and a cheek, pale at her own purpose, into the *antechamber*, and carried the sword thence, into her own chamber.

*The Reader.* — Prodigious! a fine child of her years, truly! — and this occurred in the dark? Did she jump at it to grasp the weapon, like an autumnal fruit, drop into her lap of its own volition? — *Answer.* My fair critic is pleased to be facetious; but the sword, in question, bore no resemblance to those spears of Mars,\* cited by *Julius Obsequens*; and, besides, Veronica did not work in the dark. She luckily remembered observing, in the room, where, on the preceding evening, the several members of the household had congregated, more than one lamp on a side-table. This room happened to branch off from the gallery, midway between her own chamber, and the refectory. Thither, in the first instance, with light and quick steps, she necessarily repaired. As a feeble blaze yet glimmered, in the hearth, she found no difficulty in obtaining a light, which, of course, facilitated her subsequent operations.

Now, we are ready to acknowledge, that the sword came into her possession, by a sadly common-place process, although we are in our fair critic's judgment, whether it was not one, which, under the circumstances, was perfectly natural. She raised herself within reach of the weapon, by mounting a table.

\* "*Hastæ Martis in regia sua sponte motæ.*"

*The Reader.*—Quite an exploit!—and I suppose we are to ascribe, to the same officious little lady, the purloining of the other sword?—*Answer.*

The conjecture does credit to your discernment, madam : she had not returned to her room, above a minute, ere the stranger quitted her father. We need scarcely remark on the state of exaltation, to which the mind of Veronica was wrought. She had been governed by an almost preternatural impulse, in venturing on the bold feat, she had just accomplished, and the excitation of her spirits, which bore her successfully, through so arduous an adventure, had not yet subsided.

The reader may object, perhaps, the incompatibility of the incident, we have recorded, with the fewness of the years of Veronica. With the pride, which custom authorizes, and which originally takes its rise from his physical superiority, although that be often the only advantage he can claim, the adult looks down, from his fancied height, on the inexperience of the child, and is apt to believe his nature too unripe, to put forth those mental resources, in moments of extremity, which even manhood, not seldom, fails to exhibit. How far this presumption of juvenile incapacity may have a certain coincidence with the fact, from its tendency, like prophecy, to lend a helping hand to its own fulfilment, we are not prepared to say ; but we know, that examples occasionally occur, at that immature period, of the simultaneous conception, and execution, of extraordinary deeds, depending, for their fortunate issue, on the native energy, and courage of the actor, which would not discredit the sustained and habitual character of riper years.

Veronica, with shame and agony, apprehended, that her father had been deluded, by the sophistry of the unknown. She shuddered at the thought, even as his better angel, in such a straight, might be supposed to tremble for his soul. She was not aware, that, in ignorance of the translocation, which had taken place, his

dreadful purpose would lead him into the bed-chamber, she then occupied. *Whom* he meant to assassinate, she could not guess, nor, indeed, could her mind easily admit the possibility of such a crime; but her good genius, stimulated by filial love, and fertile in expedients, as it first prompted her to frustrate the villany of the ruffian, so it afterwards inspired her, with like resolution, to disarm her father. Having witnessed the unconscious movement, with which Vicchy tossed the weapon upon the bed, she took advantage of his abstraction, to stealthily trip along the floor of the room, and steal away the instrument. Then she awaited the event, in a state of wretchedness, which only those can conceive, who, like her, have had to weep over the frailty of a parent. What was her consternation, when she found Hubert pass, from the adjacent chamber, into hers! The child could not conjecture his object; she stood, speechless with affright, racked, by the double agony of terror and suspense. But, when she gleaned from his words, *that*, far from meditating evil, her father had come, in fact, with the view to warn Sir Sigismund of his danger, the sudden conviction struck her, that she had all along misapprehended his purpose. The ecstatic joy of which idea, caused that revulsion of spirits, the effect of which we have elsewhere described.

Have you, my fair critic, any further inquiry to put?

*The Reader.*—Oh, a dozen. Pray, how happened “the great unknown” to blunder so egregiously as to kill one man for another? Was it not the villain’s design solely to compass the death of Pereny? I admit, his homicidal nature might discover, in the reward offered, a sufficient temptation to commit that crime, and, perhaps, (such a microscopic eye is villany cursed with,) he might descry some justification, in the alleged treason of his victim. But why make a merit with Satan, by slaying Count Rodna? What “stoned his heart,” that he should “do a murder,” when he merely intended “a sacrifice?”—

*Author.* My dear young lady, you are really excruciating; you do run on so. If you will only allow us to edge in a syllable, we believe we can clear up this point to your satisfaction. The unknown, in the course of his inquiries respecting the topography of the chateau, had ascertained, amongst other particulars, that the graf Pereny was in the habit of spending the greater part of the night in the private chapel, which was appended to the mansion. One portal of this consecrated building was fantastically carved and heavy, and, withal, so dilapidated by time, and overgrown with speckled lichen, that it might not wholly close, though continually flapping, in the wind, against its frame. This entrance, from the internal quadrangle, was indiscriminately used by the whole household. Happening to pass, on the previous night, the stranger had remarked a man, kneeling before an opposite shrine, and hence, he concluded, with too great precipitance, that this individual could be no other, than his destined victim.

The body of the chapel was usually appropriated to the religious worship of the *οι πολλοι*; thence, a few stairs led into a narrow, small oratory, sanctified by containing a painting of the Virgin, reported to possess sundry miraculous properties. Here a private door opened into the interior of the mansion, and directly communicated with the gallery. It was through this door, that Vicchy (as he and Donald traversed the lobby) beheld Pereny in the act of genuflection, before the shrine of Our Lady. The unknown, having armed himself with Vicchy's sword, cautiously crossed the narrow court, and glided into the chapel, through the open door. As if he trod upon trembling ice, he measured the trifling distance, from the entrance of the oratory to the holy crypt, where the pious votary, with riveted eye, and abased mien, seemed embodied with the flag-pavement, on which he knelt. The light of one long waxen taper, which twinkled before the crucifix, struggled through the misty atmosphere of the

chapel, and shed a faint, yet direct gleam, on the bent head of the crouching worshipper. Owing to that deep posture of humiliation, it was impossible to distinguish his form and features; but, acting on his previous misconception, the wily ruffian shortly stood right over the solitary suppliant.

“Hold!” thundered a single voice in his ear. It came, alas! too late. Count Rodna, in the same instant, fell, pierced to the heart, and, in the next, the sword of Donald was struck from his palsied hand. At that moment, Pereny rushed from the gallery, and the retainers of the mansion crowded into the chapel, by the way, which had given admittance to the assassin.

In consequence of the mysterious intimation of the phantom, Count Rodna had directed his household, to hold themselves under arms during the night; and Donald, who had been the bearer of his master’s orders, directly afterwards, (owing to a private misgiving, which, however indefinite, he thought he had cause to entertain,) set himself to watch the chamber-door of Hubert. It was closed, and he knew not the room was empty. He had not lain long perdu, ere, to his surprise, he beheld the unknown enter the apartment, and presently after, observed him issue forth, armed with a naked sword. With vague apprehensions floating on his mind, Donald followed the steps of the villain, as closely as his age and infirmities permitted; but came up too tardily to prevent a catastrophe, which he could not have foreboded. His exclamations drew many of the household into the chapel, with drawn rapiers, and looks of vengeance.

“Oh! my dear, dear master,” murmured the dying seneschal—then upbraidingly fixing his eyes on the truculent assassin, he proceeded, in feebler accents—“Murderer! you have slain the ——.”

What Donald would further have spoken “stuck in



his throat," and the next minute he gave up his soul to his Creator.

Meantime, the assassin encountered the attacks of the multitude with his natural bravery : more than one of his foes fell beneath his rapid strokes, whilst several were maimed for life ; and it became doubtful, at one time, how the contest would terminate ; when, suddenly, the sword of Vicchy snapped at the hilt, and although the unknown, with only his long dirk, kept his assailants at bay for a short period, he soon after offered to surrender. The rest we have already told. Q. E. D.

I see the gentle reader is prepared with another difficulty. Let her, in as few words as may accord with the privilege of her eloquent sex, start it, and we will set about working the problem, without that minuteness of detail, which were incompatible with the subordinate place, which should belong to this episode, in the general design of our history.

*The Reader.* — You are too polite by half, sir. Whither, then, did the " great unknown " lead Vicchy, when the two set forth on their ramble, " in thunder, lightning, and in rain ? "

*Author.* — Hearken, my dear. The pair soon lost sight of the chateau : Vicchy exerted himself to keep up with the swift, and steady pace of his terrible conductor, almost mechanically ; whilst, breaking his path, through bush and bramble, the villain led the way, in a zig-zag and involved course, as if rather with the view of bewildering his belated follower, amidst the intricacies of the forest, than pursuing any certain direction. After walking, with extreme haste, for the space of an hour, the unknown, suddenly, struck out of the woody depths, into a very rugged, narrow footway, hemmed in between two consistencies of mud and hedge, which bore all the character of a steep, dirty lane, or rather gully. This brought them, at length, before a natural insulated projection of rock, or stratified schist, impending in sharp

edges, some few feet over the surface of a large dell, and crowned by the frail flowers of the white saxifrage. Within, was excavated a vast cavern, whose entrance, in other respects hardly accessible, was, besides, effectually screened from all chance-discovery, by the thicknesses of myrtle, bramble, and dog-rose, which, springing from the light stratum between the shelving of the rock, clustered around, and there gave out their odours. These, it seemed, being held in, on one side, indicated two or three narrow, and precarious steps of mica slate, which descended through the jaws of the cave. It was necessary to use a creeping posture, in order to find ingress, and Vicchy, as he followed his leader through the complicated foliage, and backed into the passage, though a brave man, had some secret misgivings, which he would willingly have hidden from himself, if the increased throbbing of his heart had let him. Stifling, however, his apprehensions, by an exertion which he deemed intrepidity, though it was nothing but winking cowardice, he continued to descend, when, after a few yards, the width of the gulf suddenly expanding, he was able to assume an erect posture, and found himself standing in a roomy cavern, the dimensions of which were lost, in customary darkness. The veins of quartz, apparently imbedded around, assumed, for a few paces, an almost argentine character, owing to the red day-light glow, which, like a fire of naphtha, at first, irradiated the mouth of the cavern, though it rapidly faded into the Cimmerian gloom, that wrapt the boundaries of the interior. Hubert found the atmosphere neither so confined nor chill, as might have been expected; the free, and wholesome air having vent, through some natural spiracles in the rock. To such dark and dreary solitude, and shelter, as this place afforded, his associate, having first promised, that he would speedily be back, without further apology, left Vicchy. The ruffian turned an angle at one extremity of the subterraneous chamber, where, directly beyond a

lamellated mass of rock, there was a narrow outlet, opening, probably, into the more profound recesses of the natural mansion. Vicchy seated himself on a large stone, at some distance from the entrance, and in no enviable frame of mind, awaited the issue of this strange adventure. But, whatever were his meditations, he was not suffered to brood over them long. They were interrupted, by the apparition of a tall shape, darkening the mouth of the chasm, whose outline, although strongly defined in the light, was all that the deep obscurity within would allow him to distinguish. Vicchy did not stir, and, presently, the form glided away, and was lost in the receding umbrage of the vault.

With that sort of desperate courage, which is not unallied to fear, Vicchy instantly rose, and proceeded forwards, with his arms outstretched, in the direction, which the feeble echo of receding footsteps pointed out. In this manner, trusting, solely, to the sense of hearing, Vicchy explored several paces, when, suddenly, his extended waist was clipped, with a powerful pressure, by cold clammy fingers, and a voice, singularly hollow and sepulchral, whispered in his ear, "This is your way; make no resistance, but come with me." With the unstable feeling of one in a dream, Hubert was led along several winding passages, in the midst of darkness, so substantial, that, in the emphatic phrase of scripture, it might be said to be "felt." All at once, a dim ray of light glimmered through a narrow slit or loop-hole, in the ruinous sides of the cavern, and here they stopped short. At that moment, he heard, near him, the tremulous moan of one in prayer or agony. Having cautiously removed, with its lank fingers, a piece of earth, loosely inserted in a fissure of the rock, the dubious figure, in a low mysterious voice, directed Hubert to gaze in at the crevice; he obeyed, and beheld a small chamber, somewhat irregular in shape, and duskily lighted. It was rude and desolate, and afforded small appearance of ac-



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commodation. The walls were hewn out of the same testaceous strata, which distinguished the entire cave, and, like the ceiling, were thickly coated, with the stifling smoke of centuries, which, after circling through the apartment, was wont to escape, with difficulty, through some fissure, or disruption of the roof. In a further corner, was a dull charcoal fire, whose fluttering flame painted the earthy walls, with intermitting hues, and diffused around, the wierdlike gloom of glowing embers. A few chairs, a table, and a wooden bench, lay about "in admired disorder."

On one side, stood a miserable pallet, over and about which, a tattered coverlet hung, by way of curtain,—but what pale blighted form lies stretched within that wretched couch? her blue eyes turned upwards, and a single auburn ringlet on her shoulder. On whose ashy countenance, even now convulsed with the last mortal agony, does the low flame throw its wavering light? It is that of a woman, still young—and once how beautiful! whom Vicchy well remembered to have seen in other days, and under happier auspices. And that other, — he, who, seated on a chair by the bedside, leans, anxiously, but with face averted, and posture fixed, as in mockery of monumental stone, over the form of the shrived penitent,—athwart, what brow is thrown that dark habit? What is he, who, uplifting a leaden cross, is even now hearkening to the last faint words of her, whose soul he had just "cleansed of that perilous stuff, which weighs upon the heart?"

" And still the crucifix on high  
He holds before the darkening eye,  
And still he bends an anxious ear,  
The faltering penitence to hear."\*

In his hand, may be noticed a bundle of papers, and ever, as the low, deep-drawn sighs, which precede dissolution,

\* The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

pierce his ear, the vehement and convulsive play of his fingers on the roll, seem to evince his sympathy, with the dying sufferer.

Father, said the female, in feeble and broken accents, "Let me implore you, by that salvation you pledged, to remember your promise, that those papers be not opened during the reign of the regent Martinuzzi. They evidence the tragic story of my confession, and detail, how I became an accomplice in that crime, of which, through the blood of Jesus, I stand this hour assoiled."

The obscure figure beside him, at that moment, plucked Vicchy by his mantle, as if to request his attention, and then lifted up its voice.

"Eissenburg," she whispered, but in tones so low and unearthly, that they added to the solemnity of her speech, in the darkness of that vault,—"*Eissenberg*, I bid thee now bear witness, she has said it,—that packet holds the destinies of Hungary. One day, I may have to command you to declare, before the world, the particulars of the death-bed of ———: that woman—listen! she speaks again." — "One thing more I'd fain mention, before the world roll utterly away from my affections," resumed the gasping female; but her speech was so interrupted, with the hard sobs of mortal strife, that it was with difficulty Vicchy could catch its purport. "Once," she proceeded, "in my sore agony,—it was in my madness,—I cursed that man. Him—the cause of all—my fatal fall, my anguish, and of this mighty crime, charactered in that paper, and which, erewhiles, I spake of."

"But thou recallest thy malison," cried the ghostly confessor, with strong inward emotion, bending closer over the low couch of the wrestling soul.

"Recall it, father!" faltered out the female, raising herself for an instant, with expiring strength; "recall

quent sapphire beams forth serene, like angel eyes; where glow the empurpled amethyst, beryls almost cerulean, and jasper, bright as the spear-grass, near the ebbing wave; gems, yet virgin of the sun, and such as rarely chance to deck the pomp of courts, emit their restless splendour in eclipse. This dim twilight, which, by long practice, gives me to behold, with distinctness, each opening of the cave, or shelving rock, spangled with pearls of dew, and every choicest stone, or sparkling fossil, that veins its walls, but never stole a charm of light, or colour, from the day, is, to thy eyes, blind vacancy. Those perpetual hues of spar and crystal, that, couched in the vaulted roof,\* rival the glorious stars, are quenched, to thee, in darkness:—rest thee a while; I will return.”

The figure moved away; but, ere the lapse of a minute, reappeared, bearing a small dark lantern, the dull and feeble ray of whose light, falling in a direct stream upon the wild dress and withered features of the bearer, illuminated them, at the same time that comparative darkness continued to brood over all, beyond the immediate spot, in which they stood.

“Have you, I repeat, any recollection of where, and when, you encountered her, who now addresses you?” demanded the fearful shape, at the same time raising the lamp to within a small distance of her face, and then slowly lowering it, so as to enable Vicchy to have a perfect view of her tall, gaunt form, and shrivelled, writhen features. Her lineaments were wild and haggard; her complexion, discoloured by an unnatural paleness, was of the consistency of parchment; her eyes were red, and bloodshot; her long, elfin locks, were tangled over her shoulders, and their ends were tinged of a reddish hue, with cna; her hands and feet were of the same

\* A rich specimen of Transylvanian ore may be seen in the British Museum.



colour.\* She was wrapped in a mantle of woollen cloth, which partly concealed the peculiarities of a costume, which, in other respects, had something in it of an Asiatic character. In short, her whole attire and manner spoke her for a Cygani.

Vicchy, at the first glance, recognised the person, with whom he was now confronted, for that mysterious woman, whose remembrance was accompanied by gratitude for lives rescued, and was associated, besides, with the announcement of a prophecy, to which his heart still clung, with fond credulity.

"The forest of Belivar,"† began Vicchy, in a low voice.

"Enough," interposed the other, whom we may as well designate, by her usual appellation of Unna;—"enough, and thou rememberest, what was the lot portioned out unto thy child?" And she proceeded to repeat, word for word, her former prediction of high estate, to Veronica. "But," she added, imperiously, "the boy, Sigismund, now an inmate in the house of Count Rodna, seems fated, to stand between thy issue and a crown. Thou lovest thy offspring, and thou dost not want ambition. Eissenburg, if he live, I tell you, that stripling will hereafter ascend a throne, in bar of the heir of Walstein; but 'tis characterized, in the bright tracery of the star; the hand of fate hath inscribed, with adamantine pen, on the brass-leaved tablet of TIME THAT HATH NOT YET BEEN, that a golden glory shall circle the head of Veronica, of Eissenburg. I have read it, and who shall gainsay what I predestine, darkling, through the gloom of the future? Only the death of Sigismund, can reconcile this contradiction. I have done,—thou art a father; thy destiny calls aloud on thee!—thou hast a dagger!

\* We are indebted, for these minutiae, to Brown's Travels in Dacia, Styria, &c. London, 4to. 1688.

† Situated on the Draave.

quest supplies beams fresh  
 where glow the ~~apocryphal~~ amethyst, beryl  
 lux, and jasper, bright as the ~~gemstone~~  
 thing wave; ~~your~~ <sup>your</sup> ~~prince~~ <sup>prince</sup> of the sun, and  
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this way,—not a syllable,—hush!”—and Unna reconducted him to that part of the vault, where he had first entered; and then, without another word, retired from his presence. She had scarcely been gone a minute, ere the mouth of the excavation became again darkened, and the unknown, who had accompanied Vicchy thither, made his re-appearance, hauling along with him, several packages, containing Hubert’s property. These consisted of various articles of clothing, which weighed all the heavier, on account of certain rolls of Hungarian ducats, with which they were interspersed.

“ You see, I am a man of my word,” said the daring bandit. Vicchy made no reply, and his companion, laying his hand on sundry weighty canvass bags, presently resumed:—“ ’Tis only this minute,” he said, “ I observed your *spécie*. Do you count over the shiners, to satisfy yourself, they are all right; the beasts are comfortably lodged in a barn, not a furlong off. So now,” he shortly resumed, having drawn his companion near the entrance; “ if you will take my advice, you will leave these *pensas auri*, and moveables where they at present are, till night-time; hearken to what I shall unfold to you,”—and, bending down, the villain gradually proceeded to open to his hearer, his horrible scheme of murder. Whilst throwing open his vestment, he offered the imperial proclamation, already mentioned, to the notice of Vicchy, and the better to illustrate and enforce his arguments, construed it aloud. He concluded, by pressing the Hungarian noble, with the most plausible inducements, his ingenuity suggested, to aid him in his diabolical enterprise. The speciousness of the lure was nicely adapted to the circumstances of the individual, and during more than an hour’s earnest discussion, one by one, all the intrenchments and bastions, which Vicchy’s better angel had set up for his defence, were either relinquished, or broken down, by his arch assaulter, until the dream of his greedy imagination became fully pos-

seduced of the devil,—that only devil, who, in our belief, ever yet whirled his headlong chariot wheels over the ruins of conscience, and of duty,..SELF!"——

We need say no more on this head. Of the subsequent vacillancy, and ultimate conduct of the Hungarian noble, the reader (if he have not skipped) is already informed.—Q. E. D. Is our fair critic prepared with another difficulty?

*The Reader.*—My dear sir, I fear you are making these explanations of yours, as interminable as the autobiography of Tristram Shandy, whose history, proceeded, as it were, in simple arithmetical progression, whilst the subject matter of his life, was accumulating in a geometrical ratio. You are in the moon; and not having the winged griffin of the Italian poet, I cannot keep up with such extravagant flights.

*Author.*—My dear madam, let me entreat of you, not to talk so figuratively. Be pleased to speak in a more familiar way, and to the point.

*The Reader*, rousing herself from a musing posture.—I see your drift, sir; you would fain, like a true criminal, make a kind of *prolepsis* of me; but who, unless he were conscious of the weakness of his incidents, would attempt to anticipate the objections of his critics?

*The Author.*—We think it extremely unfair, your taking advantage of our politeness, in having admitted you behind the scenes, to insinuate such charges. We would thank you to say briefly, whether there remains any particular, which, in your opinion, requires to be cleared up? We pause for a reply.

*The Reader.*—Verily, Mr. S., there is appended to your last explanation, new matter, which I, in common with the rest of your readers, am curious to understand. Who, in the name of wonder, is she, whom you have introduced, and dismissed to her last account, almost in a breath—a page, I would say? The confessor, I presume, can be no other than our precious acquaintance, Father

Dominick; and the packet, I take it, must be *the* packet, of which we heard enough, in an earlier chapter,—manuscript, I would say.

*Author.* — We must really stand excused, if, on second thought, we decline any further anticipating the interest of our story.

*The Reader.* — As you please: the patience of your reader will not be severely tasked, by your choosing to omit the explanation; but what objection have you to tell us, who is Count Rodna? Who, Sir Sigismund?

*Author.*—“ Je vous prie de m’excuser, ma curieuse.”

*The Reader.*—“ Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra?” — I have done with you, sir, for my part, and would recommend you to give over tampering with the better judgment of your readers. When ever did the hawk forego his natural prey, at the plaint of the nightingale? and think you, that critics will spare an author for his special pleading? *Risum teneatis amici!*

*Author.*— Say you so, my fair incognita? Then here, all necessary explanations being summed up, we leave any further development to take its appropriate place in the currency of the narrative.

## MANUSCRIPT IX.

"Oh, Poverty! thou art indeed omnipotent! thou grindest us into desperation, thou confoundest all our boasted, and most deep rooted principles!—thou fillest us to the very brim with malice and revenge, and renderest us capable of acts of unknown horror."

CALEB WILLIAMS.

"Serpens decepit me."—*Genesis*, c. iii. ver. 13.

As we are not at present engaged in the biography of the Duke of Eissenburg, we have no desire, *à force d'ennuyer*, to illustrate the minuter shades of his character. The various incidents of his life, can only concern the reader, so far as they happen to fall within the general scope of our narrative, or may conduce to the interest, and unravelling of our story, in the ordonnance of which, the character of Vicchy, however, worthy of the best attention of the craniologist, should not be so prominent as to disturb "a clear and united view," as Lord Shaftesbury renders the *το εὐσυνόκτων* of Aristotle. For which reason, we intend to advance, as it were, *per saltum*, and overleap the few years that intervened between the death of Count Rodna, and the opening of our tale,—a gap, by the bye, comprehending a period of time, in which the more unlucky of our readers might have undergone the full penalty of petty larceny in the Bay of Botany, and again be thriving at their "dirty work," in Broad-street,

St. Giles's; yet, however, long the interval, it passes ~~over~~ as imperceptibly, as we have observed the pages of a ~~full~~ novel, under the mechanical fingers of a jaded reader: or, as do the orthodox twenty minutes of the ~~reverend~~ Dr. —, commonly consumed, by the oblivious church-woman, in the world of dreams.

Vodny had been consigned to a gloomy chamber, designated for the domestic prison of the chateau. The sides were characteristically ornamented with heavy irons, and a massive chain went entirely round the walls, with the exception of the interval of the door, which was fabricated of iron, and lined with cloth, in order to deaden sound. This singular fitting up, and appropriation of an apartment in a private residence, significant of the disorganized condition of the country, at the era of our story, is still remaining in Hungarian habitations. On the evening of the second day of his incarceration, the magnat was reclining on a low form, bowed in anxious thought about his child's fate and his own: when, Veronica, who had liberty of access and egress, being at the time absent, the door of the massive walled room, in which he was immured, was heard to creak on its hinges, and the eyes of the prisoner were bent upon his gaoler, who, after ushering in a tall man, wrapt from head to helm, in a dark mantle, with-

The visitor stationed himself, with his back to the small window, or rather loophole, through which the beams of the pale queen of night streamed into the chamber, and looked intently, and silently, upon the captive, who had risen upon his entrance.

He drew back, and gazed, in turn, on the shrouded figure. "Who art thou?" he at length demanded.

"I speak to the Duke of Eissenburg, I presume," returned the stranger, after a minute's pause.

Vodny started with surprise. "That voice!" he exclaimed—"speak, tell me, do I address myself in this last extremity to —"



"Pereny," added the other.

"Your name, my lord," he proceeded, "I fortunately ascertained from these papers, which it seems are your property,"—and the speaker placed several letters and memoranda, upon a deal table beside him. "I have likewise held a brief, but most interesting conversation, with an eloquent little advocate of yours. One, whose word can no more be doubted, than the oracles of Heaven. Did I need such proof of your innocence, your child would have convinced me, that you are falsely implicated in this horrible affair. She has explained, by what means you became companioned by that sanguinary myrmidon, to whom I owe the loss of an invaluable friend. She has satisfied me, that you did your utmost, the other night, to raise an alarm, which only your ignorance of the topography of the house, rendered abortive. But these proofs, which lead me so directly to the conclusion of your innocence, cannot, I fear, be forthcoming, without compromising your safety in other respects, and which should, no less, be evited."

Vicchy remained for a space, with downcast eyes, silent, and thoughtful. At length, he raised his head, and replied, "The graf Pereny must be well aware, that a word from him would rectify the wrong, that wrested law, and false witnesses have done my honour, in which case, there would no longer be an objection to my acknowledging my rank, before any tribunal in Hungary." There was a moment of musing, and painful pause.

Pereny shook his head—he appeared disconcerted, but quickly rallying, "My lord," he said abruptly, "give me leave to ask, have you not a brother?"

"I have," replied Hubert, with some surprise.

"Is there not a striking likeness between you both?" again demanded the other.

"I cannot say," replied Vicchy. "In his boyhood, my brother fled from home, and has never since been heard of. But what may be your motive for the inquiry?"

"It matters not," returned Pereny, — "let it suffice, I am as convinced of your guiltlessness, in the matter of your outlawry, as I am of your having been unjustly suspected, on the present occasion, although no fewer than half a dozen of my followers, have conspired to swear, and perhaps believe, that you led the band, which ravished from me, on my bridal day, the sister of the late king." He paused, and then proceeded, in a somewhat unsteady voice; "although I may not explain how such a coincidence of error hath arisen, yet, from circumstances, I need not further advert to; I know, for a moral certainty, that you could have had no hand whatsoever, in the fatal abduction of the princess; but I, like yourself, my lord, am the sport of a malignant destiny, and dare not show myself in the world's eye; my life is sought by my enemies, with an inveteracy of rancour, unexampled in the history of mankind. I must myself shun, by disguise and concealment, the renewed persecution of my foes. Thus circumstanced, however inclined, I have no means of saving you, in the manner you point out. Our longer conference would attract observation. All I can engage for, is, to connive at your escape, which I am willing to do, because your present predicament is chiefly to be attributed to your having been borne along, in the train of my misfortunes, and although I am not answerable for your involvement in my mysterious fate, I am no less desirous, if possible, to save you harmless. It only remains for me to take my leave. Good night—my lord." Closing the conference, by this abrupt transition, the Count Pereny suddenly retired from the apartment.

To pursue the circumstances of Vicchy's life, at this period, with any minuteness, is, beside our present purpose; let it suffice, that, by the friendly assistance of Pereny, (of whom, in the sequel, we shall, perhaps, have occasion to say more,) the unhappy noble, and his daughter, succeeded in effecting their escape. After various chances and dangers, they, at length, arrived

in the capital of Austria, there to await the gradual encroachments of starvation, amid the horrors, and petty humiliations of that debasing want, which, perhaps, after all, is the subtlest, the most fatal, and immitigable antagonist, with which virtue has to contend, the sorest trial, allotted to man, in this flinty, and cold-hearted world. Indeed, if the shrinking delicacies of feminine innocence, be taken into account, the miseries implied, in a fall from opulence, make the saddest aspect, to our thinking, in which sad humanity can be contemplated. The rags, and corporeal sufferings, nay, the contumelias, and base subjections, incident to extreme poverty, sink to nothing, in comparison, with its revolting, and nearly inevitable companionship, with ignorance and vice ; — 'tis the loathsome miasm, infecting the haunts of vulgar depravity — the breathing in of which impure airs, constitutes the cruel, and constant necessity of the lower classes — that clothes the idea of utter indigence, in its direct horrors ; 'tis what must blast the eyes to look on ; 'tis what harrows up the ears to listen to ; 'tis what one sense or other must be condemned to writhe beneath, throughout the garish day, and the sleepless night, whose horrid apprehension must curdle up the inmost soul of sensibility. Feeling thus, we hardly go along with the first of England's living poets,\* when he quits his lakes, to beautify, with his refined humanities, the ordinary dwelling-places of our metropolis :

“ 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.” †

Only let the bard

“ Through utter and thro' middle darkness borne,” ‡

locate himself near St. Giles's “ stygian pool,” to be

“ Long detained in that obscure sojourn,” §

\* Wordsworth.

† Campbell.

‡ Milton.

§ Milton.

and thenceforth, "with other notes," he would sing of the hazy atmosphere of London. Nor, for the same reason, can we sympathize, with certain passages of an English Opium Eater's interesting confessions. That the divine drug, he affected, might add a keener relish to Grassini's strains, we can understand; that it might tend to enhance *les delicatesses* of Platonic love-making, we admit, though, according to the Encyclopædia Britannica, its virtues would seem rather calculated to heighten a more substantial gratification; but, that its influence should ever drive a scholar and a gentleman "to all the markets, to which the poor resort, on a Saturday night, for laying out their wages,"\* is, what appears to us, not less antipathous to the due operation of opium, than would be a dose of citric acid; and, were it not on record, we should have conceived it impossible, that such an effect could ever have sprung from such a cause.

Should the reader be sceptical, in respect to poverty's involving tortures, more exquisite than "the rack, the cord, the bowl," only let him, if he dare, "expose" himself, in bare imagination, "to feel what wretches feel." Let him subject his own innocent relative, whose education, heretofore, may have wound refinement, even to fastidiousness, and purity, the most sensitive, into her fair form, to the disgusting familiarities (disgusting, however well meant) of coarse, and hardened natures. Let him, in idea, plunge, with this sweet and shrinking plant, amid the central gloom, and leprosies of London's brothel-courts, and then — but we forbear. There are prospects from which the mind turns away, with instinctive, and invincible antipathy.

To return to Vicchy, whose final probation was not long in arriving. Why should we insist upon the aggravations of such a lot, and harrow up the feelings of our readers, by particularizing low carking cares, distresses.

\* Eng' s. Opium Eater.

and horrors, which have in them something prostrating to our common humanity? We would merely give the reader to understand, that, for twelve months, no contemptible segment of human life, the father and child, had to endure every species of destitution, implied, in that significant, and dreadful phrase, abject, absolute penury.

One bleak, winter's night, Vicchy, without knowing whither he should betake himself, sallied from his wretched hovel, in a state of mind, which very desperation rendered accessible to imaginings of unknown, and direful horrors. What a thought for a parent!—the young life of his beloved Veronica, was about to yield its last sand, through very inanition! Hell grew, and darkened on his soul. It was midnight, and wildered with bad and agonizing suggestions, the *malesuada* *fames*,\* after sauntering from street to street, he found himself at the end of the Landstracht, near one of the bridges, which crossed the Vienne. Here, ensconcing himself within the deep shadow, cast from a jutting wall, he took his station. The spot was lone and unfrequented. He had not, however, stood there above a few seconds, and had began already to waver in his purpose, when his ears caught the sound of trampling hoofs. He is on the alert; and, as the equestrian neared him, Vicchy sprung forward. He seizes the reins, and, presenting his pistol to the horseman's face, in a peremptory tone, demands his money. Had the figure addressed been stone, it could not have regarded this, so startling an action, with greater apparent indifference. Slowly the horseman turned his head, and, with admirable presence of mind, struck up the muzzle, with his arm, and wrenched the weapon, out of the grasp of the highwayman. Then, dismounting, he grappled with him, and pinioned him to the earth.

"Strike, if thou wilt, and welcome," said the wretched

\* *Malesuada*. — Who but Virgil would have hit on so felicitous an epithet to Famine?

man; "but, oh! as thou art a knight, and hope for eternal salvation, save the life of a sinless child, now perishing for want, in yonder city!"

"Arise, Eissenburg!" exclaimed the other — "I only meant to show you the peril in which you stood. Ere next you level that pistol, seek out your foes — I am none. Here, man, is my purse," and the knight handed him a leathern bag, with a weight of gold pieces in it. "There, 'tis the gift of a friend. Wilt thou meet me on this spot to-morrow at early twilight? I think I can show you a way, by which you may have that purse replenished, whenever it jingles less merrily. No thanks — you are heartily welcome."

Viechy gazed on the very juvenile appearance of the gallant cavalier, with a mingled feeling of doubt, admiration, and terror. By what inspiration could he have learned his title? Whence arose that extraordinary strength, which belied his youthful aspect? And, to what Christian source, could he attribute that uncommon generosity, which, not content with pardoning the man, who levelled a pistol at his head, gave into the ruffian's hand, a heavy purse, and hinted at a treasury, from whence, when it grew lighter, he might replenish it? The voice sounded familiar to him; — but the appearance was that of a stranger. He remained in speechless astonishment, while his liberal benefactor was caressing his noble Arabian, ere he vaulted into his seat. Then he beheld him, after displaying unusual grace, and dexterity of horsemanship, gallop from the spot. The next minute, that bridge was, once more, as still and quiet as midnight, and deep solitude, could render it.

Viechy stood, for a moment, entranced in thought; had he been dreaming? — or, was the being indeed an angel, and, were those broad gold coins, he clanked against each other, an angel's gift? Alas, no, wretched man! Why, at that most awful, and portentous crisis, did not your heart rather whisper to you, that you had

seen an apostate spirit incarnate; and that that purse, you dangled in your hand, was an earnest of an unutterable barter, about to be established, betwixt the great tempter and yourself? With audible thankfulness, to his sainted namesake, for having spared him the perpetration of a fearful crime, and congratulating himself, besides, on his escape out of such imminent risk, with life, Vicchy retraced his steps homeward.

The mortal hours of Veronica, had been, certainly, numbered, on that night, only for the relief her father brought her.

On the next evening, towards dusk, the two men again met, at the foot of the same bridge, when the fatal compact was entered into, which set the last seal upon the doom of the Duke of Eissenburg, who, from that hour, became the thrall of the bandit Ragotzy. Through the interest of Father Dominick, exerted at the request of the Cygani leader, Vicchy was appointed to a command in the national troop; although it was only a short time before the opening of our story, that he came to take up his abode in Hermanstadt.

From the above epoch, crime, danger, and deceit hovered about the path of that fallen magnat, like flitting fiends. Treacherous, as a defender of his country, he sunk to compromise her interests, at the command of the Cygani leader. False to the oaths, by which Ragotzy believed him bound, he betrayed, for lucre, the movements of the brigand to the Richter Iwan. Sold to all, and faithful to none;—it is enough to say, that such was the character of the outlawed constable of Hungary, at the period, when he joined the sentinel on the rampart, as narrated in the first manuscript of our veritable history.

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THE  
MANUSCRIPTS OF ERDÉLY.

A Romance.

BY  
GEORGE STEPHENS.

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"A scholar's fancy,  
A quab, 'tis nothing else—a very quab."  
FORD.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1835.

remarkable at a time, that Hermanstadt, owing to the confluence of adventurers, known and unknown, teemed with every variety of national costume. The Wallachian mantle, with its facings of fur, did not wholly hide the ornamented hose, of the brightest blue, and the bodman, or jacket, with its innumerable silver buttons. In one respect, his appearance might warrant circumsppection, his features being hidden behind a dark veer, which closed under the immense brimmed hat, that slouched over his shoulders.

"Show your face, poltroon!" such was the pleasant salutation of the highly polished Obergesspann.\*

"Away, fool!" was the no less polite rejoinder, returned, after a minute's pause, in a low, and somewhat disgraced tone.

"Fool!" repeated Maximilian, stung to instant rage, and his ready weapon leaped from its scabbard: "Fool! big words! thou shalt draw thinner breath anon."

The other was equally prompt. Without further preamble, the two were engaged in deadly strife: but it was soon made evident, that the aggressor, though an excellent swordsman, was no match for his more practised, or more skilful opponent. Ere Bathori, who, at the first clash, had hastened to the rescue, could come up, their bright swords had flashed across—a pass. The unknown backed a single pace; then "his poignant spear he thrust, with puissant sway,"† and the nephew of the regent of Hungary, was struck to the earth. Bathori reached the spot, but the victor, under cover of the darkness, had already betaken himself to flight. The wounded man was conveyed into the nearest habitation, which happened, ("so the devil ordained") to be the humble tenement of Hubert.

Veronica, with some ceremonial of politeness, received the baron and his luckless charge, on their entrance, at the

\* Obergesspann,—an Hungarian title, nearly equivalent to graf.

† Spencer.

threshold. Her ears had been startled by the conflict without, and her first glance, at the disabled combatant, discovered an apology for his intrusion. Yet was there more than one reason, why the daughter of Hubert, instinctively, shrunk back, on perceiving, whom fate had ordained her guests. In Bathori, she recalled the person of the officer, who had attached her unhappy sire, and whose presence, could hardly fail to revive the affliction of the overnight: whilst the fantastic array of his bleeding companion, reminded her of the impertinent, who, on that very afternoon, had addressed her, in such indecorous terms, while traversing one of the corridors of the castle.

But, when did the claims of humanity make a vain appeal to the feeling heart of woman? The painful associations connected with the sight of the baron,—the maidenly antipathy towards the young graf, in which she might otherwise have indulged, were alike swallowed up, in the consideration, that a fellow-creature, perhaps wounded to death, required what hospitality, and aid she could render. She therefore controlled the weaker feelings of her nature, and acceded to Bathori's hurried request, for permission to bear the bleeding knight under her roof, in a kindly spirit, only qualified by the recollection of her peculiar and unprotected state, which, however, it might temper the cordiality of her compliance, did not extinguish it.

Maximilian having been laid upon the low pallet of Hubert, came to himself, and not long after, his hurt was examined by one, to whom the *ars medicandi*, or leach craft, was a privileged profession,—a youthful sister of charity,—“*qui se disposoit à conserver toujours intact, le lys précieux de la virginité,\**” and whose convent was at no great distance.

To the relief of Bathori, the flesh wounds of Maximilian

\* Formulaire de prières des religieuses Ursulines.—*Nouvelle édition à Aignou*, 1814. A branch of this same order is established at Presburg; there is no convent of St. Ursula, at the present day in Hermanstadt.

him were pronounced immaterial, and the application of certain primary remedies, followed by quiet and repose, comprised all that was needful, to ascertain his speedy recovery. Meanwhile, such ordinary skill, in the healing art, as the physician had procured for, she put into requisition; and managed matters so well, as to get herself established the mistress of the sick bed-chamber. The prognostics of his general and charitable nurse, were happily verified. On the morning of the third day of his confinement, the noble patient arose, and like "a needless Alexandrine," weathered the narrow passage, conducting to the front apartment of the lowly habitation; the same, where we had the scene of an earlier manuscript.

Warner, who had that instant returned from her customary visiting her father, modestly stood at the room door, to congratulate the invalid on his convalescence,—and, perhaps, if a painter could have chosen his minute, to sketch and embody the ordinating graces of the blushing girl, that would have been it.—a figure more lovely, or more striking, than that, which she exhibited, it were hard to find. The natural timidity, which the novelty of her situation, and the native delicacy of her sex, increased, became blended with that becoming confidence, which the remembrance of the relative position of hostess and guest,—of the obliger, and the person under obligation, warranted her entertaining,—and, over all, was thrown the eloquent expression of an embarrassing consciousness, deepened by the rich glow, that her walk from the window never failed to spread, over the ideal transparency of her complexion. She had just laid aside her dolman, or mantle of martin skin, under which she wore, with an air of neatness and care, that was far from common, the ordinary garb of the magyar maidens. Her luxuriant locks were braided, and disposed on her head, in the form of a coronal, and it escaped not the observation of Pereny, that her rank in life did not entitle her to assume the ornamented *Pasta*, the indispen-

able coiffure of females of gentle blood.\* Her jacket was composed of the finest wool, profusely decorated with ribbons. It parted low over the *fragrant bosom*†, to show the lace front of her bodice, which was clasped or buttoned, by variously coloured glass beads, and which set off the round, and faultless symmetry of her bust, and figure. Two strings of unpolished opals, from the ancient mines of Czewernitza, shed a scintillating brightness, over the snowy circle of the neck, they hung from. The graceful tunic fitted close to the shape, until it reached the waist, where it was secured by a ribbon, in the form of a girdle; it was cut short at the shoulders, and, scarcely descending below the knees, was edged round the skirt, by a narrow sort of galloon, to correspond with the lace bordering of the Szoknyaban, whose floating linen sleeves left the moulded arm at graceful freedom. The neatly plaited kirtle, as clear from stain, as her own innocent heart, peeped, for a few inches, below the vest. Her feet were contained in boots of yellow leather, so small, you'd have said, had you seen them, they might match the fabled slippers of the classic Doricha.‡ This national costume would appear to bear no small resemblance, in respect to liberality of display, to the well-known style of our fair grandmothers, from the days of Charles, down to the middle of the last century.

If Addison were not so *indelicate* a writer, we would here quote his strictures thereon, but, as it is, we prefer referring the gentle reader to the papers of the Guardian, Nos. 100 and 109.

Our lovely hostess, having expressed her satisfaction,

\* "The Pasta is composed of a number of bandages, turned round the head, and often ornamented with pearls,"—at the time of our story, none but virgins of high rank were allowed to wear it.

† Homer.

‡ An anecdote of this proverbial beauty (called Doricha by Athenians, and Rhodopis by others), is to be met with in Strabo; it appears to be the origin of the story of Cinderella. For other particulars respecting this celebrated courtesan, consult Herodotus.

at finding her guest, in such a fair way of recovery, decorously hinted her hopes, that he would shortly make it convenient, to remove his quarters.

"During your detention here," observed the scrupulous maiden, with a blush of feminine timidity, "a perfect cure can hardly be looked for, but I trust, *ha Isien a karja*,\* that tendment more meet, and other appurtenances, better fitting your condition, will, in no distant day, completely restore you."

We believe, we have mentioned, somewhere or other, that the notes of Veronica's voice, were clear and melodious ("an excellent thing in woman"), and whilst the atmosphere caught the music of her breath, and her modest irresolution, and innate grace, threw over the present association of her life, the halo of a redeeming, and tutelary power: it was no wonder, that to the entranced senses of her hearer, the very soul of oratory seemed dissolved into a spell, since, with such accompaniments, the merest prattling might have passed for eloquence.

So forcibly was Maximilian struck, that, at first, his wonted audacity failed him. He was unversed in the language of respectful love, and it was not until after some embarrassed moments, that he thankfully acknowledged the prompt hospitality afforded him, to which he declared, it was his opinion, he owed his recovery; and he ended, by requesting to be informed, in what way he could best evince the sincerity of his gratitude.—Oh! the mighty witchery of woman's charms, when consecrated by virtue and intelligence!—when the simple graces, which set them off, speak out the modesty of the mind!—What is like unto it? What can come up to its wonders? What limit its jurisdiction? It is supreme and invincible; and whilst there throbs one manly heart, attuned to the religion of nature, it will make that heart the theatre of its triumphs, and the sanctuary of its rites.

Veronica, in reply to the graf's demand, quietly ob-

\* Please God.

served; "that the circumstance, of having been of any service to a fellow-creature, would reward itself, and that she cared not for other recompence."

"Oh! say not so," exclaimed Maximilian, with fervour; "I can never sufficiently testify my gratitude. To your courtesy, fair maiden, I feel persuaded it is owing, that I exist. Would that I might be allowed to consecrate the future energies of my life, to thy beauty and to thy service!"

A shade of something, not very remote from displeasure, coursed o'er the clear brow, and kindled in the cheek of Veronica. The manner and language of the graf made her wish the interview shortened, and, drawing herself up, in maidenly reserve, she coldly answered, "You must excuse me, sir stranger, if, under the peculiar circumstances, in which I am placed, with reverence be it spoken, I decline further personal communication. I need not say, I shall be glad to hear of your perfect recovery — allow me to withdraw."

Maximilian felt somewhat nettled, and did not immediately reply. Veronica passed across the room, but, ere she reached the inner doorway, the graf seized her, by the slender wrist: "Stay," he exclaimed, with the deferential air of suppliant humility, although the tones of his voice were those of superiority, and command—"stay, and listen to what I have to offer; why should you fly from one, who adores you?—why scorn a heart your invincible charms have subjected to your will?—why——"

But here Veronica, with the native dignity of an outraged, and elevated spirit, interposed. "Unhand me, sir!" she exclaimed, whilst her heart propelled the tide of life, with violence, to her cheek. "This is to return insult for the benefit, which you would have me to believe has elicited your gratitude; I insist upon your detaining me no longer."

Maximilian met her dilating eye, while she was speaking, with a look of libertine admiration. "Adorable crea-

ture!" he replied, not heeding her remonstrance; "why not have let me perish of my wounds, rather than have preserved me, to inflict a crueller death, by those bright orbs, whose every glance is a stab—it had been better—kinder."

Veronica's respiration quickened, and her face overspread, with a still higher glow. "I cannot reply to this," she said, striving to withdraw her hand; "you take an unworthy advantage of my unprotected state. I appeal to your humanity to unloose me."

Maximilian gazed upon the maiden, the heaving of whose beautiful breast, flushed cheeks, and glistening eyes, attested the reality of her anger. "Nay," she presently added, with an air of dignity, and fixing on her audacious companion an overpowering glance—"you hurt me, sir."

Maximilian shrunk before the lustre of those eyes, heightened, and rendered irresistible, by the overflowings of an indignant heart, and, instantly loosening his hold, he threw himself at her feet. "Oh, pardon, maiden, if my fingers pressed too roughly——" he began; but Veronica, without further regarding him, silently moved away.

"Sure, ne'er before, dwelt cruelty in so sweet shaped a temple," he continued; but here he paused, for the object, unto whom he addressed himself, had already reached the door. Instantly, and abruptly he exclaimed. "Madam, your father!"

He had struck the right chord—that word was the key note to all the sympathies, hopes, and apprehensions, clinging to the heart of the maiden, who stopped short in the doorway, as if the syllables she heard, had a spell in them, to rivet her to the spot; she turned her head, and the eye of Maximilian Pereny, with lawless fixure, fed upon the most exquisite outline of her fair cheek, where her filial feelings were fast chasing the rich vermillion, which indignation had just elicited.



"What of my father?" she inquired, struggling with herself to speak with calmness.

"Come back, loveliest of human beings, and I will inform you," answered the graf.

It was not easy for Veronica to assume even the appearance of composure. Instinctively, she moved three paces nearer, where her unmannered companion knelt, and again halted; but her moistened glance was on the floor, and the immobility of the long eye-lashes, shading more than one-half of the pupil, hid from Maximilian the expression of her thoughts; her depressed countenance, however, and amiable confusion, only augmented her attractions. "Now, then," she said, with as much firmness, as she could assume, "what would you tell me respecting my father?"

"He is in prison," said Maximilian.

"Alas! I know it too well," returned the maiden; "but what is that to the purpose? — Can'st thou set him free?"

"That I can," said Maximilian, rising, and approaching nearer the anxious girl.

"Ha!" she exclaimed, looking up, and discovering features of the hue of death, "is it veritable?"

"Veritable! ay, by my knightly faith, is it," replied the other. While he spoke, he again seized the maiden by the hand, that had dropped listless by her side.

The action aroused Veronica to a renewed sense of her situation; a heightened tint spread over her brow, as if the fountains of her heart had been diverted thither from their natural channels — her eyes were fast filling with tears, as, struggling to disengage herself, she said, "This is ungenerous — loosen my hand, and I will hear all you would deliver."

"Severest of thy sex!" cried the rude voluptuary, speaking with much gesticulation, and imprinting kisses on the delicate fingers, he held in custody,—"In me you



On those lips he passionately clung, "like a bee, inebriated with the nectar of flowers."\*

The damsel struggled in his rude embrace, and her eyes sparkled, through tears of resentment. She feebly shrieked, while the flush of blood reddened from her clear, marbly brow and cheek, even down to those chaste and vestal urns, which, like unto the "monumental alabaster," on the holy altar of St. Maria, glowed "transparent, with the colour of fire."† Like the rounded snow, drifting in, and reflecting the crimson hues of sunset, flashed, ever and anon, her bosom above the stomacher; revealing to Maximilian, by its palpitation, how deeply she felt the indignity.

"The blushing of her snowy breast,  
Rendered its panting whiteness more confessed."‡

Exerting the vehement force which outraged modesty lent her, she at length disjoined herself from his embrace, and precipitately retired.

"So!" thought the young graf, "a very crystal rock of chastity, our dainty hostess; what a confounded difficulty the damoiselle raises at a salute, from our honourable mouth. By my uncle's hat! an she coy it so at the grappling of her lips, there will be rare commotions one of these first days—or nights! What a fight she'll make! Well, *nous verrons*, I must be the making of the wench, that I prognosticate. But how? Suppose I were to perform some feat, that might touch her frigid heart, and melt the Scythian Venus into my arms. We know the icicle, curdled by frost at midnight, will shiver still in the chaste moon's regard, but thaws at once into a genial flow, beneath the earliest sunbeam; and 'tis the same with the sex: the peevisher, and more immaculate the maid, the quicker she'll break through the crust of dissolving frost, or there is no truth in old saws; and here comes one will help me to kindle her prudery."

He had got thus far in his monologue, when it was

\* Vathek.

† See Addison on Italy.

‡ Prior.

... (faint text) ...

[illegible]

100

...the ... of ...

... ..

in Hubert. Prithee, suffer me to  
 weary till my diurnal task is done,  
 have no great vigour to spare. Yet I  
 rejoice me on my way. My father,  
 he, was of the land of the Carabog-  
 e is feasting on *mate*† finer than  
 the lot of mortality to suffer, and to  
 been; but the next world, I doubt  
 our Lady's justice, in the evidence of  
 and wait."

and on the old woman in wonder. Her  
 to him at variance with her lowly desti-  
 woman," he cried, "can it be, that I  
 re those words thine? Untutored, wi-  
 —to all appearance a very weed, beneath  
 ne; so sunk and rooted, in the depths of  
 storm or calm can matter little to thee—  
 be gentle, dame. May I die ere I be  
 l. if my uncle could preach more to the  
 not above thy show? ha, confess now?"  
 e, sir knight?"

Final Martinuzzi has that honour, old lady,"  
 eny, proudly.

by his eminence's orders that Captain Hubert  
 d," said the ancient dame, rather in the tone  
 o was laying down a proposition, for her own  
 tion, than as if addressing her companion.

ould suppose so," returned Maximilian; "since  
 chments for high treason are usually counter-  
 by the regent."

old housekeeper, as if governed by a sudden im-  
 , let fall her hand from the latch of the door, and  
 ed back some paces nearer where Maximilian was

\* Land of the Carabogdana, i. e. black wheat—Wallachia; so called,  
 some of its wretched bread.

† *Mate*—cakes.

‡ Kaskemeth, renowned for the peculiar excellence of its bread.

stationed. "Say, wilt thou deliver a message from me to thy uncle?" she demanded.

"From thee!" exclaimed the graf, scornfully, yet with symptoms of surprise.

"Yes, sir knight; tell him—but first let me make sure, that child is out of hearing." Saying these words, the housekeeper quitted the apartment.

"This is a queer business," quoth Maximilian, when he was left alone. "I have been entertained with a most delectable tête-a-tête, truly; but the denouement is yet to come. Bah! there was more sport, looking love at my cloistered nurse, though I am as yet too weak to make it. By my troth! she does not seem one to souse her szoknyaban, after the fashion of St. Angela.\* Now, for being let into the confidence of this harridan; she means something deeper, than I can fathom; her manner, methought, was mysterious; I'll hear her unfoldings, for the joke's sake. I convey a message to my uncle! ha, ha, ha! My uncle, who fancies, from Bathori's communication, that I am all this while in Hungary, spying out the disposition of the Austrian levies! Well, at all events, I must contrive to insinuate myself into the old lady's favour; for only thereby can I gain her to assist my ends on my dainty hostess yonder."

The graf's cogitations were here interrupted, by the return of the housekeeper; who, closing the door after her, paused for an instant, in the act of listening, and then advanced close to Maximilian.

"I am about to lodge in you a secret—canst thou keep it?" she asked, in tones, which her hearer thought sounded peculiarly strange and solemn.

"Undoubtedly, if I see cause," replied Maximilian.

\* St. Angela, who flourished about the time of our story, appears to have been the very model of a mortifying nun: *inter alia*, her biographer says of her—"En hiver elle plongeait sa chemise dans l'eau froide, avant de la prendre."—*Des Vertus et des Miracles de St. Angela*.

"Swear, then, sir knight, never to divulge to any, but one individual, what I am now to trust to you."

"Come, come, my good woman," said the graf, "this won't pass. Tell me, in a word, the message, you would have me deliver to my uncle, and let's have done our fooling."

"I ask you again," returned the ronion of a house-keeper — "will you swear?"

"Any thing to oblige thee; — I swear," replied the graf.

"Tis well — ha! but heed your oath; for if you do not — sir knight, I'll tell you a short tale. I knew a man who was once plunged, as thou art, in a tremendous vow — but he kept that; yes, he kept that — hitherto, — hitherto. He swore, besides, never to set his foot in his native land: — this oath he violated. Assuming the disguise of a common mercenary soldier, he ventured back to Erdély; — he showed himself, in the open, public streets, in Hermanstadt. One night — the hour was midnight — the moon hid her face — the dark clouds gathered over the earth — not a breath stole on the ear, save the hoarse booming of the bitterns in the flats, that margin the River Olt, when — you know the jagged range of rock, which fronts the citadel of Hermanstadt?"

"Certainly," said Maximilian, impressed, in spite of himself, with strange awe, at the manner, and voice of the old dame.

"Then learn, on that same precipice, the man I mean, at the hour I mentioned, kept guard, when a *villie*, a pure and spectral bride —"

"What dost thou prate of?" interrupted Maximilian, at the same time, involuntarily starting, — "of whom do you speak?"

"Of whom? — what, you remember the tale? That sentinel then, is — was, I would say — my brother, sir knight."

"Your brother, woman!" ejaculated the graf, starting at the announcement.

"As I have told you," rejoined the female; "and it

"I have just received a message, to the effect that the man who was with you at the time of the robbery is now in London."

"That is very good news," said Mr. Jones, "but I am not sure that it is all that it seems to be."

"I am not sure," said Mr. Jones, "that the man who was with you at the time of the robbery is now in London. I am not sure that he is not in some other place, or that he is not in some other disguise. I am not sure that he is not in some other way connected with the robbery."

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the prison of Captain Hubert. This, dame, is my firm determination, on the word of a prince."

"And what when you get there?" inquired the house-keeper.

"That I'll tell you another time," answered Maximilian; "perhaps your master's liberation; at all events, I intend him no harm. Meanwhile, do you pouch these bongres, as an earnest of thy guerdon."

"Nay, I meant not to vend my courtesies; — they are no slaves," said the old woman, receiving in her lap, at the same time, the golden shower, apparently in that mingled spirit of prudery and gout, which, according to all accounts, inspired Danaë of old; and the strangely sorted pair, having agreed to concert their future proceedings on the morrow, the ancient dame hobbled off, with her cake and korosian, about her business.

"May I never be blessed, if there be not something very comical in all this," mused Pereny, when "left to his own aversion."\* "An assignation on foot between this mysterious matron of all work, and my immaculate uncle! A sister, she would give herself out, of that poor devil of a sentry, whom Father Dominick, the saints pardon me! for so much as syllabing his name —. By the bones of all the saints! I cannot say, I admire being mixed up in these mysteries, and now, on better consideration, I would not care, if I could slip out of the concern. Well, I will first set free this Captain Hubert, and, if such a dashing bit of service cannot, at least, secure an avenue to the heart of his daughter, I'll never more trust my skill, at that most intricate of all manly arts — the art of making love." And away Maximilian hied to his chamber, to con over all the soft things he could think of, with which to ply his pretty cloisteress, whose coming he momentarily looked for, to administer to his hurts.

"But when I wish you to conduct to Hubert," replied the keeper. "Have you the key?"

"I will," replied the young viscount, up and down the stairs. "so let us proceed—I'll bring you to the tower with an Egyptian within dagge's reach, who I'll prefer having him under my own arm-shoulders."

Then Hubert turned fiercely to the door, and with a voice, who seemed to come from the tower to its base.

"I'll bring you to the other end of the tower," he said, "and you shall find your tones so different from those of my friend, ever since a deed you did."

"I'll bring you to the keeper, fixing the key in the door, which was wrenched open, and the door closed, and he merely said, 'I'll bring you to the keeper.'"

"I'll bring you to the writings, good night," said the keeper, "I'll bring you to the writings, good night," said the keeper, "I'll bring you to the writings, good night," said the keeper.

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pains and penalties.—Madman! Now, to my thinking, he that may sit in a calm valley, and yet chooses to repose on the Carpathians, is your true madman. Now-a-days', only fools retain their senses. But walk forwards, sir Cygani. I attend you."

The three men quitting the round chamber, descended the narrow spiral stairs, to the basement floor. Swartz led the way, and the light of a torch, which he carried, threw a fitful glare along the winding corridors, and down the flights of steps, which successively, and for a considerable time, without a word, they traversed: at length, the party arrived at a small iron door, hidden from casual observation, among the profuse ornaments of gothic architecture. Sigismund pressed a spring, and the door flew open. Swartz stopped short. "Wherefore not go, by the way of Father Dominick's apartments?" he demanded, "'twere the shorter route."

"Ay, and the more dangerous," returned the other; and the momentary gloom, that wrapt his features, partially concealed the peculiar, and almost scornful look, that accompanied the words. "But why jar we here?" he presently added, "either take the road, I'd have ye, or return as you came: hand me the torch, and be still."

Thus seasonably reminded of his infirmity, the two followed the unhappy youth, without further objection.

Count Ragotzy could, with difficulty, conceal his amazement, on finding Count Rodna as *au fait* as himself, at descending and ascending steps alternately, and threading the labyrinth of vaults and chambers, through which, often turning at short angles, they had to steer their course.—"Ibant solâ sub nocte per umbram."

It would have been a startling study, could any one have read the inward thoughts of those men, whom chance, or fate, or mightier Providence, had thus thrown together, and who now, in the depth, and darkness of night, in

silence and solitude, pierce the entrails of the earth, and rest opposite to each other, in an unwholesome vault of irregular form, and dubious dimensions. But more dubious, and wilder than the dungeon's gloom, and, perchance, as dark and inscrutable, were the recesses of Ragotzy's bosom, and those of his companions. The caustic, and mad Sigismund,—the saturnine, and wily Swartz,—the impetuous, and vindictive Alaric Polgar.

What cement could unite characters, so discordant, in mysterious combination? It was the free-masonry of a common peril—the overruling passion, signified by the little cabalistic word—REVENGE! revenge! and on whom? Wherefore? On HIM! on Father Dominick—but not on like grounds; nor might the Cygani leader form the remotest guess, how the interests of the monk ever came to clash, with those of Swartz, and his lunatic charge. But to our tale.

The party shortly stood before an ancient portal, ornamented with the usual rude adjuncts, and columnar carvings, incident to the gothic style of architecture. Sigismund, by the aid of a key, having thrown open the valves, the three pressed into a small chamber, in one corner of which was a niche, containing a statue of the Virgin. A cross and altar stood in an opposite recess; between these, was extended, on the floor, a rough mattress, the sole appearance of accommodation, the apartment presented. Near the paillasse lay a discipline or rod, formed of wire and cord, a sort of scourge, with which, in the act of corporal mortification, Roman Catholics are accustomed to lash their persons. Fronting them, as they entered, was a small door-way, curtained by black serge. Sigismund, depositing the torch, by the side of the altar, softly raised the curtain, and having crept under, he was followed by his companions. They found themselves in a small oratory, or subordinate chapel of the cathedral church of St. Theresa. The few luminaries that, here and there, reflected a gloomy

religious light athwart the aisles, were hardly sufficient to dissipate the shadows, that hung beneath the groined arches of the roof. These connected the slender-clustered columns from either side of the hallowed edifice, and were carved in the richest tone of gothic architecture.

"By the holy rood above us!" said Sigismund, in a low whisper, "we must be wary." Favoured by an oaken palisade, or screen, which partitioned off the chapel, our three adventurers might observe what was going on, without themselves being liable to discovery. Presently, two persons walked with slow, and measured tread, from the south transept, along the middle aisle. One was a young chevalier, most elegantly habited, and the other was immediately recognised for Scipio, the sable follower of Father Dominick. These men seemed engaged in earnest colloquy, but the drift of their discourse, owing to the under-key, in which they spoke, might not be gathered, excepting when, once, halting, near our wanderers for a moment, ere they turned, the following words from the lips of the African, fell distinct on the ear:—"Only do you obtain her heart," he said; "and, by all that is consecrate to Heaven, beneath this holy fane, I promise you her hand." Scipio soon after left the church, through a small postern at the upper end of the aisle. Ragotzy, from whatever motive, perhaps by involuntary impulse, made a motion, as if he would have rushed through the church after him; but probably the recollection of the urgency of the business, he was upon, altered his first intentions. Scipio's comrade remained, and paced backwards and forwards, with folded arms, and eyes, fixed upon the marble pavement, and the breathing of a deep-drawn sigh, swelled, at intervals, along the fretted vaultings of the roof, which echoed his agitated footstep.

"Tis Marc Antoine Ferraro, the secretary of the ambassador of Austria," observed Swartz, in a low tone;

"what makes him hither? and what was't, in the name of wonder, that that familiar of evil, was muttering to him?"

"Are we to go forwards,—or to remain in this spot for ever?" impatiently broke in the Cygani capitany;\* "I must see Hubert. Let's extinguish yon silken son of dalliance, with a blow!—what does he there? For my part, I'll wait no longer," and the bandit fiercely drawing forth his dagger, was about to rush upon the unconscious object of his wrath, when Sigismund held him back.

"Methinks, your valiancy is the madder of us twain," he said, grasping his arm; "and would carry the permission, which fellows of thy stamp have, by institute and temper, to look frightful, rather too far!†—Not now! not now!"

"Ha! wouldst cross my tiger spring?" hotly demanded Ragotzy.

"Hush thee! my hero," cried Sigismund; "speak low, my king of gipsies."

"Let go my sword-arm!" exclaimed Ragotzy; "ten thousand furies!—do you hear?"

"Ay, to be sure," returned Sigismund; "and so would yon peripatetic, were he not deaf."

Swartz now hastened to interfere. "My lord," he said, addressing the enraged brigand; "be guided by me; and, would you speak with Hubert to-night, remain in silence where you stand:—and you, Sigismund, loose your hold on the count." Sigismund turned round to speak; but after a moment's consideration, appeared to quail beneath the fixed look, and energetic action of his keeper; while Ragotzy, his arm being free, played convulsively with

\* Capitany,—chieftain.

† "Qu'il (Pelisson) abusoit de la permission qu'ont les hommes d'être laids."—*Mad. de Sevigny*.

the head of his dagger, at the same time darting, upon the twain, a glance of fiery hatred. Like the fiend huntsman of Boccaccio, he glowed indignant—

“Frustrate of his will,  
Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill.”

Sigismund encountered the sudden glare from that dark-fringed lid, whose sinister meaning he was not slow at interpreting, with a steady aspect; whilst an equivocal smile, that faintly struggled about the nether lip, tended to redeem the severity of a contour, the most inexpressibly dignified, and commanding, that nature ever wrought, in her happiest mood.

Meanwhile, the object of all this commotion intermitted not his pensive, and solitary walk. His deep and frequent sighs, inhaled large draughts of the heavy air, to cool the throbbing heart, surcharged with its unslaking fires. Presently, he halted opposite a side altar, dedicated to the Virgin.

“Maid and mother!” he exclaimed, in the audible tones of a voice, of exquisite richness and compass; “celestial or terrene, or whatsoever thou art, or where,—whose blessed name is based upon this shrine! Hear my votive prayer! and if, indeed, the being of my mundane adoration”—his invocation here came to an abrupt close, owing to a female figure, enveloped, from head to foot, in a capacious robe of crimson velvet, suddenly emerging out of the dark, and advancing direct up to the spot, where the young chevalier was stationed.

“Ferraro!” she murmured in the low, and plaintive accents of affection. The other started,—he gazed vacantly upon the splendid form before him, but preserved silence. “Methinks, thy looks afford but a cold welcome; nay, am I infectious, that you start as frightened, when I cross you? What wert thou conjuring? I caught

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thou speak'st at random. Let us leave this dreary edifice, and hie us, where I may gather thee under my wings, and suck thy secret from thee." Ferraro leant in silence, against the iron screen of the holy shrine. "Hark!" resumed the lady, after a pause, "how yon desolate bird screams at the gushing wind."

"Desolate, call you him?" said Ferraro; "now, I envy him."

"How so?" returned the other.

"He is alone, as I would be — Good night."

On saying these words, the chevalier tore himself from the lady's clinging arms, and rushed out of the church. For a moment, his fair companion remained as one petrified, and then, with wild abandonment of mien, she sprang after him, exclaiming, "Nay, another word, my Antoine!"

The Cygani, and his companions, immediately emerged from their lurking-place.—By a kind of silent compact, no remark escaped from either, relative to the extraordinary scene, which we have just detailed. Whatever was the reason, though the effect appeared single and simultaneous, they confined their sentiments, in regard to it, to their own bosoms; but, true mirrors to each other's apprehension, either might behold, in the expression of his companion's countenance, the contagious reflex of his own inward cogitation. The lady was one, whom neither of them expected to encounter in that place, and under such circumstances; and their common silence, was the evidence of a common sentiment, and evinced any thing, rather than indifference. A cast of reflection forthwith shadowed the physiognomy of these midnight wanderers, — deepening the lines of Swartz's sardonic visage, — tempering the fire of Ragotzy's dark eye, — and sicklyng o'er the hectic flush of Sigismund, with an insidious hue of pallidness. Each looked as scared as he had seen Medusa's head; but other business was



of the populous sepulchre, whilst the relics of humanity around, would appear to make dumb signs, and gestures, in the "dim suffusion" of night. In those regions, seemed to hover the unhappy ghosts, about their mortal remains, holding mysterious, and supernatural intelligence, in voices, which were no longer of the upper earth.

A commotion, as of another world, disturbed that ghostly prison-house. The dead appeared to be stirred, aroused, as it were, from their sleep of years or centuries, and a breathless, heavy sense of injury, of outrage, of the violation of the grave, seemed impressed on those dreadful habitants. Perhaps, some dim, obscure whisperings, of the sort, crept, like a night-charm, from beings they saw not, over the hearts of the intruders; for the inner spirit, still imprisoned in the clay, seemed to shudder, at its mysterious intelligence. Count Ragotzy suddenly made a motion to press forwards. "Let's quit these gloomy precincts," said he, "they have turned all air to earth in me."

"Nathless," replied Sigismund, "we may surely draw the breath of life, for a few minutes, in these damp cloisters, whose atmosphere must, one day, be common to us all, till time shall be no more."

The voices sounded hoarsely, like a muffled bell, in the substantial vapours of the vault, and the living utterance was succeeded, by a deep, a long, and almost breathless silence. On a sudden, there ensued a strange tempest, and heaving of the air, visionary forms made their presence felt; discourse, but incognizable to any sense of humanity, was going on, and a chill sensation, instinct with fear, clung, like an incubus, upon the hearts of our three adventurers.

After listening profoundly, for a minute, they simultaneously started up, with the purpose of leaving the sepulchre. Sigismund waved the torch on high, to brighten its decaying powers, and its flash fell, upon

now on hand, and the future had hours enough yet for reverie, and idle marvelling.

Sigismund, having retaken possession of the vault, passed behind the altar, where Ferrus had long ago perished. Upon pressing a spring, a secret door, on the side of the wall, revolved on its hinges. It opened into an inclined plane, which our adventurers traversed in silence. At length, on their leader turning round, they stood opposite to several ascending runs, cut into the side of the rock. Having surmounted these, Sigismund's further progress impeded, by a small vault, constructed in the roof of the vault, which he was employing some means of forcible penetration. Having passed through, he held the torch aloft, and a flickering light struggled, with the shadows, and emerged over the narrow aperture, to illumine the dark and obscure ascension. They emerged, at length, into a large slab, erected in the midst of a regular and deep catacomb, containing numerous chambers, and, whilst, on every side, fantastic pyramids of bones were piled, and full-length skeletons lay in every sight.

They were standing in the same place, when the sentry had been allowed to pass, and, like a precipice, as narrated in an early tale, they paused to take breath. Across the passage, in the dim light, like the infernal flames, were seen the figures of the dead, and therefore horrible, and, therefore, of peculiar associations of divided and conflicting multitudes. One tall skeleton rose up, as if participating their mate, and another, as if conscious figures preserved their presence, the stern and unhallowed witnesses of the scene. Ever and anon, as the flickering light momentarily expired, shapes more shadowy than the evanescent sparkles of the torch, and more powerful, and

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the hideous objects around, which seemed to grow gigantic, within the sphere of the fleeting radiance.

A low, indistinct hum, as of a decaying breeze, became audible, in the direction of a magnificent cenotaph, erected at the further end of the vault. It echoed, like the unsubstantial and mysterious whisperings of the improving shades;—again, they paused involuntarily,—they recoiled. Can it be, that yon gaunt skeleton, is now in the act of flitting across the stony pavement? No, surely, the eyes of Ragotzy must have deceived him:—and yet—again!—

The light, which Count Rodna held, waxed dim and dimmer. There certainly arose some indescribable movement, in that shadowy solitude. The stirrings around them; those sounds, swelling and falling, like the dirges of the wind, could be liable to no mistake,—they can be no illusion of the nerves. What is it, now glided about these revolting remnants of mortality? Ha! suddenly, and with violence, the torch, that Sigismund held, was dashed upon the ground, and all things became immersed in the wonted impenetrable darkness of the sepulchre. It was the affair of an instant. Of the three, only Ragotzy was armed.

“How, my lord, has this happened?” asked Swartz, in a faint voice, addressing Sigismund.

“Here, Swartz, where do you stand?” replied the other; “reach forth your hand:—that’s well: and bark ye, speak low, for, by the powers of darkness, the devil is at my elbow!”

“Nay, consider, my lord, this is no time—”

“No time!” interrupted Sigismund, whom the unquiet spirit of his malady seemed anew to visit, perhaps because the darkness did not permit him to see, that there was, distinctly, a shade of displeasure, on the brow of the keeper. “You err egregiously. Now what said King Bela, so blithe and gay, when his ranks were

tered, and merry men flown? *Talpra vitez!* \*  
's hold on our way: and, *donnons!* the day's our  
!"

For Heaven's sake, my good lord," implored Swartz,  
e on your guard, or thou art lost."

'Nay, I am not so mad," returned the youth, "but  
ave wit enough, to keep my head on my shoulders."

"Sigismund, we are probably in the hands of ene-  
m," rejoined the keeper; "and, however you may  
\* nought for your life, remember, the destinies of  
ungaria are at stake."

"The destinies of Hungaria, Swartz! Now that  
was;—I, a crack-brained boy of twenty, and thou a  
reper, madder yet than oneself;—I would I'd light  
ough to laugh, 'twere a rare jest! the destinies of  
ungaria, forsooth! the destinies of a fool's cap, you  
can!"

"What am I to believe, my lord?" said Swartz.

"Believe, man," replied Sigismund, with some aspe-  
rity, "have I not told you? Believe! why that thou  
art blinder than the mole!"—then, resuming his wonted  
flippant tone, he added, "for he, yo ken, can see in  
the dark, and work his way to heaven's blessed light,. . in  
silence!"

Sigismund spoke the last word with significant em-  
phasis, grasping, at the same time, the arm of the  
keeper impressively, with his hand. "But, hark ye,  
Swartz!" he presently resumed: "that amiable young  
Cygani, though somewhat fiery withal, who favoured  
us with his protection so far; peradventure, the con-  
suming dart of death hath melted his body into mist!  
since he is no more palpable!"

"Count Ragotzy," whispered Swartz, "speak:" but  
Ragotzy vouchsafed no response. Swartz hailed him  
louder, still there was silence; and whether the man, he

\* On, warriors!

fallen man, yet buried in the sepulchre, or had been borne from thence, by some strange agency, remained a riddle.

"Be honest, my lord," said Sigismund, with an impatient shrug, which was succeeded by a start, when a voice from behind replied:

"No, he was not!"

Such bitter words, and the hollow and sepulchral tones, whose tones might well have issued, as they seemed to do, from one of the spectral things, within a few yards of where the wanderers stood, thus breathed a warning —

"Wretches!" continued, with horrible distinctness of enunciation, "what seek ye here? Why, in the secret hour of ye, are ye encumbered with the slough of humanity, unless the wages of the peaceful dead? Why, where the poor are entombed, and festering in his narrow and dark coffin? There!" and Sigismund advanced, and pressed to his shoulder: "outcast and slaving — none of all men living!"

"What sayest thou?" cried Sigismund: "Who art thou? Mysterious spirit! I beseech thee, answer me."

"Listen to this voice, my lord," expostulated Swartz: "listen to the voice of the cause to which you are consecrated, by every noble human and divine! List not, my lord!"

"Swartz!" interrupted Sigismund, in a tone of impatient passion, "be off your hands, sir; my fate calls me — I must be heard; I will be answered. Men have gone mad in earnest, ere now, of less, than the bewildered, desperate thoughts, which blaze within, and thro' my very veins, — daily, nightly, hourly. I have gleaned much — I apprehend more. I would be informed of all — and want!" He paused, but presently burst out, with uncontrollable earnestness, and emotion: "By the bones of my buried ancestry! which the spirit, that



swells, and soars within this breast, tells me, once ministered to the volition of mighty souls, whom yet I know not, I adjure thee! solve the riddle of my fate, and let the images of the past stretch their shadows, over futurity!"

"*Child of mystery!*" replied the voice, "*thou must await, in patience, the unravelling of the intricate ways of the lofty, and the proud;—when the confidence of the wicked shall be violated, when his trust shall fail, and he be confounded with shame; when the prey of the mighty one shall be retaken, and the spoil, seized by the terrible, shall be rescued; when the signet be broken, and the scriptures published, along the causeways of Transylvania,—then shall thy right and thy might, meet in the tabernacle of thy father! Meantime, as heretofore, the vials of thy fate are filled with blood, and wrath, and subterfuge! Yet say, wouldst thou behold thy sire?"*

"My sire!" repeated Sigismund, "ay, though motes of elemental fire blasted my eye-balls, at the vision, to blind me for the measure of my life to come. My sire! He—who? Show me!"

"Give me thy hand, and the revealing tomb shall answer thee!" returned the solemn voice, whilst long, bony fingers, dank and clammy, as those of death, grasped the extended hand of Sigismund. Then a few steps they measured, in the solid darkness of that vault.

"My lord, thou art too rash," interposed Swartz, in an eager tone of remonstrance: "Wouldst rip thy father's marble, and call his reverend ghost, to affright my dreams? The time is not yet ripe:—thou shalt not go with her."

"Shalt not!" repeated Sigismund.

"I have your father's word for it," urged the keeper: "my charge of thee, was the legacy he mingled with

his dying prayers. She is thy bitterest foe—thy father's foe, and his—”

“Ha! ha! ha!” interrupted the frightful voice.

“If thou respect thy future peace,” cried Swartz, but his appeal was drowned in horrid laughter.

The next minute all was still, and it was not without something like alarm, that Swartz felt himself deserted, .. the only living thing, in that dreadful sepulchre.

## MANUSCRIPT XII.

*"Sacer inest in nobis spiritus bonorum malorumque custos et observator et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus ita et ille nos."*

SENECA.

WE have now to revert to that fatal dawn, which introduced Vicchy to our reader.

It will be remembered, with what anguish he left his senseless child, in the arms of Judith, while, almost overcome with the scorpion reflex of his contemplations, he was guarded to the citadel. Having traversed a long, dark passage, he descended a flight of steps, terminated, by a massive postern, which, being with difficulty unbarred, disclosed to him his prison; the lamp his conductor held, threw forth just so much light across, as served to exhibit the desolation of the place,—there was a chill of damp and mould about the walls, which were of great thickness.

"'Tis many years since any soul has been here confined," said the man, whose office several enormous keys, hanging from his leathern jerkin, sufficiently denoted. He spoke in a gruff, but not unpleasant tone. "That door has not creaked on its hinges, since I have held office; I made a vow never to turn a key upon a prisoner in this cell; but conspirators are rife, in these latter

and the sky was dark and stormy, being disposed to rain, and the light must even wink at my eyes."

In the darkness of the winter, there was still no light, and the wind, rising from the centre of the storm, when passing, he said, somewhat abruptly, "I would not wish to alarm you, captain, but don't you think there is something in the atmosphere. It is very impregnated with ammonia, and sulphur, and it is very cold."

"The air is not so cold," replied Hubert, hardly listening.

"The air is not so cold," continued the warden, in a singular, but not serious, "were strange and it be not."

When he seemed to the point of withdrawing, when, as if he had some oppressive feeling, he turned back to him, and, coming close up to Vicchy, tapped him on the shoulder with a species of partisan, which he carried about him, saying, at the same time, in a mysterious and sinister, "Now, who do you imagine last terrified his subject?"

"Are you of consequence?" returned Vicchy, started out of his abstraction, not less, by the pertinacity of the man's address, than the peculiarity of his manner.

"No," answered the jailer; "but that poor haunted body, and the saints have his soul in their keeping at this point — to whom —" and he placed his mouth close to the ear of Vicchy, "to whom the *villie*-spectre appeared, while keeping guard on the precipice."

"Indeed!" cried the other, whom the mention of that "doomed spot," appeared to interest.

"Tis really the case," continued the keeper of the prison; "and that same night, he lodged here, as you must have heard, he was whisked away by the devil, or his minister upon earth. You know whom I mean, I'll be bound, without my being more particular — ahem; the Lord help us! but, good morning — I must look to

my charges; you will not see any sight to care for, till night-fall, those gentry seldom walk after matins, so don't be frightened;" and, with this cheering recommendation, his loquacious guardian left his prisoner.

Could any thing extraneous have roused the unhappy man out of his despondency, the information just given him by the warder, would have possessed that power: naturally predisposed to a little superstition, he might have looked forward to the coming night with no very comfortable sensations; but neither terror nor curiosity availed, to distract the train of thoughts, that pressed on him on every side, and those contemplations were "of Cerberus and blackest midnight born." If undeserved calamity be often difficult of endurance, how truly forlorn must be his reflections, in the utter wreck of whose every earthly hope is a "self-incurred" affliction.\* Vicchy felt, he was only tasting of the bitter thorns of that tree, himself had planted, and deemed, too late, he "should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed." The passion of remorse is, commonly, so tenacious of its object, that, if ever it be allowed a purchase upon the human mind, it is no easy matter making it loosen its hold. We may go on pleasantly enough, so long as "we trust we have a good conscience;" but the man that doubts, in the least, may as well, at once, set about a regimen of penance, or repentance, *secundum artem*.

There prevails, among certain shallow people, a notion, (the fallacy of which, by a strange oversight, on the part of our spiritual teachers, has never been sufficiently exposed), that sin, however it may turn out with the next life, is sometimes permitted to evade its natural punishment in this. Now such a narrow persuasion, really, seems to us, to have been taken up, on most unsatisfac-

\* ——— τῶν δὲ πημονῶν  
μαλιστα λευκοῦς αἱ φανῶς ἀνθαίρεται.—ΟΙΔ. ΤΥΡ.

tory evidence, our breasts, not being glassed to the inspection of one another. The world judges only (as it can judge), by outward appearance, and determinate success; but a man's peace of mind, (for, be it remembered, that the true constituents of happiness are a matter of internal sensation,) is an affair, of which the individual himself is invariably the best judge, though, perhaps, not always the most faithful chronicler, and, as the stoic \* well observes, his happiness, or misery, depends on the freedom, and use of his own will, and can bear small relation to those terrestrial appurtenances those "complemental and circumstantial pieces of felicity," as Sir Thomas Browne † calls them, which are the mere adjuncts and "external accidents," of our common nature.

"Non possidentem multa vocaveris  
Recte beatum." ‡

"Whatever," says Burlamaqui, "is contrary to the light of reason and conscience, cannot, in any condition of life, but be accompanied with a secret disapprobation of mind, and afford us vexation and shame." § In fine, as Lord Shaftesbury clearly demonstrates, "It is Virtue, by which alone man can be happy, and *without which he must be miserable*." || It is, however, certain, that nothing sooner opens the mental eye to the enormity of crime, than the reaping that direct retribution in the face of the world, which, covertly or openly, ever follows in the trail of guilt, and which |will inevitably, sooner or later, overtake its quarry. Now Vicchy's soul felt, for all the world, as if the Erinnys' whips and angers were

\* The Stoic; see Epictetus, or rather Simplicius's Commentary, 638.  
See also Isocrates, Orat. de Permut.

† Religio Medici.

‡ Horace.

§ "Principles of Natural Law," c. 12. v.

|| Characteristics, vol. 1. p. 176.

being spent only on him. He found the issue of all his fine schemes in imprisonment, and impending death, himself having to meet his fate on the scaffold, leaving his fair daughter exposed, without a shield, to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." When once this latter apprehension stood, bare and hideous, before his mental vision, it palsied the beatings of his heart; and, as the minutest particles of morbid matter, received into the system, harbingers all the horrors of plague or pestilence, so, the mere cursory thought of Veronica's destitution, had no sooner glanced across his mind, than it continued to ferment, till, by its fatal quality, it induced a species of mental aberration, bordering on despair. He threw himself wildly on his wretched mattress, and let hour after hour flit by him, without even a change of position. When, on the following evening, Veronica entered the wretched apartment, she found her father stretched at his length, upon the ground. The countenance, he exhibited, was pale and haggard; his eyes bloodshot, and his hair dishevelled. She sprung forward to embrace him, but could extort no return to her innocent endearments, save groans, and sighs, and ejaculations, expressive of the extremity of his despair. Veronica applied herself to assuage his sorrow, but it was long ere she succeeded, in restoring him to composure.

When, however, at length, Vicchy came to understand, that the monotonous round of his prison-house was permitted to be relieved, by the soothings of filial attention—when he heard, from the lips of Veronica, the not unfriendly message, which Martinuzzi had transmitted—he started from the earth, with a wild and astonished air, and, falling upon his daughter's neck, they mingled their tears together. The voice of the maiden, and her intelligence, combined to act upon his heart, like falling dew upon a parched soil. "*Son air doux est pour le cœur, ce*

pour les terres sèches et arides." "She was not to be bound, and he bade her good night, while the regulations of the prison compelled his departure. In a frame of mind, much more than he expected that, after having witnessed his departure, she could have hoped for. For she was not to weep her adieus; postponing, until the communication of a matter, which

she repaired to the citadel, that, in the room in which she was originally introduced, the maiden's eye happened to glance upon a letter, in the form of a letter, lay near the window. She unconsciously caught it. She started—it was addressed to her father. She started—she started, which, indeed, was the case. She had overlooked by her father, in his hurry, to register up the several papers the night before, the intention of again inclosing the letter in the common envelope, raised the window-seat. The was, however, sealed, by the pressure of a secret spring, a species of security, which was general enough to have, through the contrivance of every person, its secret might not be readily discovered. What was the confusion and astonishment of Veronica, in peering into the cavity of the window-seat, to find that the packet, which had been there deposited, was gone! Whether had it vanished, and by whom was it performed? She explored every nook, a second, and a third time, in vain. But, however inexplicable this event, she had then no time to waste, in horror or amazement.

On her renewing her visit to Vicchy's prison, she perceived, that the tone of her father's mind had, in a great measure, recovered its elasticity; and so she thought it



right, no longer to delay acquainting him, with the occurrence, we have just related. Ere she had uttered three words, forebodings of the truth rushed across Vicchy's mind, and the traces of his emotion darkened his countenance.

"So, girl," he exclaimed, when she had done, "the prefigured object of my life, which I thought was about to be embodied, and attained, has eluded my hopes. Dost not grieve," he proceeded, in a tone, trembling with emotion, "for thy folly, in not having read and sifted the pith, and circumstance, of every tittle contained within that packet? Had you but done so!—the opportunity was then ours; we had the cards in our own hands, and now, by heaven's queen, the idea is wildfire!—(and in his sudden rage, he violently struck his forehead.) But you say," he added more calmly, "you have yet one of these reprieves of destiny, mighty to save; if so, give it me. Where is it?"

Veronica, dreading a renewed discussion upon a subject, the revival of which she felt anxious, if possible, to avoid, did not immediately reply.

"Perverse and paltering girl! do my bidding," rejoined Vicchy, reddening with anger.

Veronica reached forth the fatal paper, which Vicchy, having received, tore open, and bade her read the contents aloud.

"I would to Heaven, my dearest father," answered Veronica, "that it were in my power to obey you; but—"

Here Vicchy passionately broke in upon her speech, and renewed his instances, to win his daughter to compliance.

It were little better than a dry recapitulation of a former chapter, were we to transfer to our pages, the demands and the evasions, which followed. It will be sufficient to observe, that, after plying every weapon, that the arsenal of threats and persuasions could furnish, the

baffled parent was fain to give over the attack, on her integrity; for the like cause that, but for the lucky accident of a flag of truce, must have shortly compelled Lord Exmouth, to desist from the bombardment of Algiers, namely, a want of ammunition. All Vicchy's pleading recoiled, before the steady sense of Veronica, like a wave from a rock; so that, at length, his oratory naturally enough slackened fire, and his daughter shortly changed the discourse, by mentioning the accident, which had introduced Maximilian beneath their roof.

"What is this?" inquired Vicchy, starting up aghast. "Who, say you, was wounded?"

"One, apparently, too powerful to be offended," answered Veronica. "But first I ought to inform you, that last evening the vizor'd foreigner, the same, who, more than once, a year or two ago, visited you, has been at our abode."

"Ha! I might have foreseen it. Why have you kept this back all the while?" hastily and peremptorily questioned Vicchy. "Well, and what did he say? By the rood! thou must have lost thy wits, simpleton—what art silent for?"

"He required of me to give him the packet," said Veronica.

"And you told him," cried her father, "that—"

"I told him the truth, sir," said Veronica, calmly.

"And then"—interrupted Vicchy.

"Oh! my dear father, he cursed me!"

"Cursed thee!—Cursed my Veronica!" exclaimed Vicchy, in smothered and bitter accents. "The villain!"

"And otherwise used such terms," continued the maiden—"it makes me, even now, shake to recall them."

"You did not, by any chance, let out, the packet had been opened?" said Vicchy, eagerly.

"No, I simply gave him to understand, it was gone; and then, in a voice of deadly ire, he demanded a certain

valuable box, which, he declared, he consigned to your care, at the same time with the packet; and on my assuring him I knew nought of it, he stamped, and—but I will not tell you; only, there is something in that man, from which my instinct revolts, as at a snake, at once venomous and loathsome.”

There ensued a long pause.

“And what of him, the wounded man you spake about?” presently demanded Vicchy.

“He in the mask had not left many minutes,” answered Veronica; “when voices, high in argument, followed by the clashing of swords, arose from the street; the sounds of the affray, however, suddenly ceased. I was still listening in terror, when the wounded chevalier was borne, in the arms of his friends, beneath our roof.”

“But you did not receive them?” demanded Vicchy, turning round upon her with a countenance, which expressed a feeling of angry, and distressed surprise.

“What choice had I?” inquired Veronica, in turn. “I saw he was bleeding, perchance, to death.”

“’Tis another link in the adamantine chain of destiny,” ejaculated Vicchy. “What on earth have we to do to harbour strangers?” He said no more, but traversed his dungeon floor for some time, with an impatient pace. He had not yet composed his irritable mood, when his eye lit upon several sentences, traced in chalk, on the walls of the prison. Having unhooked the lamp, he proceeded, to throw the light upon the writing.—“What have we here?” said Vicchy; “perhaps, if no nice moral difficulty suggest itself to your delicate conscience,” he proceeded, with sarcastic bitterness, “you will deign to read these lines; however, I must beg, if you entertain any scruple, that you will not at all strain a point, for the sake of obliging a foolish imprisoned father.” Veronica could scarcely restrain her tears, but she made no reply. “Well, how is it to be?” resumed Vicchy, sharply; “is it not your notion, that we are as free to read what’s here

written, as he, who may inhabit this wretched cell, v  
I shall be a headless trunk. Trust me, he'll not wa  
refine upon the propriety, but will peruse it, if it  
him; that is, if the misery of his lot be not too mi  
to admit of momentary forgetfulness. Pshaw! pshaw  
dry your tears, and begin." The weeping girl dic  
best to obey, and to the inexpressible astonishmen  
both, at its contents, slowly deciphered, and repeated  
inscription, which ran as follows:—

"I write this, that my fate may be made known t  
friends. I was looked on by the evil eye, in my inf  
and my subsequent life has been a long mistake.\*  
nine years of age, piqued by my father's refusal to c  
me a count,† at the same time with my brother, an  
lured by some Wallachians in our neighbourhood,  
induced to fly from Temeswar, of which city my sir  
prefect, with a tribe of that nation. With these  
bands I consorted for several years. It was I,  
bribed by one, whose name I am yet ignorant of, a  
head of a small party, bore the Princess Beatrice,  
the escort of the graf, Pereny. The princess was pi  
by an arrow, during the *melée*, and I was told by  
man, who, I believe, himself did the deed (the same  
first hired my services, and who afterwards boun  
with an oath, never to return to Transylvania), tha  
was mortally wounded. Years rolled on in exile  
made aware, from experience, of the truth of our c  
try's adage‡, I resolved to return, and enlist in the  
levies of Martinuzzi. Would now to God, I had not  
so!—I was allured from my post, by the spectre  
murdered Beatrice, who appeared to me, in the sha

\* Alluding to a common Hungarian superstition.

† The Prefect of Temeswar, as well as the Waivode of Transy  
and the Palatine of Hungary, possessed, at the era of our story,  
village of ennobling their children.

‡ *Extra Ungarum, non est vita, si est vita, non est ita.*

*a villie*, the princess's marriage having been unconsummated at her death. She drew me to follow her to the subterranean haunts of Hermanstadt: I there beheld the man, who first tempted me to the abduction of the princess. Twice since, I have caught his bright eye fixed upon me,—and I feel, yes I feel, I am in the boa's toils. To-morrow, I have to appear before the lord cardinal; but, however his eminence may determine respecting me, I have a conviction, that my mortal career draws towards its close. Ha! a step approaches,—'tis yet the dead of night. Kind prisoner, when you shall be liberated, seek out Vicchy, Duke of Eissenburg, to apprise him of the fate of his spell-bound brother."

"ALBERT OF EISENBURG."

To attempt to describe the agitation of mind, with which this announcement was received by Vicchy, would be a vain endeavour. His brother, whom he yet remembered,—a fair-haired boy of nine years of age (himself being twelve months the senior), was here ascertained to be that sentinel, over whose mysterious lot, he had so often pondered. Albert, it appeared, had been the prime agent in that crime, of which Vicchy was falsely accused, and which was the first, and actuating cause of his outlawry and misfortunes. He suspected, in an instant, what indeed was the truth, that the fatal mistake must have originated in some strong family likeness; and he, at the same time, recollected, and understood the drift of the inquiry, preferred by Pereny, in the chateau of Count Rodna, when that graf asked him, whether he had not a brother?

While still in the full turmoil of consternation, which so wonderful a discovery was calculated to excite, men's steps were heard descending the flight of steps, leading to his cell, and the flap of a little grating, in the centre of the door being first opened, a moment after, the huge portal was flung back, and a lofty plume stooped itself, that its owner might cross the threshold. A masked figure, en-

veiled in an ample mantle, was ushered into the prison, by the jailor, who immediately retired. At the first glance, which Hubert gave the stately form, his brother's eventful life, and melancholy catastrophe,—the princess's abduction,—his own outlawry,—all reminiscences, that, only the instant before, mingled, and rioted in his brain, were wholly obscured, and overpowered. He beheld, with his mind's eye, as he did with visible organ, but one tremendous object. The man, or rather fiend, whose feelings, he knew from experience, were inaccessible to pity,—he could see nothing in all the world, but this being come unto him for vengeance,—vengeance for councils betrayed, and trust violated. All power, and strength seemed to go out of his limbs, and he felt, as if he could have sunk into the earth. Veronica, on the stranger's being introduced into the dungeon, prepared to take her departure.

"Adieu! father, for the next two hours," she said, and waved her hand, but she did not observe the little regard that Hubert paid to her words, or movement. Alas! guilt will dry up the very sinews of courage, and the idea of having to hold colloquy with the being, we have consciously betrayed, face to face, when he fronts us, as an accuser, must work in the brain, like cowardice. Circumstances, and his own vacillancy, had turned Eissenburg into a double traitor; first, to the state he professed to serve; and next, to the Cygani tribes, whose sworn spy and federrary he was pledged, at the same time, that he advised the great Richter Iwan, of their secret councils. But it was the remembrance of his having opened the mysterious packet, which, at that minute, floated uppermost, and was alone *objective* in the rolling waters of the magnat's mind.

It was this thought, which, withering him all over, as with a cold palsy, left him motionless, idealless, almost breathless. He trembled before the chief of the Cyganis, like one, touched by the wand of Prospero,—

the very quivering statue of man ! Veronica stepped to the door of the dungeon, with the intention of retiring, when the masked foreigner, placing himself before her, addressed her in as courteous accents, as gallantry ever modulated, and which, to a degree, she could not account for, thrilled through all her frame. The tones of his voice seemed to form the key to some horrible reminiscence, which had been once impressed in deep dyes on her heart, though now nearly effaced.

"Verily, fair maiden," he said, "I cannot suffer your departure. I find, to my surprise, I obtrude on hallowed ground — the air, an angel perfumes, with the incense of her breath, becomes sanctified, and her presence transforms a prison into a temple."

Veronica was about to answer, when thus the stranger proceeded.

"Nay, you shall not leave your father — he will, indeed, be to be envied, who is destined to receive, for life, from thy sire's hands, so inestimable a gift, as that of thy hand, fair lady ; but, till that severing of your kindred loves, the tie, that binds ye is far too intimate, and too sweet, to be rudely snapped, or disregarded. I would not, for the world, for any trivial cause, or personal convenience, part such dear company. My business with your father can be transacted an hour hence, quite the same as now. Lady, I take my leave." Thus speaking, he would have caught her hand, but she shrunk from his touch, as from that of an aspic. She felt convinced, that she must have both seen him, and heard him converse, many years before, and that too, under peculiar and impressive circumstances. An inexpressible loathing came over her ; his horrible malisons of yesterday, were far from being obliterated, from her memory, by the honeyed phrases, with which, it suited his present purpose, to astonish her ; but she felt, that in the maleficent being before her, she beheld something, antipathous to her

very soul. She merely replied, however, in as calm a voice as she could assume, while, with increased rapidity of pace, she neared the threshold. "I was about to withdraw, when you entered — excuse me, sir knight."

The foreigner profoundly bowed, and Veronica left him, with her father, in the dungeon.



## MANUSCRIPT XIII.

"Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?"

*Eleg. 5. Milton.*

GENTLE reader, has it escaped your recollection, that in the manuscript before the last, Ragotzy, Swartz, and Sigismund, being assembled together, in the sepulchral vaults, beneath the site of St. Theresa's church,—the former personage evanished, in a very will-o'-the-wisp sort of fashion, leaving his confederates to their "own aversion?" Do you recollect?—you do,—well then, if you be not afraid, and have, otherwise, no particular engagement, we would thank you to go back with us to that aforesaid sepulchre: Nay, not in *propria persona*, but only mentally "Horatio,"—only in imagination—so come along, and hearken to a voice, that whispers a single word, in the ear of Count Ragotzy.

"Whither?" he demanded, in the same low key.

"To Unna!"

"Wherefore?—at this hour? but I obey."

The end of a scarf was immediately insinuated, into the open hand of the chieftain, by which clue, he was gently led to the base of the cenotaph of John of Zapola; hence, by the mechanism of a sinking floor, he descended to the clay-cold cave beneath, where, alone, and in darkness, he awaited the coming of his parent. More

than half an hour, according to the impatient, and imperfect reckoning of the capitany, had tediously elapsed, ere the reflection of a light, upon the earthy sides of the chamber, and the echo of her imperious step, scorning surprise, gave warning that this potent and superhuman being, was at hand. After having set her lamp near the sill, or entrance of the vault, she came forwards, and addressed the bandit capitany.

"Alaric," she said, "what art thou about in Hermanstadt?"

"State affairs, good mother," was the cool response.

"Say rather thine own, rash and short-sighted mortal!" returned Unna, — "thine. The interests of the Cyganis abhor slaughter; but nothing can appease thy insatiate thirst for blood, which is as blind, as it is quenchless. Last night, thou wouldst have made a rare, and royal feast, but thy quarry was not forthcoming. To-night, thou prowlest in company; but, wet-lipped tiger! thine errand is still the same — blood! blood! blood!"

"Mother," observed Ragotzy, "this repetition of a worn-out tale, defeats its own purpose: like the reverberated echo of our voices, along these sinuous passages,—your monitor falls fainter on the ear, at every repercussion. I heed you not."

"Heed me not!" answered Unna! in a voice more gloomy than before. "Thou thick-eyed beetle, whom the heavens strike blind before they punish—not heed me!—wilt thou heed *Him*? Alaric, the cry is out against thee!—again, a price is upon thy blood. I would have remonstrated, but I was cut short with a word. The life of the Princess Beatrice, had been, a second time, attempted by thee! What could I say after that?—Nevertheless, I did speak for you—I urged—I threatened, and my threats are fatal—they have proved so. Even unto his victim, I have already half-divulged the truth: Oh, God! forgive my rage."

"What mean you?" said Ragotzy.

"But, thine the fault,—on thy head be the punishment," proceeded Unna, with increased vehemence. "Thy crimes, Alaric, admit of no alleviation,—at once, devilish, and superfluous."

"That they are the former, may be like enough," returned the bandit; "but surely not superfluous."

"Now, hear me, my son," said Unna, more calmly. "Last night, and again to-night, hast thou sought these vaults, with the fixed resolve to commit assassination. For the blood of the African, let Ferdinand answer it; but, the Princess Beatrice, whose life was preserved, it seems, by the forecast of father Dominick,—what embryo in thy brain seemed to require her death?"

"Her blood was needed to glue me faster to the throne I aimed at," answered Alaric, doggedly, "I owe her no ill-will, but I could not pause to pity her."

"Thou pity!" exclaimed Unna; "when didst thou ever pity? Yet, again I ask, how would her death advantage thee?"

"She knows the secret," answered Ragotzy; "and might, in some compunctious moment of her madness, blab her child's parentage, after I had married Czerina."

"Thou marry the Lady Czerina!" cried Unna, with symptoms of astonishment, partaking of dismay.

"To be sure I would, and will; what think you I came hither for, else? — why not, prithee? — I must be king of Hungary, notwithstanding that, that Iwan, who is my evil genius, hath slain the Waivode, who with his whole force was pledged to aid me. I would become a throne as well as Czerina, I warrant me; and my title, at any rate, were as well founded."

"Thou marry the lady Czerina!" reiterated Unna. "Fool! fool! you know not what you babble of!"

"Ha! I tell you I do, and will act what I say," replied the self-willed chieftain.

"Peace, Alaric!" cried Unna; "strangle that monstrous thought in the birth, or, being born, hold it at

arm's length from thee; shake it off, as you would a viper, from your bosom; — this can never be!"

"Not be! do you think so? Then hear me, mother," answered Ragotzy. He stopped, and only, after a long pause, thus proceeded: "Last summer, when Erdely was one wide theatre of rebellion, and the Bloody Peter, and our Wallachian confederates, ravaged the country, from north to south, I was apprized, that the Archduke Ferdinand was on the eve of assembling a large army, under the pretence of quelling the insubordination, so prevalent in Transylvania, but really, with the view of taking military possession of the province. On hearing this, I debated with myself, what part it behoved the Cygani people to play, in the impending struggle. I had reason to fear, that, under the acknowledged domination of any power, whether Austrian or Ottoman, the reign of anarchy would insensibly subside, in that death-sleep of the soul, which is brought on by servitude; and I inferred from the unresisted authority of either, the gradual resurrection of order, and the unshackled administration of martial law, ... a result, which the interests of our people too clearly deprecated. I apprehended, that the charter of the Bishop of Fünfkirchen to Thomas Polgar, counter-signed, for so many years, by the authorities, would never be ratified, by the Austrian. I foresaw, we should be withheld from injury, by the laws, and from public rapine, by the arms of the conqueror. What was then to be done? The course of events hurried me on; the dread of foreign tyranny, heightened by present licence, and impunity, was stimulated, by the ambition of fame, and unshackled power. One act alone, I perceived, might suspend our ruin, and, by that act, my mother, and our ruin suspended. I resolved, by a master-stroke of policy and daring, to enfranchise Transylvania, for ever from the regal pre-eminence of a single tyrant, or, at al

events, for the present, to balance the respective claims of Solyman, of Ferdinand, and of Czerina."

"I understand you not," said Unna.

"Nay," rejoined Ragotzy; "hear patiently, what I have to unfold, and then refuse to applaud me, if thou canst. Disguising my person, I darted, swift and secret, by a circuitous route, through the hostile country, and, on an appointed day, hailed certain of my fellows, during the celebration of high mass, in the abbey of Coloswar. The Var\* of that city is intrusted to the joint command of two governors,† named invariably by the Diet, and whose appointment is, consequently, independent of him, you wot of—the guardian, I would say, of the queen of Hungary. I was desirous to anticipate the projects of the archduke, whilst Transylvania was still free; so, before, as yet, the waves of Duna,‡ reflect the glittering pride of the Austrian eagles, I watched my opportunity, and already, ere the first lances of Ferdinand gleamed along the defile of the *White Mountains*; or, mingled with the pinnacles of Alba Julia, were touched, by the sun of Erdély, the deed is done, good mother. I got the start of the invader, and forestalled the golden prize, he aimed at. Every description of disguise had been prepared. I made my appearance before the gates of the castle, followed by my esquire, and twelve arquebusiers on horseback. My safe-conduct, and letter from Martinuzzi to the governor, recommending me to the hospitable offices of his excellency, are presented.—You apprehend it all, I see, good Unna;—the pass, the missive, the signature, the armorial ensigns attached—all capital forgeries; they would have staggered the lord regent himself. 'Tis the old story; the bait took, and your son was admitted within the Castle of Coloswar, . .

\* Var, castle.

† "Duumvirati."—*Peter de Reva*, cent. vi.

‡ Duna, the Danube.

and none. So jealous, in regard to strangers, were the regulations of the Var, that my train was compelled to remain, without the walls. This strictness, on the part of the governor, was unlooked for, and I found myself thrown upon the instant resources of my own mind. As a friend of the regent, no suspicion could attach to my purpose. Luckily, one of the governors, Count Raoul, was absent upon duty. By Count Oldimar, his colleague, I most amply, I was most nobly entertained. A splendid banquet closed the evening. The wine circulated, and I knew, it was a means, better than the rack, to get at secrets. So watching, with joyous anticipation, the vintage dye purpling his lip, I plied the bottle, till, as the carouse deepened, his heart grew, and reeled, with the grape of *Scojscaud*.\* Then, Unna, I gave our discourse the direction of my wishes; and soon, with much earnestness, sought to be permitted to look upon the treasure of the castle. This, you will presently see, was requiring, from my entertainer, an absolute breach

\* *Scojscaud* & *Saguard*.—The rich juice, expressed from this grape, is a deep red, and hardly considered inferior to the *Tocai Ausbruch*, and *Boscon de Hongrie*, par excellence. By the way, we in England are apt to take for gospel the critical eulogium of the butler, in "High Life below Stairs," on the "Imperial Tokai;" but, according to Redi, in his "Racco in Toscana," the *Montepulciano* of Italy might contest the palm, and that on the dictum of no less an authority than the jolly god himself:—

"Onde agnium che di beo  
 Riverebbe il nome sacro  
 Ascolti questo altissimo decreto  
 Che Bassaccio pronunzia, egli dia fe,  
 Montepulciano d'ogni Vinco il Re."

Thus rendered by Leigh Hunt:—

"Then all that bow down to the nod  
 Of the care-killing vintage god,  
 Give ear and give faith to his edict divine,  
 That *Montepulciano's the King of all Wine*."

of faith, and an infraction of the Orders of the Diet. At first, he would willingly have turned the conversation; then, finding I persisted in my purpose, he thought to silence me by a dignified refusal; but, marry! I would take no rebuff, so that, ere long, his firmness gave way, and, in the end, he was weak enough to yield to my reiterated entreaties.

"It wanted an hour of midnight, and all the castle's eyes were sunk in slumbers, when Count Oldimar conducted me to the most retired, and inaccessible point of the fortress of Coloswar. With stealthy pace, we crept along, and he poured oil, from the silver lamp, into the several hinges and wards, ere he soundlessly turned the keys; and now, having reached the goal, the noiseless door gave way, on a slight pressure, and admitted us. We stood beside the consecrated treasure; then, whilst the Castellan hung over the glittering charge, committed to his custody, and was in the act of illustrating, to his perfidious guest, the several wonders of the miraculous deposit, I drew my dirk, and—" Here Ragotzy paused, and lowering his voice to one of horrid stillness, presently added, "'Twas one blow! *only one*, mother; and, methinks, Count Oldimar never broke troth again!"

"Son!" cried Unna, "'twas a wicked deed. Ah! Alaric, remorse, on some after day, will wrap your fierce heart around for this, and, like a ravening serpent, corrode, where he makes his lair."

"Oh! I wot well all you would say as to that, good mother," resumed Ragotzy, breaking in on the half pause in Unna's speech; "but, prithee, hear me out. To clothe myself in the garments of the governor, and seize the guerdon of my daring, was my first care. I then passed without the keep, and closed the door, upon the bloody corpse of Oldimar. There, the Castellan yet lies, clotted, and festering in his gore. I heard, since, 'twas given out, he had been transported away, by a

demon in the form of man; and, perhaps, as to good folks of Coloswar were not so far out. Timent, however, has never, I believe, hitherto subjected to search. Under the circumstances, it likely, it would be suspected. I was careful to the several keys in the spot, from whence, I ob governor, first, to take them down, and issued castle, in the guise, and semblance of his excell self. I passed several sentinels, undetected challenged; joined my comrades, who were w took horse, and bore away, in triumph, my i prize, to our conicular fortress, in the neighb Coloswar."

"And this prize was—?"

"THE REGALIA OF HUNGARY, mother!" r bandit, with exultation:—"the sword of j sceptre of dominion, and that diadem, which us, angelic creatures fabricated."

"The Regalia!" exclaimed Unna: "I ever that the sacred ornaments were tabernacled at V

"So they were used, but after the death Zapola, the nobles of Hungary, for greater se them removed thence, first to Buda, and Erdély," returned Ragotzy. "Mark you the mother?" he continued—"Why, in such s regard, do these weak nations hold this divi that, in my proper person, as the son of Polgar—nay, as the brigand capitany,\* having type in pawn,—I would be sooner acknowle king, by the people of Hungary and Transyl would the lineal monarch, uncrowned, and so fied by Heaven's benizons!—And think you, n demanded, "I having preserved her imaginary i and being empowered to gift, with so inc dowry, as the crown of Hungary, that mai

\* Capitany—chieftain.



take to my bed, that Czerina will be so ill-advised, as to refuse my hand?"

"Better had she never seen the light, than wed thee, Alaric!" exclaimed Unna, in a tone, which faltered, with inward horror.

"Perhaps so," observed Alaric, "but wed me she shall, notwithstanding.

"Son, you know not what you say,—you know not what you purpose," cried Unna. "Think not of such visions,—let thy mind no longer hold dalliance with this phantom thought,—this shadow of an impossible thing. If thy crimes be legion, here were the master fiend."

"You mouth it finely," said Ragotzy, "though a word in season would outvalue all these heroics;—but now, what matter presses, that thus you sound a parley, at such an hour, and summon me from my friends?"

"Ha! there again," exclaimed Unna—"another victim, it seems, must be offered up to the demon of blood, which hath possessed thee. What can Vicchy have done to thee, that only his life might expiate the offence?"

"The villain!" cried Ragotzy, "would you think it? <sup>has</sup> opened the packet, I intrusted to him, wherein the confession of Alicia, which involves the fate, and the fortunes of Hungary, lay buried, as in a tomb. I only deal him God's justice. He hath eat of the tree of knowledge, and shall taste of death."

"Ha! what's that you utter?" cried Unna, in a sort of a half scream, and turning upon Ragotzy, with a look, which even made him start.

"Do I not tell you," he replied, "that Hubert broke the signet, which ——"

The bandit was interrupted, by the shrill tones of Unna's voice, exalted to their highest pitch. With foaming lip, and sparkling eye, as with one hand she threw back her ~~dotman~~, and raised the other, as if in the act of inspiration, she shrieked out, "Ha! ha! it is working; the unravelling of the intricate ways of the lofty, and the

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

soul!" she continued, in the tremulous accents of sorrow, which contrasted strangely, with the loftiness of her language, and supernatural pretensions—"aspiring soul! hath thy prosperity reached its summit,—and dost thou already await the revolution of the descending wheel? and have I lived, and loved, and laboured for this? With these words, her head sunk on her breast, and she hurriedly drew her shrivelled hand across her eyes, ere she resumed, in the same subdued, and plaintive accents as before. But the star of Alaric culminates in the horizon, as heretofore, nor shall he anticipate the general doom of his race, by giving the reins to his intemperate passions. Then, how? Can the stars lie? No, but they show many turnings, and I will balance their decrees, and hedge out of ruin. Veronica, of Eissenburg, must become the *Cygani Menyasgony*."\* She paused for an instant;—again, by her fixed eye, her thoughts would seem to run on into the future, and then, at last, addressing her son, who had looked on, the while, with a sort of unfilial sneer of incredulity,—“You tell me,” she observed, “that Hubert is possessed with the mystery of the packet?”

“Doubtless,” answered Ragotzy—“If the documents were taken from their envelope, he must know all.”

“Then, he is aware, that Czerina ———”

“Of course,” interrupted Ragotzy.

“But does he surmise, who is the only, and true heritor?” interrogated Unna.

“What heritor? how—whom?” demanded the other quickly, and with eager look, as if he expected to learn something of deep interest; but if so, he deceived himself; for his haggard parent merely rejoined—“True, true; as you say, how should he?”

“Will she never have done playing prophet with me?” thought Ragotzy to himself, in the mutual, silence which succeeded.

\* *Cigani Menyasgony*—The Gypsy Bride.

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surely (thank God !) doth he likewise inherit this particle of his divine origin, which is the key-note to all, that sanctifies the present, and holds out a chance (however faint) of a "new life unto righteousness." This deep vein of feeling will assume every form, and degree of brightness, agreeably to the infinite modifications, which appertain to the lot of mortality. In Hubert, as we have said, it took the shape of parental love.

" His worn bosom and keen eye would melt,  
Over the innocence of that sweet child,  
The only shrine of feelings undefiled."

That pure shrine was now outraged, by the proposal of Count Ragotzy, that he should consign the innocent, and spotless girl to the "tender mercies," of such an enfeebled monster, as was the Cygani chief; the bare imagination of which, harrowed up every fibre of his soul. He felt, he would as soon hand her over, in the helplessness of her beauty, to the fangs of some wolf, from the recesses of the krapacks, or deliver her, bound hand and foot, to the inhuman caresses of some wet-lipped vampire, as condemn her virgin purity of mind and person, to the marital defacement of the gipsy count. It was a kind of shrinking horror, that curdled through his veins, at the nefarious idea; only the more intense, because, accompanied with the remembrance of the power, and passions of the being, whose offer inspired the sensation. In the first burst of his indignation, he would have liked to immolate the speaker to his resentment, and the next moment, he owned the policy of governing his feelings, and temporizing with the facinorous insulter. Thus, while these antagonist emotions wrestled, like strong athletes, in his soul, he stood in silence, with his arms hanging listless by his side, the veins of his forehead swollen,—his eyes distended, but fixed,—his lips now wide apart, and the instant after, compressed with painful force. Only a father, struggling in the gripe of a notorious homicide, (the prodigy of a century,) can fully enter into the feelings of

Vicchy, or comprehend those sudden spasms, which arose at intervals, from the internal depths of thought, and passed over his visage, like a dark cloud, working his features into a convulsion. Out of this heaving of the under current of his reflections, he was aroused, by the voice of Count Ragotzy.

"What new gorgon's head dost glare at, man? Look away—come, tell me, have I your permission to pay my addresses to the lady Veronica?"

"My lord," replied Vicchy, when he had collected and calmed his voice to speak, in which he succeeded, with some difficulty. "I——but my child is young—the predatory pursuits, in which you must needs be ever, and inevitably engaged, would hardly accord with her habits, and modes of thinking."

"Why, Eisenburg, what are you dreaming of?" demanded Ragotzy; "My manner of life can be no objection. The lady Veronica, who, years ago, could journey on horseback, from Warsaw to Coloswar, and thence to Vienna, can hardly be fastidious, on the score of having to travel, were there a necessity, a few leagues with her husband."

"Ha! sayest thou?" ejaculated Vicchy, "from Warsaw to Coloswar! how meanest thou by that?"

"Did she not?" asked Ragotzy, looking significantly, and crossing his arms upon his broad chest,—“and so young a thing as she was too! so no more of my itinerant habits. The daughter of her father ought to know, what belongs to the wife of him, who prowls in the red light of the moon.” Vicchy clenched his teeth, and closing his two hands with such force, that the long nails pierced through the flesh, with difficulty checked the impetuous answer, which rose to his lips.

"Come, come, Eisenburg," proceeded the Cygani, "the violence of my love cannot brook delay—so I must make suit for your intercession, with the lady Veronica."

Vicchy dared not trust his voice in reply.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 281:10, 1245-1246 (1999).

...the ... ..

*[Illegible text]*

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl a) is the primary photosynthetic pigment in most plants and algae. It is a green pigment that absorbs light energy in the blue and red regions of the visible spectrum. Chl a is essential for the light-dependent reactions of photosynthesis, where it converts light energy into chemical energy in the form of ATP and NADPH.

“The company” received the  
“The company” received the

... ..

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*[Faint, illegible text]*

...

[illegible]

...the ... of ...

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

...the ... of ...

the "general" market, and across the  
in scope of "uncontrolled" and "regime"

... I was

...et un homme d'égale importance à moi-même

And saying: How bright are  
 your eyes as garnets; yet, ev

of the Vienne, in the perfect beggary of my father, I accepted that funereal prosperity, thou shower'dst me, solely and singly, for the sake of my poor starved girl. Thinkest thou, if I could have imagined her as to be rescued, only that she should, in after-years, be a property to advance thy politic ends, I would have spurned thee, and thy gold alike? Oh! rather with fierce corrosives, would I have defaced my child, she were barked, and encrusted round, into one loathsome leper, or, if that promised no salvation for her, have her fast, and decay, piecemeal, into the innocent grave dug for her, and looked on with tearless eye,—ay! for, as Veronica is to my heart,—have smiled, as I heard stiffened clods rattling on her hearse, and triumphed, think, it pleased heaven to save one, I loved, from such contamination and despair, as must be her portion, whose cruel fate connects her with your lot."

It required no ordinary stimulus, to draw from Vicchy's lips, such direct and uncalculating language, as the foregoing; nor was it often, that Count Ragotzy's ears were fated to tingle at such, from any man. He was not the person quiescently, to brook opposition to his wishes, more especially an opposition, couched in terms of disrespect, and opprobrium, but (as will sometimes happen,) the very novelty of the occurrence,—his surprise, at what he deemed the audacity of the speaker, overwhelmed, and counteracted the instant, and adequate expression of that resentment, which Vicchy's declaration was otherwise calculated to elicit,—a resentment, which, notwithstanding his momentary calm, Ragotzy, in the very depths of his soul, felt and acknowledged. His eyes sparkled, with the glare of the most ferocious vindictiveness, as he exclaimed, "By all the powers of darkness! thou shalt yet pay dear for this insolence!" He stopped abruptly, thrusting his right hand violently, within the folds of his vest, and then, playing with the hilt of his dirk, with nervous irritability, as if doubtful, whether the provocation,

...the place  
...Well was  
...with the Right  
...here left in  
...Count Rag  
...honourable trans  
...round the grout  
...nearly chival  
...was fain to content  
...for all the Duke's lies  
...associate. And  
...word escaped Wincky,  
...vehement vituperat  
...spray, which spits again  
...in the eyes of l  
...of a wild and woun  
...burst out of the c

...the stormy  
...hearing nothing  
...himself, that if his p  
...were, in some  
...which protected him,  
...his late commande  
...of his solitary  
...apprehensions  
...laughter, and an un  
...that folded-pape  
...Bernica was punctu  
...Judith, in  
...of a better

...was entertaining  
...the jailor ente  
...come down fi  
...Wincky and othe  
...at their pleasure,

eastern rampart. To that fallen noble, wearied with the dull succession of hour after hour, in his solitary dungeon, this privilege offered a most welcome relaxation. It was the second morning, after the licence, we mentioned, had been vonschafed, that Vicchy leaned, with one shoulder against the parapet, his thoughts busied, with the strange fatality, that seemed to hang over his house, and he was pondering, at the moment, on the extraordinary coincidence of himself, and his lost brother, having been engaged, in the same service, and incarcerated, in the same dungeon, when, suddenly, one, wrapped, from head to foot, in the *szüröd territs'd*, (the threadbare cloak distinctively worn, by the peasants of the country) accosting him, in a low voice, by his name, inquired, if he had any communication for the camp of Iwan. "I only arrived last night, and I am off to-morrow, to join the Richter. I heard, by chance, of this indulgence to the state prisoners, and, at imminent risk, have stolen here, to obtain a minute's speech of you."

Vicchy immediately recognized, in the diminutive form and piercing eyes of him, who spake, the person of the cunning agent, to whom, on several occasions, he had betrayed the councils, and intended movements, so far as he could ascertain them, of the Cygani leader, and thus, not seldom, had enabled the great Richter to disconcert, by a countermarch, the purposed ravages of Count Ragotzy, and so, to disappoint that chief of his anticipated booty. Many a Magyar Var had been saved from scenes of rapine and murder, by the unexpected intervention of the Richter Iwan, at the head of superior forces, till, in course of time, the common people, from having repeatedly witnessed these coincident manœuvres, and remarked, how constantly the hostile demonstrations of the Cygani were opposed, by the advance of the Wallachian troops, and how invariably the latter put these terrible freebooters to the right about,—began to distinguish the great Richter, by the appellation of their *Isten* or god, and to mark their dread, and detestation of

the gipsy leader, by designating him the *Mano*, or father of all evil. Vicchy was overjoyed to encounter one, unto whom he thought he might freely open his mind; and immediately proceeded to advise the Wallachian agent of every circumstance, that had happened, since he last held colloquy with him, which was about a week prior to his arrest. At the conclusion, though not without some hesitation, Vicchy slowly drew, from his bosom, the folded mystery, which, for successive days and nights, had drank up all the currents of his soul, and frankly requested the other's assistance, to get at its purport. The agent regarded the paper, at first, with an air of languid curiosity; however, the instant his quick eye lighted on the hand-writing, it gleamed like that of a hyena; it was positively frightful, to catch the changes of his countenance; his whole nature seemed to undergo a revulsion; his usually sallow complexion, assumed a livid, and greenish tinge; the veins upon his swart temples seemed swoln, like corded lines, ready to burst with stretching, whilst his piercing orbs shot forth light, fast as the coruscations of twin meteors. Giving a faint cry, like that of the falcon in his rage, while his quivering lip strove, ineffectually, to body forth the workings of his mind, he extended his bare arm to clutch the paper, as that bird darts on his prey.

Vicchy, startled and astonished, by the abruptness and violence of the movement, held it aloof; when, suddenly, the man's wrapping-mantle fell to the ground, and disclosed the dwarf-like figure of the wearer; he was slightly clad — the vest or shirt of linen, hanging, like a doublet, outside the hose, which was of white cloth, was bound down by a broad leather girdle, and half hid by it, hung a naked, and curiously shaped knife; he wore no jacket or outer covering. The wide sleeves of the shirt were open.\* This person made more than one ineffectual attempt to snatch the document, out of

\* The Wallachian costume in the sixteenth century. Purchas is my authority.



the hands of Vicchy ; but, perceiving, from the superior height and strength of his opponent, that he had no chance of attaining his purpose, he desisted. Vicchy, who found himself so strangely, and unexpectedly obliged to contest the possession of that paper, whose imagined importance was not a little enhanced, in his estimation, by the mysterious effect, which it wrought on his companion, at length drew sufficient breath, to inquire, what had come to the Richter's very good friend (as the man commonly styled himself), that he forgot his gentle breeding, and played at bob-cherry, for what did not belong to him ?”

This remonstrance shortly brought matters to an amicable issue ; — a parley ensued, the particulars of which the reader will excuse our repeating ; but, ere the close thereof, the Wallachian agent read, aloud, that prohibited paper. With emotions electrical, and indescribable, Hubert's ears drank in the tidings ! — his head swam ! — his heart leaped to his throat ! He stood upon Mount Pisgah, and looked down, upon that promised land, which, with prophetic ken, he had oft, before, beheld, and compassed, as it were, with an eye of faith ; and now, the wide perspective spread out, in all its glory before his vision. A sudden gleam of light flashed upon his mental eye. *He conceived it all* ; — his fond bosom swelled, at the anticipation of the golden round, which was to encircle the brow of his beloved daughter. The Duke of Eissenburg returned to his dungeon another man.

## MANUSCRIPT XV.

" Quelquefois mes reveries finissent par meditation, mais plus souvent, mes meditations finissent par la rêverie."

ROUSSEAU *les Rêveries*.

" Tum Victor madido prosilias toro."  
Nocturni referens vulnera proelii."

CLAUDIAN *Fescen*.

" Dulcia nocturnæ portans vestigia rixæ,  
Quam de Virgineis gesserat exuviis."

CATULLUS, *Carm. lxi*.

THE scene shifts again to Hubert's cottage. It was on the night, immediately succeeding the afternoon, in which Maximilian Count Pereny rose from his bed of sickness, that two persons held a whispering, and hushed consultation, in the little brick chamber, of which we have before made mention. Their voices were pitched so tremulously low, they seemed to mock the listening sense, as they talked over the interesting subject, they were engaged in canvassing. They were seated close together, and the gleamy lustre of their eyes, at intervals, reflected the only light of the apartment.

" I gave you up," said one of these ; " I thought you might have seen cause, to forego your tardy vengeance : not hearing further from you, I sent a messag-

this very day, to the cardinal, by his nephew. I will delay my confession no longer,—the outlawry of Vicchy shall not be terminated, in his death. Discover to me, then, at length, the real villain. *Name him*, that I may denounce, to Martinuzzi, the murderer of the Princess Beatrice. Hubert, I am positive, shall not lie under the stigma of her abduction another day. It is time, he should resume his rank and fortunes."

"Why thou art grown self-willed," returned the other, speaking hardly over his breath. "Since when, hast thou thought fit, to act in this of thine own judgment. I was obliged, suddenly, to leave the capital, and it is only at the peril of my safety, that, under cover of the night, I have ventured back, to bear thee off with me. Even while I speak, horses await us, in the lane, beyond the precipice—let us, then, hasten thither; every minute, we spend here we are in danger."

"*To the precipice!*" whispered the first speaker, whilst his breath, audibly drawn in, through his clenched teeth, attested his horror, at the proposal. "Think you, I would again place my foot on that unhallowed ground, with all its local associations weighing on me,—and at this hour?—not I,—wait till the daylight."

"Tush, tush, Albert; if I did not know thee for a brave man," rejoined the other, in the same low whisper, "I should deem thee an arrant coward. — What! wait here, to be bayed, and hunted down, by some of the regent's hell-hounds, who are on the track for me?—I must begone; promise me, at least, if you will not accompany me, my good fellow, that you do not spring the mine, until I give the signal."

"But when will that be?" demanded the first speaker. "Recollect, how many years you have kept me in pursuit of empty shadows, and all the while, in ignorance of the grounds of your flattering promises — why should we longer procrastinate?"

"I tell you," replied the neighbouring voice, "it must

not be ;—to manifest our purpose, before circumstances are ripe for it, were only to ruin ourselves, without hurting the man we aim at. Let us lie in wait — not long — every thing promises a speedy issue.”

“ Ay, ’twas thus you spoke, when you prevailed upon me to quit my prison, and escape, in your company. I yielded then, because I doubted the continuance of Eissenburg’s outlawry ; afterwards, I hastened hither, where you have fooled me, day after day, on some frivolous pretence or other. Now, however, that his life is in the quivering of the balance, I hesitate not a moment longer — he shall not suffer.”

“ Pshaw, man ! you fret me. What’s Eissenburg to you — let the infatuated traitor perish.”

“ Ay, it is easy said, and easier done than said ; but, he shall not perish, I tell you, charged with a crime of which I can clear him, by acknowledging myself the guilty party. I shall, to-morrow, obtain audience of the regent, and fully exculpate Eissenburg.”

“ And much the regent will thank you ! Besides, whom will you accuse ?—you know not whose handy work you did. A mere mercenary fool !—you know not your employer’s name.—Whose hongrees bribed you to silence ?—you know not. Who now addresses you ?—you know not.—A likely tale for Martinuzzi’s ears !”

“ Nevertheless,” answered the voice, “ it must be told. Because I have been looked on with the evil eye \* shall Vicchy be brought to the scaffold ?”

“ Think you,” said the other voice, “ that Vicchy was arrested for his outlawry ? — If so, be undeceived ; he is in prison, because he had connected himself, with the bands of the Cyganis and Wallachians, whilst holding command in the Transylvanian service. Such is his offence, believe me.”

\* A common Hungarian superstition.

"Is it possible, that his rank is not known?" whispered the other. "Then, were he exonerated from the charge, which caused his outlawry, his birth would stand him in good stead. I shame to remain a puppet, at the beck of one, you do well to remind me, I know nought of. I'll see the cardinal to-morrow, and then tell him all."

"And so will the man, that hired your servile sword, never be brought up to justice," responded the other voice. "You will be silenced, I can tell you that; but he."——

"But he!" retorted the first speaker, "why *he*, why not name his name?"

"'Twould choke you, were I to do so; nevertheless, if you will engage to defer stirring in the matter, for only one week longer, I *will* name his name; and, after that term ——"

"I am free to make my confession?" said the other.

"If you then care to do so — if you *dare*. Will you promise?"

"Then, for one week, I defer my purpose — now, his name — be brief."

"As thought, still, still, in your ear — let not the air catch my words; close, closer yet. I'll show you all! He is — shall I say it? — *he is* ——" The speaker paused, supporting himself on the shoulder of the eager listener, and concluded, with whispering into his ear.

His interlocutor, as he heard the murmured communication, started back, and then grasped the other's arm. "Great God of Heaven! Oh, yet, deceive me not!" he exclaimed, in a voice, which plainly evinced his inward emotion.

"Thunder strike me! an you be not convinced of that, I tell you, when, some day, you behold—but, hearken!" he said, suddenly pausing. "Do you hear that?" A door was now heard to creak upon its hinges, and a heavy step, sounded in the passage.

"Ha!" cried out one of the speakers, "who is't, that issues, from the chamber of Hubert's child?" and he rushed out of the room.

It happened, on this evening, that the fair daughter of Eissenburg retired to her sleeping-room, earlier than usual. She was desirous of shunning her unmannerly guest, that she might not subject herself to a repetition of those disgraceful overtures, which had so sensibly pained and humiliated her, in the instance, we have laid before our readers. She knew, she could not answer for the tone of her indignation, should Maximilian again assail her; and, remembering the means, with which his privileged greatness furnished him, of serving her father in his extremity, she deemed it only an act of prudence, to avoid encountering the Graf, while he chose to sojourn under the same roof. Besides the motive, we have just instanced, subjects of interest to her had lately evolved, on which she wished to ruminate, in the privacy of her chamber. She entered the room, and closing the door, secured it, by shooting a small bolt into the staple. It was a square apartment, of no great dimensions, opening laterally from the narrow passage, of which we had occasion to make mention, in an earlier chapter. The flooring was of brick, and, as in the other apartments, the walls were whitewashed. There might be observed an aperture in the ceiling, through which, by daylight, the outer crumbling rafters were visible. This made the ever open entrance into that void, or loft, usual in thatched roofs, throughout that region, and generally destined, in the age, to which this history refers, as, indeed, we believe, at present, for implements of business, and the lumber of the family. There was one window, looking out upon those fragments of building, whose neglected state, and rude and solitary appearance, we have elsewhere described. The furniture of this diminutive sleeping-room, as scanty as it was plain, consisted of a sort of meagre bedstead, without curtains, occupying

a narrow alcove; an old oak table, supported on three clumsy legs; and two rickety chairs of withy. Upon the table, lay open a copy of the New Testament, in the Magyar tongue,\* first printed, a few years before, at Szigetvar, under the auspices of the philanthropic, and pious Nadaschdy.

There are seasons, when the most thoughtless of the sons, and daughters of Adam, are not sorry to escape from the rush of this empty pageant world, and summoning up, at will, those scenes and moments, which memory pictures on the human heart, as with a sunbeam, haunt the time with faces, long since mouldered away, in the decomposition of the sepulchre, and review incidents, long since elapsed, as they were, in their pristine vividness. There is a melancholy pleasure, in thus placing before us the aggregate of long years, and collecting, in one account, all their endurances, and all their joys; yet we cannot, if the votaries of sorrow, "repair from dark oblivion"† those bereavements and afflictions, which may have cast their shadow over the subsequent pilgrimage of life, without extracting painful auguries of the future, from these sad memories of the past.

" There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;  
The which observed, a man may prophecy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life."

On the other hand, if our thoughts fondly re-invest, with magic light, the brief, but perhaps exquisite enjoyment, which by-gone days afforded, our gladness is dashed with bitterness, when we compare them, with the disappointments of the present. Yet, after all, those tender regrets, proper to the better part of our nature,

\* The Bible was not printed *entire*, until 1690, by Sigismund Racoci, at Vitol.

† Campbell.

are not without their use, to soothe the imagination, and amend the heart. The transition from the past to the present, is itself a startling, indeed, but salutary lesson, which induces serious reflections upon the emptiness of our being here, and its transient tenure. The frail nature of all human ties, . . the evanescence of earthly friendships, and earthly loves, . . the short-datedness of even those finer sympathies, which seem to invest mortality with the privilege of angelic natures, and which lend life its best, though falsest colouring, . . the unreal character, . . the mutability of all that *seems*, on this side of the grave, is thus brought directly home to our consciousness, with due, and impressive contrast. This communion with our bosoms seasons, and softens us, and it is seldom we do not rise, from such meditations, in that chastened mood, which alone is befitting the inheritor of "an enduring substance in futurity."

In some such frame of mind, "her vespers done," did Veronica abstractedly seat herself, at the foot of the couch, preparatory to divesting herself of her day-clothes. The tremulous rush taper, which stood upon the table, seemed to the lonely enthusiast to typify, in the precarious indistinctness of its light, the sinking of her own heart, where hope itself appeared to wane, in the accumulation of her difficulties and grief. Vague glimmerings of, she knew not what, like warning spectres, haunted the time, in which she listlessly prepared for bed. Lost in reverie, her outer garment was laid aside. Mechanically, she unbuttoned the glass beads of her fragrant bodice, and bared the round full beauty of her neck, and shoulders: her voluminous tresses, loosened from all thrall, by the removal of their simple coronal, became suffused over her marmorean loveliness, and, skirting her feet, sported at large below the plaits of her snowy kirtle. Thus, "like a mermaid in sea-weed," she sat, with one fair cheek embedded in her hand, her elbow resting on her knee, pondering, on the vicissitudes of her past



life, and trying her best to extract some consolation, in the prospect of the future. She recalled her mother's presence, and her mother's example, and her loss—"the greatest," says a modern writer, most truly, "which upon entering life, a female can sustain." Weeping, to think how much, at that moment, she needed her fostering care, an additional sense of loneliness came upon Veronica. Presently, her meditations reverted to her imprisoned sire. She could not but be conscious, that, to a certain extent, he had himself drawn down on his head his present misfortunes. This was a consideration, which carried her thoughts still further back, to the period of her childhood—to the tragic day, from which she dated all her father's disasters. It was that, on which he left her, in the chateau of Count Rodna, to accompany into the forest, one, whom he knew to be a murderer, and who, only a few hours afterwards, re-steeped his soul in blood-guiltiness. Then, by no uncommon association of ideas, arose, to her recollection, the dreadful deposit—**THE PACKET**—the violation of which seemed, as it were, to have antedated the consummation of all, she apprehended. It renewed her spirit's agony, to recal the mysteries of that dreadful night; and a whole host of half-buried terrors were running riot through her brain, when, all at once, her ears seemed to catch the sound of suppressed breathing. Thus abruptly brought back to a sense of present circumstances, she quickly disengaged herself, from her superincumbent tresses, and glanced narrowly round the dusky room. Her eye lit upon nothing unusual, and she faintly smiled at the weakness, which suggested her apprehensions. Having trimmed her little taper, the maiden again prepared for bed.

—— "By degrees,  
Her white attire creeps rustling to her knees."

While divesting herself of her remaining *nadrag*, or underdress, the bent of Veronica's thoughts resumed

their former train. She mused on the mysteries of the packet, and on the voice, which had so strangely sounded forth that eventful evening. For the hundredth time, she marvelled within herself, *who* had removed those papers from the chest, beneath the window-seat? *who* could have divined, their having been there deposited? and *who* could have had an interest, to purloin them? What, if their contents were, indeed, pregnant with those consequences, which her father anticipated? Into whose possession had the momentous secret fallen? Next, she thought of the disguised stranger, and how, on the eve following her father's arrest, he had visited her, claiming to be the owner of the packet. Hitherto, her ideas had wandered without aim or object, but *here* they seemed rooted, as by some inexplicable spell. She recalled his towering form, wrapped in the Wallachian pelisse. She again trembled, at his threatening and intemperate discourse:—she thrilled beneath the recollection of those accents, which rung on her sense, like the echo, or indistinct memory, of some horrible dream.

Among the shadowy things, her imagination conjured up, there arose a thousand strange, and horrid images of violence and bloodshed; — still, all was so confused, that she could not determine where, or when she before trembled at that voice.—“But ah!” she murmured to herself, as her *nadrág* fell unsupported to her ancles; “tones, such as those, once heard, live in the memory for ever, though, under what circumstances they first impressed me, I cannot call to mind, yet I feel, I would not willingly listen to such again.” She ceased, wondering what was the secret spell, that hung over her mind; and striving to shake off a depression, not unmixed with awe, she approached the bed. Here the maiden involuntarily paused, with a misgiving at her heart, as if there were an adder couched between those sheets. Thus, she stood, with no unbecoming feeling of mingled pride, and diffidence; pride, which it was not in her sex not to

entertain,—and diffidence, such as belonged to a child, only consummated, by the superior intelligence of the woman. While, in the genial glow of maiden adolescence, of incipient womanhood, she hesitated, for a few moments, and found in herself an invincible repugnance to concealment, in the bed-clothes, a low suspiration—the slightest ever breathed along the chords of the heart, seemed to melt away on her ear. Already, her one foot was planted on the ticking-sack of loose feathers, which, in those days, formed the sole substitute for every other coverlet. She reverted her head, and casting the volume of her glossy hair backwards, over her alabaster neck and snowy shoulders, paused, panting and dismayed, with her right hand, against her palpitating and still white bosom, and a fair finger sealing her coral lip. In such innocent, and charming attitude, she held her respiration for a while; her sense of the attendant circumstances, of night and solitude, while it aggravated the creative fancy of the maiden, almost too much for sufferance, heightened the trembling grace, .. the exquisite fascination of her posture.—“ Methinks,” at last, observed the wrapt damsel, in a musing soliloquy; “ sweet melody is born under the moon, this clear night, and the air is full of pathos; ’tis strange, how sad I am, as if a heavy sense of woe to come, weighed, like lead, upon my spirit; but the clinging feeling is that man,—wherefore should the thought of his dark vizor disquiet me so? Why, at this instant, do I feel such intense inquisitiveness about the face, that vizor hid from me? Would that the fancy would pass away! but, even now, that countenance seems glassed in my heart of hearts, however the misty haze of years may have dimmed the reflection. I look there for memory, and, as through a veil, encounter a horrible presentment, like a tenanting spectre, amid a mass of ruins; there throng upon the solitude of my brain, in chequered shadow and light, an incongruous assemblage of wild phantoms; but that

man's red arm, thrust forth between me and happiness is a part of all. Why these vague terrors and gloomy presages? do they point at death? No, no! and yet what is it I forbode! Wherefore this deep, dull despondency? what doth it portend? What nameless disquietude like damp despair, can have gone over my soul, & weigh me down, till the very orisons, I send up yonder, seem beaten back? Dishonour and shame cumber the still air, and sit, like incubus, on their apprehensive, and devoted victim. A cold creeping awe, like the awful whisperings of coming calamity, tingles in my flesh!—*ha!* who's there?—Silly girl,—twas but your own breathing."—Again!—dear me; I feel, to-night, as if that masked man were lurking near me,—near me,—*yet would be nearer.* Oh! I do believe it were better, than this torture, if he even stood there, *so I might see his face.*"

Again Veronica, unable to overcome her reluctance to get into bed, stepped upon the floor, slid her feet into her yellow slippers, and throwing a light wrapper loosely over her *szoknyaban*, or short under "cutty-sark,"<sup>7</sup> paced, with unequal steps, round the solitary chamber. Every thing began to take a false colouring, from the morbid condition of her thoughts; the very night-breeze, as it whistled past the casement, had something sinister. "Why," she internally resumed; "do I feel this desolation in my mind?—not lonely, but worse. Why, at this hour, more than yesternight, or any preceding night? Would I could speak to Judith, to break this unnerving silence,—it were some relief. But that I fear to light upon the cardinal's nephew, I'd go and rouse her." In this state of torture, she remained for many minutes, which were long hours, to the apprehension of the maiden. At last, having resolved to brave her weakness, she threw open the casement. The chill breath of the nocturnal wind, wafted coolness into the close chamber, and came freshly over her forehead, with a sense of sympathy, and

panionship. She owned, to use the words of him, from Sir Walter Scott truly designated "the most imaginative of bards,"

"It mingled strangely with her fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming."<sup>\*</sup>

All was still around, save where the nightingale bearded the silence, with "liquid notes, that closed the day." The scarcely waning moon diffused her softening radiance, by snatches, upon the wild and dilapidated waste below, kissing, into animation, the repose and solitude of the wreathing blades of unwavering grasses, which sprung up, on all sides, and clad the ruinous precincts with an abundant vest. The ineffable influence of the hour sank down holily, on the maiden's heart, and inspired a strain of meditation, that, like mental music, chimed to a solemn chord, and calmed her feelings to a serener tone. The unswerving stars, studded thick the purple depth of space, and Veronica lifted up her eye, from the scene of rugged desolation, and decay, which told of that mortality and change, which is the irrevocable lot of man, and all his works, to where the high arch of heaven rose, in calm stability, and immutable duration. She slowly raised her eyes, even as her soul might have turned away, from the vicissitudes of time, to the contemplation of eternity. Her thoughts were carried forward from the world of man, its cares, its follies, and its crimes, to hold commune with a being, infinitely good and great. — *Προς το αἰδὶον εἰβλεπεν*.<sup>\*</sup> . . The hour became religion; and, as she mused, on the future, — on immortality, — and endless rest, the grand, solemn stillness of night, came, replete, with a power to absorb, if not cheer, her desolation. She continued watching the delicately tinted vapours, every now and then crossing the moon's orbit, sometimes wholly eclipsing her light, and occasionally melting in her radiance, until

<sup>\*</sup> Coleridge.

† Plato.

a sensation of numbness and cold, induced her to think of closing the casement. Nevertheless, during many minutes afterwards, it remained as it was,; for still there lingered, in her mind, a strong, but unaccountable repugnance, to enclosing herself anew in that room, and so, as it were, shutting herself out, from the protecting eyes of Heaven. Determined, however, to master this inward reluctance, which she could neither readily combat, nor assign any rational cause for, she stretched out her hand, to reach the catch of the casement, but again, her ear fancied a sudden, and indistinct rustling, somewhere near her. She instinctively listened, and she could not, a second time, believe it imaginary; — the uplifted hand fell. nerveless, by her side, and, for a minute, she feared to turn her head.

At length, summoning all her courage, she looked round, but saw nothing, to warrant her apprehensions. "I am but a fool," she murmured, indignant at herself, for what she deemed most inexcusable weakness. She was again on the point of closing the casement, when, gazing out into the moonlight, she discerned, distinctly, a dark object emerge, like a shadow, from behind one of the mouldering tenements of the demesne. Her breath, indeed, grew a little thick, but the figure fascinated her gaze, beyond the power of withdrawal. It paused for a second, and then passed stealthily athwart the dew-spangled enclosure, here and there bounded by a broken, but still lofty wall. Having reached this barrier, the figure carefully removed some rampant shrubs, and, taking out certain large, square, loose stones, showed a little postern door, through which he made his exit. The incident was, by no means, adapted to calm her perturbed imagination, nor could she conjecture, what inducement any person had to haunt those premises, at that hour of the night. Deeming, however, all other apprehensions to be purely ideal, she instantly shut, and secured the window. This occupation of a minute was

sooner over, than there again arose a stifling sensation over her heart, as if her soul shrunk at, and grappled with, the strange, unimaginable presentiment. She strove, in vain, to grasp its precise nature, for, though it implied that something terrible was, even now, on the eve of accomplishment, what her fears pointed at, was not tangible to her apprehension.

In this state of hesitancy, she lay back in her chair for several minutes, with her eyes partially closed, undetermined how to act, half ashamed of her chimerical fears, but finding it impossible, in spite of her every effort, to argue herself into tranquillity. Her rapt thoughts, meanwhile, involuntarily fell into their former train; and the complicated horrors of that night, when the invisible voice vibrated at her elbow, and her eye first glanced at those gouts of blood, which inhibited the opening of the packet, gathered, in all their inscrutable mysteriousness, on her imagination. Gradually, a confused reverie invaded her faculties, the objects around became, less and less, distinct, till, in an imbecile mood of mingled fact and fiction, with an oppression brooding on her heart, like a sense of guilt, Veronica came to doze upon that seat. She slept, indeed, but such sleep was terrible. Her waking sensations accompanied her, with fantastic fidelity, into the land of visions, and, scattered and split, into a thousand indistinct reminiscences, sunk, with awful pressure, on her mind, as if she were a pre-doomed victim. Intense suffering, almost too mighty for endurance, and which, from some peculiar, and inscrutable cause, might, not unaptly, be termed intuitive remorse, was evidenced in the spasmodic heavings of her chest. Her breath came and went, in deep-fetched, and convulsive sobs, and her indefinable emotions seemed to impel the starting tear, and thrill the creeping vein. More than once, and whether she were sleeping or awake, she scarcely knew, she thought, she felt the slow movement of death-cold hand, over her face and neck, and

FROM DISCOMFORT IS CONTRAST to that urn of alabaster, where the impotent heart seemed struggling for life. A thousand tortuous feelings of abandonment beleaguered her. She instinctively shuddered. Her blood curdled, for the manual pressure on her panting breast resembled not the gentle touch of mortality. The groping hand, whose palpable thinness, as it passed gently to and fro over the quivering flesh, conveyed a horrid impression of its reality, was at length suddenly withdrawn, and the unresistable terror, associated with the remembrance of the patient transferred itself to Veronica's sleeping nerves, now mingled with intolerable mental anxiety. And a trembling in every fibre of her body, at some fatal instant which was hourly impending, without her having the power to avert it.

\* "For all seemed guilt, remorse, or woe,  
 Life-spring was, and-spring shame."

SOME THE VIGIL, and well-nigh insupportable incubus, "vicious form and void," beneath whose leaden power, her energies increasingly succumbed, clothed itself in the garments of memory, and assumed a more defined, but not less fearful character. She thought, that she was a child once more, and, owing to an uncontrollable impulse, that she was again looking through a crevice, in some apartment, as had happened to be her lot, many years before, in the chambers of Count Rodna. However, from the usual incoherence of dreams, she had no consciousness of where she was — the circumstance being the simple impulse of memory in her slumber, if, indeed, slumber it were. Then, as at present, she was clad only in her night robe. There chanced, however, this trifling variation — the gap, or interstice, through which she now dreamed, she gazed, was not placed in the wainscot, but in the door, and consisted of an OPEN TRAP-DOOR

\* Coleridge.



ought, in *the cieling* of the room, where she imagined herself. Nevertheless, by the magic of dreams, she reced, with all the force of reality, the fearful scene which her father, and the assassin, enacted on that memorable occasion. The incitement to murder, . . the upaiding, . . the temptation recurred to her memory, with e vividness of recent occurrence. Then she beheld the Hlain draw the parchment from his vest, and hold it before the eyes of Eissenburg, and she could read the ords, which were the language of the script of blood, ound on her father's hearth — "WOULD YOU DESTROY ODY AND SOUL? — OFFICIOUS FOOL! OPEN THE DEPOSIT, ONFIDED TO YOU, AT YOUR PERIL!" and, immediately, y a rapid transition, natural to dreams, she thought, he rested upon the window-seat, beneath which, Hu- bert had cast the writings of the packet. There she sat, and, right before her, stood a tall figure, and it was the Wallachian stranger, masked and silent. Fearfully she gazed upon him, and then said aloud, "What would you have?"—and he fixed his dark eyes upon her earnestly, and made answer, "I will have thee, Veronica of Eissenburg, for my wedded wife;"—and she seemed, to herself, to reply,—“thinkest thou, I will marry a man, whose face I know not;”—and he said, "Over the hills, maiden, I have a home for thee; come, and we'll rest us on the way, i' the emerald spots, by quiet fountains; so come, with me, to where the curtained encampment of my fathers' is set up, and then, if thou still wishest it, thou shalt view my face;—shall we not go together?"—But she demurred, saying, "Only show me thy countenance, and do with me according to thy pleasure, for I must e'en submit." Instantly she felt, as if his powerful hands were grasping her choking throat, and that, holding her roughly to him, he dragged her along. All resistance seemed in vain; in spite of her incessant struggles, and abortive attempts to shriek, she could neither successfully oppose, nor es-

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rape the convulsive embrace, that strained her to his breast. A mixed sensation, made up of ill defined horror and excruciating fear, froze her inmost soul:—it was a period of strange, and intolerable consciousness; she having an obscure conception, all the while, that though she dreamt, her dream was the type of some revolting reality. Then ensued the worst moment of her nightmare, in which she thought, she was being whirled away, still locked in the arms of the masked stranger, through dimitable space, and that clouds, and vapours were rolling, before her dizzy eyes; and, at length, that a paroxysm of pain and terror, suspended her faculties, and, in that pang, *she dreamed, that she swooned away.*

The vision now changed its every characteristic. She was striding on the pebbly banks of the Olt, whose languid waters, slow and silently, slide away, beneath the quick growth of fluttering rushes, like conscious guilt. By her side was a noble youth, and however *evanescent* the circumstances, which were connected with his remembrance, the knowledge of *who* was her companion, *in-sensibly* rose within her. He was that boy, whom she once beheld in her childhood, only for a few hours, on the frightful evening, we commemorated, in the chateau of Count Rodan. The face and form were the same, and yet *how* different! All the characteristics which distinguished the beautiful boy were developed, into manly comeliness and grace. Veronica gazed entranced, and the bright false imagination of sleep gilded those minutes of delusion, with a touch of bliss, that scarcely any waking reality of joy might parallel. She dreamed the youth told her, with many honeyed words, that he loved her; and she listened to the flattering tale, as young maids will listen, when their hearts are in the case; that is, she felt she blushed, and so averted her head, and was

ent. Suddenly, just as she thought that he found favour  
 her sight, and that she had gathered courage to tell him  
 much,\* her hand was snatched, from the close clip of  
 a gallant, and on looking up, she received a shock, that  
 rilled through all her nerves. Her young companion,  
 with that facility of transformation, incident to dreams,  
 had changed into the tall figure of a monk, clothed in  
 the habiliments of his order, having an immense leaden  
 crucifix, suspended from his girdle; and she thought he  
 cried out to her, in a fierce tone—"Hope not, fair here-  
 ic, to ascend a throne, over the ruins of my child's for-  
 tunes!" and she shook to hear him; when straightwise  
 there approached a third person, in whom she again re-  
 cognised the masked Wallachian, and a war of words  
 arose, between him and the monk, about what she knew  
 not; but at the close, she lost sight of the ecclesiastic,  
 and was left on the fringed bank of the rivulet, alone, with  
 the vizored stranger; and then, she dreamed, the Olah  
 led her on a long day's journey, and they traversed hills  
 and valleys, and penetrated forests, that seemed inter-  
 minable; until, at last, as the sun was going down, they  
 entered upon a vast unbroken *volgy*, or plain, where were  
 spread, afar to the right and left, innumerable encamp-  
 ments, gay with twinkling pennons, and banners, and  
 bandrols, darkening the sunshine, and streaming among  
 the acacia branches, by which they were mostly overhung.  
 Around and about, apparelled in scanty raiment, of the most  
 showy colours, was a concourse of strange people, male  
 and female, in festive groups; whilst the tabor and du-  
 delsack filled the air, with appropriate inspiration. A  
 drove of mules and asses, many laden with cumbrous  
 packages, and the rest browsing at large, filled up the  
 verdant slopes in the background; whilst in the midst of  
 this gaudy metropolis, though far apart, and high above

\* "I had begun to dare  
 The telling how I loved him."—MILMAN.

the eastern level, the lofty ensigns of a tent rose up, into the air, above the summits of a palace, gilded by the horizontal rays. The voluminous vestments, of which the emperor was composed, were of Indian cloth, and magnificent beyond all compare. Through the entrance of this sumptuous pavilion, she dreamt that the Wallachian passed, beckoning her to follow. She proceeded to draw aside the folding canopy, when, behold! just as she penetrated, a gleam of sunlight, in the twinkling of an eye, vanished, leaving herself under the canopy, she concluded that she was standing in an immense cave, which, without any reflection, she knew to be the same, whether she had been transported by the gipsy hag, in her magic chariot, and, seated at the further end of the cavern, was that Sorceress, who, holding, in her right hand a golden crown, lifted up her voice, in the name of Veruca. "Welcome, royal lady!" she exclaimed, "received at my son's hands, the regalia of St. Stephen; and then, she thought, the Wallachian, having taken the crown, from the hold of the sorceress, came forward to where she was stationed, and would have bestowed her own the sacred gift, but the dreamer recoiled back, and, falling upon one knee, the thought which was uppermost in her mind, rushed, instantaneously, to her lips—she said, or seemed to herself to say—"I only accept, sir stranger, the splendid offering, provided you will remove your mask;" and he made answer to her as he did. "Arise, fair daughter of Florin, and behold!" and he raised his hand to his forehead, and she thought she did arise, whilst an intense feeling of anxiety came over her, and, in the awful moment, and anxiety of that moment, she opened her eyes.

"It was gipsy, that Veruca."

"That is a ghost abandoning a bear."\*

Break the bonds, which divide slumber from consciousness, and freed her spirit, from the prison of

sleep. Very slowly she came to recollect, how, and where her somnolency first stole over her. Rapidly changing her position, she looked around, with a gaze of bewilderment; then, as her vision strengthened, memory began to work,—her beautiful breast heaved, she gasped for breath, and sat up erect, in her uncurtained bed, bathed in a dew of vague, wildering terror. The taper was dying in the chimney, and the last flicker of its expiring light played upon the staring visages of two human creatures, standing in front of her couch; the same, that had just appeared to her, in the last chimaera of her dream. There was stationed the tall, meagre hag, presenting the like aspect, and clothed in the same uncouth habiliments, as the abstraction of her *alom*\* had pictured; and, nearer yet, stood the stately form of the Wallachian, AND THE MASK WAS OFF. Veronica felt her senses reeling, under the horrid excitement; she dashed her little palm rapidly, and tremblingly across her brow—was she sane? or,—again her eyes strained strongly towards *his face*, and the sluices of memory were broken up, and poured, in a full flood of horror, from her heart to her brain. She beheld the same handsome features, which, for the only time in her life, she had caught sight of, through the chink in the wainscot of Count Rodna's chateau; she, at once discovered the Wallachian chief to be no other, than that execrable assassin. Being abruptly roused from her distempered dream, only to have her sight blasted, by the actual presence, in her very bed-chamber, of the abhorred perpetrator of those detested tragedies, down whose wild habiliments, even now, trickled a streamlet of blood; it was no wonder, she felt her heart's current rapidly failing, through all its arteries. A deadly mist came over her eyes; the presentiment became too terrible. "Great God! my dream! and *I in bed!*" she shrinkingly exclaimed; and the next minute went off into insensibility.

\* *Alom*; dream.

Let us beat back a few pages. Perhaps, the reader may not have forgotten, that one of the twain, who were in dark conference, in the adjoining chamber, rushed out, on hearing a heavy tread proceed, from Veronica's sleeping apartment. This person was no other, than our ancient acquaintance Judith, who halted for an instant, before she could discern any object. At length, however, the light of a taper fell upon the figure of a man, wrapped from head to foot, in a capacious mantle; he was standing in the door-way of the damsel's bed-room.

"Eternal infamy! whence came you?" demanded the housekeeper.

The other, whom we have elsewhere denominated the Wallachian, stared in surprise. "Thence," he replied, pushing back the chamber door, and at the same time, perhaps, by way of clearing the decks for action, putting the light upon the paved flooring: "Ha! infamous villain!" rejoined Judith, springing towards the amazed intruder, with an impetus, that made the walls shake again, and seizing him, by the upper cape of his pelisse.

The stranger turned fiercely upon her: "Here's a fury," he exclaimed, "by hell! she'll throttle me,—hold off your hands, you harridon, or I'll ——"

The aggressor, however, with a firm, muscular, and nervous gripe, clung to his throat and breast.

"Cease! art thou mad?" exclaimed the stranger, his lip quivering with anger, at the assault. "I will not be so hugged. Nay, then," he added, fixing a demoniac, yet contemptuous glance on the housekeeper, whilst he forcibly loosened his right arm, preparatory to drawing his weapon: "Thus, I cut the connection," and in less time than is filled by the telling, the keen poignard of the Wallachian, aimed with the utmost accuracy, and strength of arm, pierced the heart of Judith, who, with a loud moan, fell bathed in her blood, at the other's feet.

At this instant, the same individual, who, a short while

efore, had been holding a dialogue, with Judith, in the next apartment, made his appearance, and on perceiving the housekeeper, stretched upon the earth, uttered an exclamation—"Good God! Count Ragotzy," he cried, 'why have you done this?'

"To save myself from being strangled, by those amazonian talons," replied the other drily.

"My lord, your passion has undone the labour of years,—you have slain our chiefest witness."

"How so, Swartz?" said the count, "wherein would that old crone prove a witness?"

"That crone," replied Swartz, "is the very man, whom *he* hired to carry off the Princess Beatrice, from Pereny."

"Oh! then, 'tis none of the *beau sexe* after all,—that accounts for the strength of those fangs," said Ragotzy.

"Nay, my lord," resumed Swartz; "do you not perceive, by this unlucky chance, the evidence, that would bring home the abduction of the princess, falls to the ground."

"Hark, thee, sir keeper," replied Ragotzy; "you are continually, I have remarked, for some reason or other, harping on the name of the Princess Beatrice—there, you start, and change colour!"

A perturbed expression did, indeed, for a moment, pass over the sinister countenance of Swartz; however, he clinched his teeth, and made no reply.

"Now," continued the count, "if you'd have me join in your projects, mention the sister of dead Zapola no more,—what thou art drilling thy fertile brains about, passes my conception. Be assured, I want no other evidence, than what will suffice to establish the title of the daughter of Eissenburg; therein, both my personal ambition, and my revenge on *him*, will be amply gratified; and to tell you a truth, which I've only learned myself within this hour,—my love also. But how comes it our mother have not yet arrived? I expected her ere this."

"I left her at the base of the precipice," said Swartz, "with four of the troop. She is on a visit to the valley and I fled hither, in the hopes of prevailing, on the men you have slain, to leave Hermanstadt, under our escort. But yourself, my lord, where have you lain ensconced—the whole?"

"Over head with the rats, till lately," answered Ragotzy.

"How? and the lady?" inquired Swartz, casting a penetrating glance, upon the count.

"Is in bed, my good catechiser," said the other, without a more direct reply, meeting his associate's look, with a cheerful smile. *Ille nisi in lecto*,—and he added, after a pause, "you know, that's a rule *nisi*, laid down by us a clergy."

In saying these words, a remarkable expression gleamed across the features of the Cygani, which Swartz knew not how to construe. "My lord," he began—

"Nay, God a mercy," interrupted the Cygani, "never raise those eyes to Heaven. She hath hitherto slept, or been as tranquil—"

"Alas, is every thing in readiness?" exclaimed the energetic voice of Unna, as she strode through the kitchen, to the spot, where Ragotzy and Swartz were talking.

"Mother, the lady sleeps," said Ragotzy.

"How? have you not prepared her for her journey?" asked Unna, with some surprise.

"Why, she looks so beautiful in repose," replied Ragotzy, while a slight smile was visible, at the corners of his mouth, "that methought it were a pity to spoil the picture of her rest."

"She should not have been suffered to retire to her couch at all," said Unna, in a tone of asperity; "but which is the room?"

"To the right," answered the other; "I'll follow you, for I wish to see those sapphire orbs unclosed. Swartz,



company can be dispensed with ;" and Count Razy and Unna, passed into the chamber of the un-expected daughter of Eissenburg. They planted themselves, for a moment, at the foot of the couch, to gaze at their victim, where supine she lay —

"Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
As if a rose should shut and be a bud again."\*

'She is fast, methinks," said Unna.

'Ay, as oblivion," returned her son.

In all the inborn, and unstudied grace of youthful innocence, slumbered the lovely girl, like the downy cygnet, sitting in a close covert, made up of matted rushes, and her "own beauties." But it might be easily seen, that the callow fowl is just now ruffled, by some internal motion,—her dishevelled tresses went streaming, like light, over the pillow and rug,—one waxen rounded arm hangs listless, without the bed clothes,—her fair cheek is buried in the palm of her left hand, whilst on the other cheek, like a poplar leaf in autumn, that will redden and turn pale alternately, as the wind sighs, there quivered that false, and spectral hectic, which is commonly, at least as symptomatic of the mind's fever, as of the body's. A single and arrowy vein, marked distinctly on the marble whiteness of her skin, meandered, like the tendril of a vine, over her temple,—her breathing was a gentle suspiration, though only obtained in snatches—

"And there she lay, as innocent and mild,  
As daisy born in dew."†

"Rise, daughter of Eissenburg!" cried Count Razy, at length.

Veronica, after a succession of fitful sobs, slowly

\* Keats.

† Allan Cunningham.

opened her eyes, and, as we have already told, shortly after went off into convulsions.

"Alaric," said Unna, "what's now to be done?"

"There is nothing for it," said her hopeful son, "but to bear her off, in her present oblivious condition. Do you officiate, and clothe her warmly; mind me, the damsel will be as light as a dove, in the arms of her bridegroom: but I will leave you, for I would change a word with that unfathomable volunteer of ours, in the next chamber."

"Unfathomable, and perchance false!" muttered Unna. She paused, in evident constraint, and her bold, bad son, approaching the bed-head, exclaimed —

"Ah! little think the sons of Erdély, to what strait, at this hour, their rightful sovereign is reduced."

"Their future queen, you should rather say," observed the *Boszorkany*, in a low voice, "but, I bid you mark me, *not* at this hour, their rightful sovereign."

"I apprehend you not," said Ragotzy; "and I wish to God, you would cease to buzz into my ears your vaticinal deceptions."

Unna moved away a single step, and rather muttered, than said distinctly, "Perhaps, 'tis as well, thou dost not apprehend me." Then, a dark shade of portentous meaning crossed the hag's wrinkled brow, as, in a louder voice, she added, "Thou knowest not the power of fate, that power the heavens obey; and 'tis as well, or — but art thou nailed there, — we are a loitering."

Count Ragotzy's dark eye still lingered on the marbly face of the unconscious Veronica, with an expression, that it might be difficult to define. "A coronet were the only tire, meet for that brow," he murmured, "and so, 'tis well I am provided. In truth, good mother," he proceeded, raising himself from his bent position, "'tis an exquisite wench, though somewhat of the deadeast, and her exuberant lips break out in odours, such as never fail red roses, when they die. But you

say rightly, we loiter ;" and he made towards the door. " Our fleet steeds," he added, turning his head, " will have to make up for lost time, and travel as swift, I fancy, as any sailing cloud that cuts the empty air ; yet not," he muttered to himself, in a lower tone, as he closed the door behind him, " not, with the speed of human thoughts, stung to action ' by the snake memory.' "•

That body, stretched out across his path, and weltering in the gushing purple of life, over which, already apparently a corpse, Count Ragotzy had to step, might have suggested to him a yet more awful similitude ; but, notwithstanding that the education, with which Father Dominick had enriched his mind, tended to quicken, and cultivate his spontaneous inclination to such sort of associations and resemblances, the apposite consideration of their intended rate of progress, having been far exceeded, by the swift flight of the liberated soul, from time to eternity, did not seem to strike the accomplished homicide. Fleshed in murder, he knew remorse only by name ; and, probably, he had small faith, either in his own, or his victim's immortality.

The gipsy hordes, on their first appearance on the European stage, professed uncommon sanctity, under the assumed character of Christian pilgrims. They affected the Greek worship, but, whether originally, or at any later epoch, they had any intelligible notion of the essential points of our religion, much less, were imbued with its spirit, may reasonably admit of doubt ; at least, it is certain, the particular race, we have to deal with, at the date of our history, are not to be looked upon, as much differing from confirmed atheists.

Thus Ragotzy bestrode his prostrate antagonist, with callous indifference, coolly taking the necessary pre-

• Adonais.

caution to prevent himself from stumbling over the carcase.

ΝΥΚΤΟΣ—ΑΙΘΗΡΕ ΚΑΙ Ἡμέρι ἐξεγενοντο.—HESIOD.

However repeatedly the phenomenon of sunrise has been celebrated, in language "married to immortal verse," the topic itself will continue inexhaustible, so long as the lover of Nature delights to contemplate the level planet, slowly uncoiling, like a sparkling serpent, "and all his cresting clouds and flashing hues," and mark him, trailing floods of glory on his upward path, through the illimitable ether.

Not many hours had elapsed, after those horrible passages, concluding in the abduction of Veronica, which we have detailed above, when the cock had crowed, and the city of Hermanstadt, welled in a golden flood of dewy light, awoke to all the fears and excitement, incident to another to-morrow. To such as uprose to the business of that morrow, duly refreshed and invigorated, by the "oblivious antidote" of the preceding night, there was something genial and soothing to the senses, in the bracing atmosphere, and the clear, cloudless skies, and the voice of birds, thrilling their symphonious matins, and the cool gale, redolent of the *milles fleurs*, that make up that natural bouquet, which leaves one sense, at least, no reason to regret the "loss of Eden," but to the thousands, and tens of thousands, who, face to face, met that chilly dawn, as it came blushing, above the chimney tops, reeking from the impure, or riotous orgies of the sensual man; or to the choice few, jaded with their prolonged hesternal commerce with the Heliconian nymphs... unto every one, whose yesterday has no morrow, there was an eloquent contrast, in the freshness of the hour, which sunk, with solemn and silent earnestness, over the heart; and the sensation of that span of time might anticipate an age of riot, revelled out, and thoughts, that

ste us to our graves, conveying a lesson, beyond the reach of all the homilies and catechisings, ever spoken, recorded, from Jacob's death-bed, downwards. If ever virtue could hope, of its own strength, to overmaster a spell, it is in the minute, when the young Aurora flushes the day-break from her cheeks. What pity, that minute is so brief! I verily believe, if the genius of our hour-glass would daily, during the access of such soft religious tenderness, hold still his ruthless hand, and cease, were it only "while the Leviathan could swim a league," to measure out his sands, the very operatives of the church would shortly find their profession a sinecure; and so, in the spirit of the age, be cashiered. Few of our fair readers, we dare say, will understand all this jargon, however our brown ones might have done so "in their hot youth, when George the Third was king."

But, let us return, where we left the sun, like a prodigal, showering rays of gold on the roofs and rafters of Hermanstadt, and tipping, with deeper blushes, the kindling cheeks of conscious-parting lovers, and heightening the naughty splendour of their eyes, guiltless of a night's rest. By the way, the sun, who is an early riser, must witness some odd scenes now and then, though much, as is best fitting, is left to the imagination. Good love, every body knows, cannot abide day-light;—but the moon!—Oh Lord! tis well for her, she is so chaste, as is given out, or she could never go through the thousandth part of the "indecorums of her witching hour," and then to be put to the blush for so many consecutive nights, unless, indeed, that she be so *usé* by this time to the romance of lovers, that "kissing goes for nothing." Her early quarters, however, must have put her modesty to a severe trial. Now, the sun, though they may receive him differently, "shakes day about,"\* impartially, upon

\* Lord Falkland.

the poor man's cottage, and the king's palace.\* And among other humble domes, which his first equal horizontal ray, visited on the morning, following the events just narrated, was that of Hubert; beneath the front abutment of whose domicile, stood, for a second of time, two individuals, inhaling the delicious freshness of the breeze of dawn. We need scarcely say, that neither of these was the *hareschina*,† or his daughter: both of whom were absent. The neighbouring convent rung forth a matin peal, that broke the serried armament of mist and vapour overhead, as one of these twain, a female, whose conventual stole of dark serge, snowy capulary, and *rosenkranz*, or rosary of coral, indicated a sister of the order of charity, sent forth a single quick, and searching glance, beyond the pentice. The other, *invitus invitam*,‡ was on the point of dismissing her. Waving her tiny hand to her companion, "the pensive nun, devout and pure,"§ shot, with the bound of an antelope, a crossing not twenty paces distant, and was out of sight that same instant. The fitting shape seemed to melt away, like the painted iris, in the tender rays of morning; or like the lightning, "which doth cease to be, ere one can say it lightens."¶ For a moment, the other lingered, and the loose points of his costume fluttered, in the draught of the light morning air,—then turning within, he reclosed the door, and was in the act of passing, through the dusky apartment, when a bright line of light, that slanted through a crevice of the darkened casement, coinciding with a track of blood, along the brick pavement, attracted his eye, and an audible moan, as of one in pain, simul-

\* "The sun, that shines upon his court."

† "Let not his visage turn our cottage, but  
be as our star." — SHAKESPEARE.

‡ "Invitus invitam" is the Latin phrase.

§ "The pensive nun, devout and pure," is the phrase might, however, well  
be taken from the same source.

taneously drew his attention. He looked around him, and his visual orb, encountered with difficulty, in the dim half light, that filled every part of the room, excepting where that ray happened to be shot, the ghastly form of the housekeeper, evidently near her end, stretched on the window seat. As quick as thought, he was by her side.

"Good God! what means this?" he exclaimed, leaning over the expiring form; "you bleed!"

"I have not an hour to live," was the response, delivered in feeble accents: "Yet, your coming gives me hopes, that, with the blessing of God, my murder may yet be avenged."

"Let me fly for aid," cried Maximilian.

"Tis too late," said the other; "I've staunched my wound myself,—listen to me." She then proceeded to relate the circumstance, which led her to attack Count Ragotzy, and its results. The speaker thus concluded: "They bore off the Lady Veronica, leaving me (for I had swooned away) for dead."

"Holy Saint Mary! have I then lost the girl, after all?" passionately broke in Maximilian.

"I know not your meaning," resumed the housekeeper; "after their departure, I would have requested your assistance, had not the door of the room, you slept in, been fastened on the inside. Disappointed of all aid, I crawled hither to die; but say, as thou art a Christian and a knight, wilt thou oblige a dying man?"

"Man!" repeated the astonished hearer.

"Even so, you see before you, that hapless sentry, of whom I spake yesterday." Maximilian recoiled several paces.—"Mark me," exclaimed the bleeding man; "if thou aspirest to the hand of the maiden, who lately dwelt beneath this roof, release her father, by the means thou hintedst at, when we last conferred."

"It shall be effected," replied Maximilian, eagerly.

"But, unless you set about it instantly," faintly mur-

mured the dying stranger; "you will be too late. You will find woman's gear, in a recess in the kitchen, as you enter to the right; the which, having assumed, envelope yourself in the loose pelisse, that you will perceive hanging over the pallet." Maximilian was hurrying away, to obey these notable directions, when the other's voice called him back:—"stay," said he, making an effort to rise, which proved abortive; "a strong pull will sever these locks, that tangle down the side of my face."—Maximilian, as directed, removed the disguise. The close brown hair, that was brought to view, had the effect of deducting nearly twenty years, from the apparent age of the assassinated man. "Now, be quick, and decked with these silvery hairs, you will defy detection. Would I knew his designation, of whom I had them!" Maximilian retired to the kitchen, to accommodate his difficult habiliments to his refined taste, in matters of costume.

"So," thought our gallant, as he suspended the aprons behind, and in front, *à la mode de Wallachia*. "I must first liberate the guard captain from prison, and so found a claim to his daughter's everlasting gratitude, and then I can devise what is next to be done,—out upon this skirt. I wish I could arrange it in a more succinct form, about the ancles. So, I see, I must raise the apertures. Doubtless, her father —; there, if I have not hit it to a fraction,—will soon discover where the rascals have —, 'tis a horrid unbecoming cut, this pelisse —, bestowed her. They cannot, I think, have carried her off to any distance —; how coarse, compared to the guba of the magyari!—and, if I have luck enough to be the knight errant that is fated to —, what a confounded greasy turban!—to rescue her,—faugh! After having freed her father, why I shall have laid my springes so cunningly, that were her heart cased in ribs of ice, the furnace of my sighs would thaw through all, and melt her to my wishes, ('tis well though, she wont have to see me, in these venerable locks), she'll be the daintiest leman in all Erdely. But that poor man will grow im-



patient. Why such a harlequinade as this is to stand, in stead of a priest, to shrive him, passes my wits; but 'tis enough, his fantasy falls in with my own humours." With these ideas passing through his mind, the young graf, having adjusted his bizarre attire to his taste, returned to the front apartment, and received directions, from the visibly declining sufferer, how, in the character of Hubert's domestic, to obtain admittance to his cell.

"When you see him," said the man; and his voice grew feebler as he spoke, "tell him of the abduction of his daughter; and bid him, on his deliverance, instantly to speed hither, for that I would wish, with my dying breath, to inform him of a matter, that nearly touches him. Yet stay, lest, on his arrival, he find that death hath displaced life, in this poor tenement. I'd better, while I have voice —;" he hesitated, and then, with inquiring, though glazed eye, added, "Ah! art thou not—didst thou not boast, erewhiles, thou wert—the kinsman of Martinuzzi?"

"I have the honour," replied the graf.

"Then, alas! I must leave the rest unsaid; but my breath fails—fly,—and my last benison for the service."

Maximilian was already at the door, but there he paused. "If," said he, reverting his head, "the guard-captain ask, who, shall I say, wishes to see him?"

For a moment, the other did not answer. "Albert," he, at length, faintly uttered; "his lost Albert—his brother!"

"Brother!" responded Maximilian: "knew he that, in that menial garb?"

"Never," interrupted Albert of Eissenburg, in a broken tone; "but haste, or—"

The dying man sunk back, in the stern expectation of approaching death, which Maximilian left him to contemplate; and another minute, saw our "gallant, gay Lothario," trudging through the still silent street, with the Kosorian under his arm, in the attractive guise of maid-of-all-work, to Hubert, of the guard.



s appearance of the walls, was relieved, at intervals, several paintings in gilded frames, the choice productions of Ambrogiotto, and other masters of Italy. Inside of three doors, which let into the apartment, were clothed, or rather mantled, with drapery of crimson velvet, deeply fringed with gold, and looped back, with a massive cord and tassels. The window-hangings, of the same rich fabric, corresponded. The soft, thick, wool covering of the floor, was composed of embroidered cloth, of the most perfect workmanship, from the looms, and hands of the maidens of Astrachan. The few couches and chairs, in this apartment, were cushioned with damask, and ornamented with needle-work. In a small recess, which constituted the oratory of the cardinal, was disposed a splendid hassock, before a missal and breviary, gorgeously illuminated. In the same niche, beside an ewer of holy water, stood a crucifix, whose burnished gold, wrought with uncommon skill, was inlaid with various precious stones. Seated at the further end of this council-room, on a chair of state, richly embossed, and raised above the rest of the floor, was the cardinal himself, . . but not alone.

Near him stood a man, whose garb and appearance attracted the eyes of Ferraro, and who would seem to deserve from us particular notice. This person was apparently past the meridian of life, and his scarred features, and set martial air, were indicative of his profession. His personal equipments enabled Ferraro to ascertain the capacity, in which he served. He was a member of that formidable troop, which had lately been organised, by the regent of Hungary, for the purposes of national defence. The emperor himself had set the example of the institution of a body of mercenaries, in lieu of the precarious service of feudal levies, and Martinuzzi's sagacity early discerned the many advantages, that would accrue to Hungary, from the adoption of a similar measure. The man, now closeted with the cardinal, wore the

habit of a subaltern officer of the national troop. His Herodian frame appeared modelled on purpose, to support the ponderous hauberk, gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets of bright steel, that protected his person. A massive iron cassinet, crested with a plume of horse-hair, which he at present held in his hand, commonly weighed upon his temples, and, rivetting closely to the ears and head, fastened under the chin. A long, two-handed spear, was suspended, from his neck, in a baldric: a dagger, or dirk, hung at his right side. Although the generic cast, superinduced upon the natural disposition, by his professional pursuits, was so strongly stamped on the man's physiognomy, his countenance, likewise, acknowledged a distinct, and marked expression, which was neither so defined, nor, perhaps, altogether so honourable to his character. The small, grey eyes, almost hidden from the uncommon depth, at which they were set, in the head, and by the projection of the thick, grizzled eyebrows, were not perfectly in keeping, with his martial front; neither did their language accord, with so much of the contour of his other features, as the rivetings, and clashings of the morion, along the sides of his visage, usually permitted to be seen. There obviously lurked a cunning, and sinister purpose, in the quick, inquisitive glance, which, at intervals, he would cast abroad from the deep recess, immediately over the projecting cheek-bone, and which appeared still more equivocal, when he would turn his light eye back on itself, as if to inquire of his subtle spirit its latent imaginings, when, as it were, his mind would hold commune with its own intimations, and "thick coming fancies." Even after a more close observation of his face, little of principle, judicious conduct, or ordinary prudence, could be traced in its deep, and distorted lines. He looked a man, who, in the words of the prophet, was not even "wise to do evil, and to do good he had no knowledge." A wavering of purpose, an instability of tem-

per, an aptitude to yield to sudden impulse, without adequate motive, might, perhaps, be read in his unsteady gaze, and in the anxious, though subdued, expression of his contracted brow. It is likely, a skilful disciple of Lavater might pronounce him rather a weak, than a wicked man, and there was, undoubtedly, a deal of natural benevolence conspicuous, in the lower, and subordinate lineaments of his face, which corrected, in a great measure, or rather contradicted, the subtlety, and, perhaps, we might add, the ferocity of his other features. He appeared, at first sight, to exceed the middle period of life, for his locks were chequered, by a few grizzled hairs; but more accurate observation, might be inclined to attribute the dust of silver, shed upon his brow, to the persecuting hand of inauspicious sorrow, rather than to the operation of age.

These minute points of physiognomy, and martial garb, it is likely, would have escaped the notice of the dispirited young secretary, but there appeared, as Ferraro entered the apartment, something so equivocal, in the attitude of the soldier, that he could not help feeling a degree of wonder, at witnessing so incongruous, however picturesque, an exhibition, in that residence, and in such a presence. The man stood by the side of the regent's chair; his one foot was advanced forwards; his left hand, in which he held his morion, lay against his breast, but his right arm was stretched forth, with his forefinger, pointing, earnestly, towards the opposite wall.

The observation of Ferraro, however, quickly became transferred, from the finger of the subaltern, to be rivetted on the spectacle of Martinuzzi himself. The dress of the cardinal was an episcopal cope, whose crimson magnificence, and embroidered folds, assimilated well, with the dignity of his character, and suited his rank and lofty bearing. However, on the present occasion, his accustomed carriage seemed to have vanished; his man-

ner, and aspect, exhibited a confusion, almost amounting to dismay. Chill beads of perspiration stood on his forehead; the unnatural wanness of his cheeks bewrayed the trembling of his heart. His lips were severed, and the deaf would have supposed, he was speaking, though he uttered not a word. His bloodshot eyes glimmered frightfully: his one hand busied itself, in an uncertain manner, in adjusting his scarlet hat, which was crushed by the compressure, and several of the long strings lay strewn about the carpet. His other hand, where the overfraught veins showed, like hard blue cords, through the transparent skin, that glowed, as liquid fire, had, in nervous irritation, unconsciously torn open the embroidered vestment beneath his ermine, and even the close shirt of haircloth, he wore next his skin, had been dragged aside, by his restless fingers, leaving his manly breast exposed to view.

Ferraro was astonished, beyond measure, that any causes, however powerful, could operate so strongly, on the nerves, and temperament of Martinuzzi, as to cause that air of discomposure. What he then beheld, presented altogether so very different an appearance, from the regent's usual aspect, that, by no stretch of the imagination, could he reconcile the contradiction. Could it be true, that one, whose tempered thoughts were reported to be serene and calm, as some inland lake, when not the smallest breath stirs its clear bosom, and whose feeling, Ferraro had always supposed, harmonized solely to "that peace of mind which passes all understanding,"—could a man, really thus tempered, let the intensity of his emotions convulse his frame, so fearfully, and his mere human passions boil over like the streams of Hecla?

Such an exhibition would seem alike incompatible with Martinuzzi's ordinary reserve, as a statesman, and a scholar,—with his dignified self-respect, as a prelate,—and his habitual, and chastened self-possession, as a Christian, and a man. Ferraro could hardly credit the information

of his own eyes, and as he glanced from the dignitary to the soldier, who so audaciously confronted him, he grew each moment, more and more, bewildered with astonishment, while Martinuzzi was so painfully absorbed by his inward, and indescribable emotions, as to be unconscious, for above a minute, of the intrusion of the secretary; but, on looking up, and perceiving who was present, with a strong mental exertion, like that of a man struggling for life, he suppressed the further exhibition of his feelings. As if in his own absolute despite, and in very defiance of his exhaustion, he almost instantly succeeded, in rallying his conflicting thoughts, and arose to receive Ferraro. His countenance meanwhile, although it still retained its native melancholy character, grew more composed, and became divested of that horrified expression, which Mark Antoine had remarked, on entering: "My friend," he said, addressing himself to his armed companion, "I will thank you to retire for awhile, into that inner room; when I shall be again at leisure, we will talk further." Close the door.—Even as he spoke, the other turned towards the opposite door, to which Martinuzzi motioned with his hand, and disappearing, left Ferraro alone, with the prelate.

As the door closed upon the subaltern, Martinuzzi advanced forward a few paces, to welcome his visitor, who threw himself on one knee before him. Grasping him firmly by the hand, as he assisted him to rise, the regent cried—"Welcome, worthy sir, I would not call this hand mine enemy, for the best jewel in king Ferdinand's crown. To you, and to your royal master, peace! What's to be done, before we part?"

"Your eminence will please to bear in mind," replied Ferraro, "that the words, I am necessitated to deliver, are those of my sovereign, although the voice is the voice of the humble individual before you."

"And welcome as before," returned Martinuzzi, with a

benign smile, which, however, the next moment darkened into sternness—"Neither Mark Antoine de Ferraro, nor the Emperor of Germany can, I am convinced, say, or demand aught unworthy of us." He paused, looking fixedly in the face of the envoy; "and for thyself," he proceeded, "the grandson of my ancient friend, Jerome Lascus, albeit thou knowest not how entirely, thou dost command my very heart, and wilt, doubtless, keep mine honour, bright and unsullied, as thine own must be." Martinuzzi ceased, as if waiting for a reply, and regarded Ferraro, with that look of mingled pride, and courtesy, which his noble features could so well express.

The secretary of Piadena, spoke not.

The preliminary address of the regent tended to confuse the young ambassador, and greatly increased his repugnance to the business in hand,—he could not prevail upon himself, at once to deliver the message of his king. It cut him to the soul to reflect, that the generous, and trusting courtesy of Martinuzzi, was about to receive so shameful a requital. He remained, therefore, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and the marks of no slight embarrassment were visible, on his countenance.

The urbanity of the regent would not let him appear to observe Ferraro's hesitation, and presently he again spoke: "By your leave, my dear sir, we'll hear your communication anon, and in the interim," he continued, advancing to the casement, which he threw open, "let us admit the gentle gladsome breeze partaker of our counsels." As Martinuzzi leant, for a moment, on the open window frame, his cheek paled, even to the hue of death. A sensation of debility seemed to overpower him; he pressed his hand upon his heart, from whose depths a sigh expired, so emphatic, as almost to amount to a groan.

"My lord, my dear lord, you're faint," exclaimed Ferraro.

The regent smiled languidly, whilst the previous wan-



ness of his cheek was succeeded, by that treacherous blood-flush, which was a faint reflex of those latent fires, which consumed him—

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“ In his cheek  
And lips, a flush of gnawing fire did find,  
Their food and dwelling.”\*

It was, as if the quenchless soul fretted, at its mortal coil, blazing out only the more fiercely, for that state of debility, which was its aliment.

“ The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.”†

“ Not so, Antoine ; not so now,” answered Martinuzzi, after a pause, “ the calm autumnal air, doth bear a balm to my brow, harassed, and lacking the healing dews of slumber, and doth stir, and quicken the flagging spirit, which, in sooth, repose, this by-gone night, hath not renewed. I will recover instantly.” He paused, and the expression of life shot again into his features, with the vividness of sunshine. “ So, so, ’tis over now : and how is Austria ?” he presently subjoined, in a freer tone, “ in health ? I hope,—I trust ——.” There was something in the strong mental, and physical command over himself, that displayed itself, in the beaming visage, and attitude of Martinuzzi, at that moment, which Ferraro felt to be deeply impressive. Immediately he made answer.

“ The archduke is well, would, I could report the same of your eminence ! Pardon me, you are too lavish of your precious strength. Why suffer you the light of Hungary to dwindle thus ? Your highness is to blame. Thou shouldst not task the nimble, and the silent hours of dark, and tire them with your service, but seek the gilded emptiness of the blessed sleep, or else devote the wanton time to festivals, and banquets, where the flushed throng weave the expressive *ugros*,‡ and the air resounds, with the varied music, elanced from warbling voices. Why not, my lord ?”

\* Shelley.

† Adonais.

‡ The Hungarian dance.



ere he added, with an air of dignity, as if with a view to change the topic: "But, in sooth, I think, you did not teach me how to serve you. Have you not some mission from your court, that I should hear? Proceed with it, gentle sir." The young secretary started, in his turn, and breathed hard for an instant; he gazed on the Gothic niche, that canopied the chair of state; he threw his glances upward, and downward, and around; his eye thrice wandered, from the fretted roof, to the ornamented footcloth; it at last alighted on Martinuzzi, and met his penetrating and inquiring look, and then Ferraro, summoning up all his presence of mind, thus, in an embarrassed voice, opened the subject of his communication.

"Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, King of Bohemia, of Hungary, of Halitz, and of Lodomeria ——." The cardinal broke in, with an air of surprise,

"Not of Hungary, Ferraro," he cried, in a deep and measured voice; "nor of Halitz, nor of Lodomeria."\*

"Pardon me, good my lord," said the envoy; "sends greetings to George Martinuzzi, Lord Cardinal, Lord Archbishop of Strigonie, Lord Bishop of Waradin, and Lord Regent of the province of Transylvania; and, out of his great friendship and esteem, invests him with regal power and dignity in Transylvania, to hold the same as feudatory of the Austrian crown, for the term of his natural life, the right of inheritance to vest in the lord paramount, the Archduke Ferdinand, upon the demise of George Martinuzzi." The cardinal listened to the delivery of this extraordinary errand, without so much as moving a muscle of his face, or winking an eyelid; a

\* The kings of Hungary bore the titles of King of Halitz, and King of Lodomeria, from the twelfth century. The other kingdoms annexed to the crown of Hungary at different times are Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, Rama, Servia, Cumania, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Rascia. At the coronation of the kings of Hungary, twelve chiefs carried each a banner, representing the arms of these provinces.

slight cloud, indeed, passed over his marble brow, but when Ferraro had concluded, the evanescent hectic slowly vanished, and (like the faint hues of fading day, withdrawn from some miraculous chiselling of "the human face divine,"—perchance the choicest of beautiful things inanimate), showed his countenance more marble than before. Meanwhile, the clear visage of the youthful envoy, reciprocating the cardinal's transitory emotion, was suffused with the deepest crimson, and bent to the ground.

"Take back our answer to the Archduke Ferdinand," began the cardinal, with the most touching grace and dignity of manner, and in a tone of voice, which had to Ferraro's ears, he knew not what effect of awe, and majesty; "and give him to know from the Lord Regent of Hungary, that not for the imperial crown he aims at, or his brother's triple diadem, or the wealth of Montezuma to boot, would George Martinuzzi —"

What should have followed, was on the lip of the regent, when his speech was stopped short, by the projection of a human head, deeply shaded by the overhanging cowl, through the opening door. It was Father Dominick, who, for an instant, stood in the door-way, and then, with measured tread, walked up to the regent, and delivered a scroll of paper, into his hands. Whatever thoughts possessed his bosom, he stood by the side of Martinuzzi, motionless as a statue, with his head reposing on his chest, and his arms folded in deference.

Ferraro had only beheld the confessor, on one memorable occasion; but he knew, by the leaden crucifix at his girdle, that the figure could be no other, than that of Father Dominick, and a thrill of unpleasant surprise crept through his veins.

Martinuzzi ran his eye rapidly, yet with earnest attention, over the paper; his countenance lowered; he looked, for a while, fixedly on the monk. Presently, he seemed about to speak, but paused, and regarded

Ferraro, with a searching glance. Then, again, after being wrapped for several moments in deep reflections, he fell to a second perusal of the paper, and remained gazing thereon, without word or motion. At length, he turned to Father Dominick, who still retained the same fixed, and composed attitude, he had first assumed. "Pray you a word," he said, and, laying his hand on the sleeve of his mysterious confessor, Martinuzzi drew him deep into the apartment. The two spoke together, in inaudible whispers.

Ferraro watched, with wonder and curiosity, the change in the countenance of the regent, and the extraordinary conduct of the holy father. They continued to converse together, for several minutes, but at such a distance, as to place them out of earshot, and, although the young secretary caught a word, at intervals, from the lips of Martinuzzi, it was too unconnected and indefinite, to enable him to arrive at the nature of the conference. After a while, the speakers advanced forward, and Father Dominick was about to retire, when the deep tones of Martinuzzi's voice fell, full and distinct, upon Ferraro's ear. "Yes," he said, "the state shall still lie sheltered,\* under the broad imperial tree I planted, and did nourish with the sweat of mine own forehead, although I may not hope to dream beneath its shadow. Thou knowest I have done this, and suffer it, solely for the well-being of...my country."

There followed a pause, of one or two minutes, after Father Dominick had withdrawn, during which, Martinuzzi stood, with a hesitating, and perplexed air, as if endeavouring painfully, and with difficulty, to temper his rebellious will, and tutor his stubborn tongue, to a tone of thinking, and language more subdued than before, but also more accordant with his altered purpose. There-

\* *Sub umbra Scipionis civitatem latere.*—Livy, xxxviii. 51.

fore, no indication of his secret feelings could be got at, while, in a severe, and deep-toned voice, the regent addressed the young envoy. "Mark Antoine Ferraro," he said, "since what time has your master held his imperial crown, in defiance of the international law of Germany, and of Europe? Since what time, I wish to learn, has he deemed, that strong power, like a pent-house, screens him from public opinion?" And Martinuzzi would have fixed his glance, on the countenance of Ferraro, but the secretary eluded the scrutiny, by bending his eyes to the ground.

Some pretence was muttered of the alliance of Ferdinand with Anne of Hungary, in 1515, and, likewise, of the engagement of King John, before his marriage,\* that that kingdom should be restored to the race of Ladislaus, upon his death. Then Ferraro added, more boldly, though still in a faltering tone, "Would you deign to point out any act of the emperor, to which your inquiry were apposite, my answer might possibly be more to your highness's satisfaction."

"I allude, sir, to the formidable attitude, which the archduke has assumed, by riding these dominions with arrayed banner. I am here instructed, by my confessor, that the pennons of Austria now float on the walls of Alba Julia,† and, moreover, that the city of Coloswar is beleaguered, trenches already opened, and other works begun. What does this mean? The two kingdoms are at peace, — no war proclaimed; — is't not so? or have I all along misunderstood the Marquis of Piadena? Nay, we are, sure, at peace, else the embassy from the court of Vienna were not now in Hermanstadt. Ere now, I have been warned by certain of my court, but would not lend an ear to aught, so derogatory to the

\* On this most intricate question, see Sambucus in *appendice Dœfini*, *Ubi ex professo agit de concordia Ungarica*.

† Alba Julia, twenty-five miles west of Hermanstadt.

honour of Ferdinand.\* I own, I am at fault : can you help me ? or ——— prithe explain, my dear sir ?”

“ The Archduke of Austria was apprehensive,” replied Ferraro, with no small confusion, “ that the enemies of your eminence, those factious chiefs, whose licentious perfidy, and endless series of conspiracies have disgraced, for centuries, the registers of Hungary, who claim the right to choose the object, the measure, and the term of their allegiance, might, unless a sufficient force were in the field, to overawe their movements, make the occasion of the demission of the royal authority of her grace, an apology to perplex your council, and so plunge the province into confusion.”

“ Oh ! I see — I have to thank the archduke, truly, for his consideration,” replied Martinuzzi, with bitter sarcasm ; “ then it is for *our* humble service, — it is on our poor account, that the Austrian army now invests Coloswar, and bivouacs, on these cold nights, in the woods of Transylvania. Verily, we are highly obliged ; but am I given to understand, that every attempt at insurrection, in right of the Queen of Hungary, is to be resisted, and possibly suppressed, by the arms of Ferdinand ? — is *THAT* the reading ?”

“ The Archduke of Austria trusts that disaffection may not arrive at that height, which would require his interference,” answered Ferraro.

“ But if it turn out contrary to your royal master's expectations, it is, as I state ?” persisted Martinuzzi.

“ Even so,” replied Ferraro.

“ And, without any regard to the inclinations of the people, whosoever heads the army of our queen is to be deemed a rebel ?” demanded the regent.

“ In the instructions of my sovereign, I find no exception,” said the ambassador.

\* *Fuerunt ex familiaribus qui admonerent, quibus ipse contra Caroli Quinti Imperatoribus, Ferdinandi et pontificis maximi diplomata ac promissa objiciebat.*—*Forgach Comment.* p. 31.

"Ha! consider better — not ONE?" demanded Martinuzzi — "not the Lord Regent of Hungary?"

Ferraro bowed.

Martinuzzi saw his advantage, and at once took a higher tone of argument. "And does the Emperor of Germany flatter himself," he proceeded, with fervent voice, and an impassioned majesty, "that Europe will suffer this? My surprisal involves the immortal infamy of Ferdinand; — 'tis rank, 'tis foul, sir. The archduke in league, and no war proclaimed? It was not in the competency of a man of honour to apprehend the invasion of this territory, considering the amicable correspondence of the two courts. How far, however, the artifice and chicane of Austria will eventually advantage him, I need no sybil to inform me. The arguments, which your court now disdains, may be heard, ere this day twelvemonth, in the louder tone of the Ottoman cannon. Perchance, sir," he added, with tempered energy, whilst the brightest animation appeared in all his frame, and his eye sparkled, with the triumphant retribution, his soul anticipated,—"Perchance, the banners, that now wave defiance, from their ensign-staff, on the topmost towers of *Gyula-feir-var*,\* may shake, in the stern blast, that lours in the east,—perchance, sir, the leaves of the old thorn, that fluctuate at their side, will outlive their grandeur, and, one of these days, whisper, in the whirlwind's ear, the tale of Austria's humiliation. We live in changeful times, Marc Antoine." Martinuzzi ceased; he seemed to hesitate, but shortly added: "After what you have declared of Ferdinand's determination, and remembering

\* Alba Julia: the white city of Julia, called by the Germans, *Veissenburg*. Cette ville subsistait avec splendeur du temps des Romains, sous le nom d'Apylum. M. de Sacy, tome 1. p. 408. It was rebuilt by Gyula, the Hungarian leader, after whom it takes its name, and not from Julia, the mother of Caracalla. The few, whom the question may interest, may consult *Mem. de l'Ac. des Inscr.* tom. xxviii. p. 451. Also. *Append. ad Res Hung. in Scrip. Rer. Hung.* p. 622.



the dishonourable advantage, he has obtained over us, we must needs bear with the overwhelming power, that cannot be resisted. Call some few days back, and well the emperor knoweth —" Again, Martinuzzi paused, compressed his lips forcibly together, as if to save his breath, to pronounce the final, and irreversible declaration. At last, "Tell the ambassador of Austria," he cried, and his voice slightly trembled, "that he may write to his sovereign, and say, that George Martinuzzi will condescend to accept the crown of Transylvania!"

Ferraro started. Although circumstances had, almost begun to persuade him, that such would be the issue of his conference, still, to hear the avowal of the regent's dishonour, from his own lips, visibly shocked the sensitive young gentleman.

Perhaps the whole wide world, of wretched casualties, presents no incidence more affecting, than, thus, being made an accomplice, so to speak, in the humiliation of an honoured friend. The more exalted our previous conceptions of his character, so much the more sensibly, do we feel the utter shock of his downfall and disgrace. It is painful to blush for one, whom, in our pure credulity, we had fondly gifted, with all the qualities, that dignify humanity. It is mortifying to behold our idol, disrobed of his imagined excellence, but it is doubly repellent and mortifying, if he, to whose superiority we had fondly clung, happen to stand before us, an eye witness of our shame, and sorrow, at his debasement. There is a magnetic sympathy, between ourselves and him. We avert our gaze, and would fain give the lie, to the expression of our countenance, but honest nature will, commonly, prevail, though the features be cased in the triple felt of hypocrisy.

"Scipio, my sable friend, by heavens! thou counselledst well," thought Ferraro to himself, in the hushed interval, which succeeded the last words of Martinuzzi. There was a dead silence between them, for a while,

elapsing in mutual, and conscious embarrassment. At length it was dispelled, by the young envoy, who, with frigid formality, observed;—

“I will lay before the Marquis of Piadena, those passages, which have just passed between us, touching your eminence’s acceptance of King Ferdinand’s proposals. How shall I state, your eminence purposes to dispose of—” here the tones of Ferraro’s voice trembled, and almost failed him—“the Lady Czerina?” he added; and a thrill passed over him, as the title issued from his mouth, slowly and deliberately.

“Purposes to dispose of!” repeated Martinuzzi, and his eye lightened with indignation;—“to dispose of! I understand you not, sir. The personal effects, and alledial estates, of the house of Zapola, she may, surely, be permitted to retain?”

“Your pardon,” said Ferraro, “I would ask, where it is intended, her grace take up her abode?”

“Would the Archduke of Austria object, that the capital of our dominions be graced, by the presence of the lady, you speak of, if we ourselves afford her our countenance and protection?” demanded Martinuzzi, in the tones of haughty irony.

“Perhaps it were dangerous,” returned Ferraro; “her grace is deservedly popular, and—however I will submit your eminence’s disposition, to the lord paramount, and ascertain his wishes.”

Martinuzzi’s eyes flashed indignant scorn, and he smiled disdainfully, as he observed; “Sir, I am poor dust, it seems, before the whirlwind of the absolute will of Ferdinand: well, so be it.”

“And when,” asked Ferraro, “shall I say, it will be the pleasure of your eminence to be crowned?” This inquiry was delivered, in a doubtful voice, the speaker not venturing, in mercy to the cardinal’s feelings, to look him in the face, apprehensive of having his glance interpreted, and construed into an insult.

Martinuzzi was silent.

Ferraro again addressed him: "The crown of Hungary, men say, was wrought by angels, and is the gift of angels. The people, as your highness knows, are attached to visible symbols, that are of miraculous efficacy,\* nor will they ever acknowledge you, as their lawful sovereign, unless they behold, upon your head, that diadem, which has been consecrated by ancient use, and rendered holy by its heavenly origin. When shall Transylvania rejoice, in your highness's coronation?"

"What time the last corps of the imperial guard, shall have recrossed the frontiers," replied the regent, with appalling sternness; "or else, when not one *living* Spaniard, or Austrian, which composes it, darkens my native land."

The revealings of Ferraro's soul shone out, as he raised his eyes from the floor, and gazed, with that inexpressible look, which Heaven had assigned him, upon the noble countenance of Martinuzzi; for his own feelings responded to his peremptory language, and again, he thought he recognised the inflexible spirit of the high-hearted statesman. He reflected, however, deeply, for a minute, ere he hazarded a reply.

"I cannot, without further instructions from the marquis, presume to dictate to your eminence, nor would I, willingly, stand committed, in this respect," said Ferraro. "I was prepared, I believed, for every contingency, but I find myself mistaken: your mounting the throne of Transylvania, did neither, I rather think, enter into the archduke's calculation, nor his ambassador's, nor," he paused, as if unwilling to wound the feelings of Martinuzzi, and yet irresistibly impelled to give vent

\* "Les rois de Hongrie, qui en ont été solennellement orné, ont le don de guérir non seulement les écrouelles, mais encore toute sorte de maladies venues de poison ou de la morsure d'une vipère ou de quelque autre animal venimeux en faisant sur la playe le signe de la croix." Bibliothèque Raisonnée, tom. xvi.

to his sentiments, ere he added, almost with bitterness: "nor, could it, into that of Piadena's secretary."

No sooner had he uttered these words, than he repented his rashness, and his mind reproached him, for descending to insinuate a reproach. In this transition of sentiment, the blood rushed back from his cheeks, and he turned away his face; but he underwent no slight surprise, when Martinuzzi, almost instantly, retorted, with a peculiar inflection of tone, which seemed to contain the most cutting sarcasm:—

"I judged as much; but it was for your master to have computed chances and consequences, ere he committed his honour so inextricably."

There followed a momentary pause. "I suppose, you are aware, sir," rejoined the regent, in a voice, which subsided from its previous cool, sarcastic tone, into one of stern but passionless composure; "that, according to ancient custom, the states of Transylvania can only be convoked at Coloswar, which now is encompassed, on all sides, by the imperial troops. Sir, when your royal sender shall see cause to raise the siege of that city, our coronation will be open to us. When Transylvania is free, we will be crowned; meanwhile we rule, as heretofore — 'The crosier is an easy sceptre.'"<sup>\*</sup>

The greater part of the remaining colloquy passed over, with manifest constraint on both sides, and, after a few more moments of desultory discourse, Ferraro was on the point of taking his departure, when Martinuzzi took him by the hand, and addressed him in a style, altogether different; "Marc Antoine," he said, in a tone, the courtesy of which might almost be deemed affectionate, "let there be no coldness between us—you have done your duty, as became you. Your character is not unknown to me, and it would gratify me, in a sense, which the customary forms of speech are feeble to ex-

<sup>\*</sup> German proverb: "Man lebt gut unter dem krummstab."

press, to cultivate our further friendship;—will you, sometimes, barter with us a few brief syllables, which may embody thoughts, for the rumination of after years?—Come hither, often—the oftener the more welcome!—you consent. Accept my thanks; but you will not forget. There, farewell, and —.” The regent paused, and then, dismissing the young secretary, subjoined, with considerable solemnity, “act an upright and a straightforward part, Marc Antoine, and you may find yourself, even beyond your hopes, successful, in what lies nearest your heart; go, now, and God bless you!” Martinuzzi waved his hand, and Ferraro withdrew, in pleased surprise, and respectful silence.

## MANUSCRIPT XVII.

*Ανὴρ τὰ μὲν εἰς τοὺς ὑπηκόους μετρίῳ γεγὼνως, φοβερὸς δὲ τὰ εἰς τοὺς πολεμίους.*—PROCOPIUS.

FERRARO had scarcely issued from the citadel, when there sounded a loud voice along the vestibule, adjoining Martinuzzi's chamber. "What, ho! — who waits?" They were the words of the regent. Several knights and men-at-arms stepped forth. Martinuzzi approached one of these, and conferred with him apart, for above a minute. "Use all speed herein, Bathori," he concluded; "and if Abu Obeida be not at his own abode, track him, from street to street, from house to house, till you hunt him down, and then invite him hither;—you hear me?"

"I will, your eminence," replied Bathori.

"Right,—flag not now—spare not your breath now. I impose upon you this duty, because I know your zeal. Away! Do you, Nicholas Zrinii, hasten to the several barriers, and bring me intelligence, whether any person called Ragotzy, so the man's name was inscribed on his safe conduct, have passed lately. Can any here inform me, respecting a tall chevalier, at present on a visit to our most holy friend and confessor, Father Dominick?"

"May it please your eminence, I have noted such a person," answered one of the serjeants-at-arms.

"Have that man arrested in my name," said the re-

gent; "and some of you inquire of the gate-warden, if he have left the citadel since morn."

The attendant departed on his errand:—the door of the vestibule was ajar, and the officers, who were there on duty, could observe the regent, standing, in a musing attitude, in the midst of the council-chamber. Presently a person, plainly dressed, in the garb of a courier, hastily entered the vestibule; his heat and broken breathing, no less than his travel-soiled, and disordered vestments, seemed to announce that he had ridden hard, and had just alighted from a far journey. "Where is his eminence?" he hurriedly demanded of those about him. The retainers looked in the direction of the council-room, and the regent, having caught the inquiry, beckoned the courier to advance.

"Your tidings!" exclaimed Martinuzzi, with an almost breathless eagerness of tone, and manner.

"I have none whatsoever," answered the man.

The regent clasped his hands, and raised his eyes, overwhelmed, as it seemed, with disappointment. "You failed not to publish a description of Swartz's person to the authorities, at Buda?"

"I did so, my lord," replied the courier,—“and likewise at Presburg?”—“I obeyed the commands of your eminence in all respects,” answered the man.

"You may go," said Martinuzzi. The courier was about to leave the chamber, when the regent again spoke,—“Another word.” The man stopped short—“You entered the city by the road of St. Agatha?—was it not so?” The courier expressed his assent. “How goes the world, sir?—you traversed a distracted land,” said Martinuzzi.

“Alas! my lord, all is terror and confusion,—the neighbouring plains are scoured by troops of horse—Coloswar is besieged.”

“Did they suffer you to proceed on your route, through Alba Julia, unmolested?” interrogated the cardinal.

"I made a considerable detour, to avoid the risk of detention," was the reply.

"It was wisely thought of," observed the regent. "You did not happen to hear, how many may be on their way, or the number of those now encamped, before Coloswar?"

"I understood, at Presburg, the imperial force had been computed at forty thousand men; but, on the marches, the accounts vary considerably, some estimates hardly falling short of twice that amount."

There ensued another pause, when again the dignified examiner proceeded — "What army of reserve is there at Presburg, or absent in the neighbourhood on furlough?"

"None, that I heard of," was the reply.

Martinuzzi paced the small extent of the chamber, as if ruminating on the items of information, he had gathered. His eye kindled, for an instant, with a look of unusual fire, and there was an uncommon glow, in his kingly countenance. "Though," he murmured aloud, — "he dig like moles, Ferdinand may yet find his train of treachery undermined." Suddenly he halted. "Enough, my friend," he cried, and the courier took his departure.

"Now, you are well returned: what says the guard?" he demanded, turning to another officer, who, on the courier's dismissal, came forwards!

"Please your eminence," thus he made his report, — "the castle guard was only relieved half an hour gone by, since when no mailed chevalier has passed beyond the citadel."

"Tush!" ejaculated Martinuzzi; but the peevish monosyllable escaped him in so low a tone, as to be nearly inaudible. "Has not Bathori come back ere this?"

"I apprehend, not, your highness," answered the man-at-arms.

"The slug! — yet wherefore so?" he murmured to himself. "'Tis my own heart, the swiftness of whose



thought, so gallops and outstrips the tardy minutes,—but I can wait no longer. Bid the baron, when he returns, remain in the vestibule, till I have leisure to speak with him. Say I am particularly engaged the while ;—none of you quit your posts, and—and —,” the regent paused, “and, touching Abu Obeida,” he presently resumed, “if he come in the meantime, you will usher him, into this apartment,—will you not ?” As he spoke thus incoherently, his visage worked, while the tone of his voice, and his whole manner, underwent a marked, and extraordinary change ; presently he turned aside his head, as if to hide the expression of indescribable horror, that overspread his countenance.

“Your highness !” exclaimed the man-at-arms.

Martinuzzi gazed on the speaker—it was a wild look, almost painful to encounter, as if, on the sudden, his very intellects tottered on their seat, and he was vainly labouring, to fix the wandering energies of his mind, on some point of immediate interest, which yet, for the instant, escaped his apprehension. “Oh, certainly, ’tis as I determine,” said the regent, at length ; combining so strange an obliquity of language, with that unwonted incoherence of manner, which we have described above : “Well, then, not here, not here,—do you understand ? Good God !” and the voice of Martinuzzi heightened, and shook with emotion. “As you value your lives, not into this room yet,” he continued, more collectedly ; but, as if communing with himself, “Abu Obeida, should not be left in the vestibule—how then ? Ha ! that will be better—Hark ye, —demean yourselves to the Emir with deference, and let him be shown, into the blue chamber,—that of Father Dominick,—do ye understand ?—until we require his presence.”

“*Of Father Dominick*, your highness ?” echoed several voices, in deep toned and horrified chorus.

“Let me hear no more of this ; I am not apt for’t, nor care to repeat my words,” said the regent angrily. “Be

the watch doubled to-night. One of you, order out the day guard, before the citadel. See to it instantly."—"Hal!" he replied, in answer to one of his sergeants-at-arms—"Hal by the western barrier, and so lately, say you! You are satisfied, the safe conduct was that of Sagary."

"That was the name, your highness," replied the man.

The regent motioned his hand to his forehead, with an impulse of vexation, but the action was hardly perceptible, and as transient as it was slight, "that to the mind 'twas but a doubt." "Hie thee now," he said, addressing the officer, who had last spoken; "to our well beloved over-marshal, Valentinian, Count Turascus,—here are your credentials; tell him, that, for state reasons, which we hold back for his private ear, it is our wish, that every man in the Hungarian army be under arms, by midnight,—bid him, moreover, forthwith send a herald-at-arms, through Transylvania, holding aloft the bloody glaive, according to old usage.\* Be this the war-cry to our absent Magnats—

\* This custom, in common with many others of the feudal ages, was, at the period of our tale, in a state of decadency, and shortly after fell wholly into desuetude. It appears to have been first practised by the Hungs, in the middle of the fourth century. Nic. Olahi Arch. Szig. Szeged. Originally, such as did not attend at the spot, pointed out, by the bearer of the bloody sword, rendered themselves liable to a death of a poor and cruel description, but afterwards, this was remitted, and instead thereof, the culprit was condemned to a slavery, made hereditary in his family. Whence, says Boefinius, the introduction into Hungary of venial servitude: *Hinc coarctato multos Hunnorum perpetuum servituti in servitatem*. Boef. Dec. 1. l. 1.—see also, Tripart. Opus Decr. Caus. et Act. Regum, 1061. Reg. Hungaræ, à Steph. Werbouni, v. 1. part. 3. Tit. 33. and the Decreta of St. Stephen, liv. 1. chap. 4.

The obligation of the freemen in the dark ages, to perform military service in defence of the community, resulted naturally from their having become landed proprietors, in the countries, which they or their ancestors had subdued, so that, they had at once, to guard against the hostility of the ancient inhabitants, and to take care, that in their turn, they were not dispossessed by fresh colonies of barbarians. The most rigorous penalty exacted of those, who disregarded this tacit compact, seems to have been that we have now under review. According to the milder law of the

*My voice is the voice of God ! Rendezvous at the abbey of Coloswar, to save the nation !*"

The officer left the vestibule.

"And now, gentlemen," said Martinuzzi, turning to the rest, "be sure my orders be well looked to, and literally, as I have spoken—your heads shall answer." The men-at-arms, making a signal of obedience, fell back, and the regent, retiring within the precincts of his private apartment, closed the door after him.

He closed the door: he took several strides, across the room, and an extraordinary alteration was apparent in his mien, and conduct. His countenance underwent a frightful change,—he stood beside the oratory, for a passing instant, and then knelt down before the crucifix, and prayed aloud, in an exhausted and faint voice. "O clemens! O pie! vere passum immolatum in cruce, ostende mihi tuam misericordiam in hac horâ." He arose; large drops of perspiration bedewed his forehead; the light of command, and the light of genius had left his eyes,—all expression, save that of terror and disgust, had deserted his wan features; he stood a moment, with both hands clasped firmly, over his eyes; his gorgeous cope fell, unregarded, from his shoulder; his head stooped

Franks, the prædial bondman was entitled to his manumission on the payment of the *Herebannum*, i. e. a fine of sixty crowns, and in any case, the condition of servitude (made hereditary in Hungary,) was only to continue, until the labour of the culprit should amount to that value; Capit. Car. Magn. ap. Leg. Longob., v. 2. By the subsequent law of the Emperor Lothaire, his goods were forfeited, and he himself punished with banishment.—Murat. Script. Ital. vol. 1. On this head consult Montesquieu. *Espirit des loix*, lib. xxi. ch. xxvi.

The mention of the usage of the bloody glaive, which summoned the allodial proprietor to serve his country in the field, cannot fail to bring to the mind of every reader, the third canto of the "*Lady of the Lake*," where the gathering of the Highland clans, at the sight of the fiery cross, in aid of their feudal lord, is commemorated in *seculâ seculorum*.

Particulars of this custom will be found in Istvanfius and Bethlen. Istvanf. *Hist. de Reb. Hung.* lib. xii. p. 198. Volf.-Gang. Bethlen *Hist. Transilv.* liv. 11. p. 73.

down, and, we will not say, whether one single drop (unwonted relief), wrung, from the very depth of agony, might not have trickled between his long waxen fingers. The jesses of his heart, as if tugged at, by ten thousand unreclaimed falcons, seemed to rive his very frame asunder, and so he stood, gathering from the strange intensity of his emotions, a sort of inspiration. Presently, with wavering step he crossed the chamber,—he hesitated, and then laid his hand, upon the lock of the door, which opened into a sort of anti-room, whither the mailed soldier had withdrawn, on the entrance of Ferraro, as mentioned in the last chapter. Martinuzzi paused, for a few seconds, to nerve himself for the encounter; his face was of a marbly whiteness,—his eyes grew dim and dimmer, and as his hand removed its hold from the door, he slowly sunk down, on a seat beside him. Shortly, he again rose, pacing the apartment for above a minute, with a rapid step; he slackened it, and halted at the further door, which issued into the suite of rooms, appropriated to Father Dominick; thrice he turned the key, and having carefully shot the bolt, he closed around the velvet curtain, as if to afford an additional barrier. “Pereny would not,” murmured Martinuzzi to himself; “but lest Abu Obeida, in his absence,—’twere better—.” The regent broke off, and then passed leisurely to the door, which opened to the vestibule. Each footstep owned a feeling, and he glided stealthily, over the carpet, as if he feared to awaken the echoes, that lurked in the old wainscoting, or to attract the notice of the sombre portraits, whose ghastly eyes, in the deepening gloom, seemed to flare on him, with an unnatural, and portentous gleam. Having barricaded and secured this door, with similar vigilance and precaution, a second time he sought the entrance to the anti-room. Apparently, however, extracting a sort of courage, from his very dread, he opened the door, which creaked mournfully on its hinges, and passing forward, the lord regent of Hun-

gary enclosed himself, within the privacy of the inner apartment.

Meantime, the retainers, who waited without the door, made their several comments, on what was going forward. The perturbed and impatient manner of Martinuzzi, excited their astonishment,—the sudden calling out of the national troop, gave rise to innumerable speculations; but all minor circumstances were soon swallowed up, in the remembrance of the impossible orders, they had received,—to break in on the privacy of Father Dominick; on him, whom most of those present devoutly believed to be the incarnate enemy of man. To usher Abu Obeida, without previous word or notice, into his chamber,—possibly into his presence! was ever such temerity? All insisted on shifting the office, upon some of their fellow servitors, but each individual grew faint at the proposition. Whilst the matter was yet *sub litu*, the rushing of footsteps towards the vestibule, challenged attention, and the warder of the castle, with every symptom of dismay and horror, depicted on his countenance, burst amongst the already excited group, demanding to speak with the regent. He was apprised of Martinuzzi's commands, that he was not to be disturbed.

"Why, what's in the wind, now, man?" asked one of those present.

"Enough, in all conscience," replied the jailor.

"Tell us, then, have you seen a ghost?"

"Often; but what I have to acquaint his eminence with, is more astounding by half."

"Indeed!" said a man-at-arms, tipping the wink to his fellows; "come let us hear what has chanced?"

"I know no reason why you should not," returned the jailor; "hearken then. You remember, some years gone by, the noise, that was occasioned, by the mysterious disappearance of that poor sentinel,—who had been before wiled from his post, by the spectre of the preci-

pice, as he gave out, and whose carcase was afterwards discovered, beneath the southern rampart?"

"To be sure we do," exclaimed all in a breath, closing round the narrator.

"Well, I was not warden at the time; I was just a sort of helper, as one may say; but my predecessor, having his office taken from him, though it was no fault of his, you know;" and he turned an inquiring eye round the circle, as if to demand their accord, in a proposition, which to him appeared so self-evident.

"None whatever," the most of them replied, being the required response to his eloquent appeal; "but go on."

"Well, as the saints ordained, I was promoted into the luckless fellow's shoes, being appointed head jailor; and such, as you all know, has been my honourable charge, down to the present hour, though that it will be so in the next, is more than I dare vouch for."

"How so? What have you been about?"

"You shall hear. In the first joy of my new appointment, I vowed a vow unto our Lady Mary. Now, can any of you give a guess, masters, what that vow was?"

"Why, to be pitiful to your charges, I should not wonder," observed one of the retainers.

"No, that was not it; I vowed to the blessed Mary, I would never, as long as I lived to be warden, lock up any prisoner in that cell, from which the devil, or his agent,"—and here the man cast a significant look at the door of Father Dominick's chamber—"conveyed away that sentry. Such, you must know, was the solemn vow I vowed, and, till the other day, I faithfully kept my pledge."

"And what the deuce made you break it at last?" demanded one of his listeners.

"Why the prison has been so crowded of late, that

every other solitary ward, but that identical chamber, became occupied; and not long ago, in the very middle of the night, ere I could provide for his accommodation, I was suddenly called upon, to take charge of a new man, just laid under arrest."

"Well, you did not confine him in the prohibited ward, I suppose?"

"Ay, but I did; the vow I vowed to the blessed Virgin, I forgot at a pinch, and a precious turn she has served me in consequence. In that diabolical dungeon, for several days and nights, I safely secured Hubert, of the night guard."

"Was it he?"

"Ay, did I not tell you so?"

"Not before; but I'll swear it was no other; there was always something mysterious, and reserved about that man. Has he too been conveyed away?"

"That's it, by the holy Mary! He is off."

"What! from that cell? I ever had my suspicions of him. Has he left no trace behind?"

"Not he, damn him! but he has left his bail; we have a substitute."

"A substitute! How? the devil?"

"No, not the Mano, exactly; though, mayhap, it's much the same."

"Who then?"

"The Count Maximilian Pereny."

"The Graf Pereny!" repeated all around.

"Ay, as I despair to be forgiven, not a quarter of an hour since, when I passed into the ward in question, with provisions for my prisoner, in lieu of Hubert, whom I, as usual, expected to see, to my knock-down amazement, there sat his countship at his ease, in a corner of the dungeon."

"Why, how did he get in?" demanded his auditors, in a breath.

"On the horns of Beelzebub, I believe," responded the warder.

"And where is the Graf Pereny now?" asked some of the men-at-arms.

"Here, you rascals!" exclaimed a voice at an outer entrance of the lobby, and the important personage in question, swung the door, on its hinges.



## MANUSCRIPT XVIII.

Hic situs est vates, quem divi Cæsaris ira  
 Augusti, patria cedere jussit humo.  
 Sæpe miser voluit patriis occumbere terris,  
 Sed frustra : hunc illa fata dedere locum.

" 'Tis good to be off wi' the old love  
 Before we are on wi' the new."—*Song.*

—— " I'd go out of myself,  
 Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,  
 And study curses, imprecations,  
 So I might work revenge."

DECKER.

—— " 'Tis rarely worth the trouble  
 Of gaining, or—what is more difficult,  
 Getting rid of your prize again ; for there's  
 The rub—at least to mortals."

*The Deformed Transformed.*

THE evolution of our story lays us under the necessity of opening a new scene, and of introducing other actors, who, we hope, will " strut their hour upon the stage" to the reader's satisfaction. We must leave, therefore, the Graf Pereny, bullying, and ordering about him, in the ante-room of Martinuzzi, to usher the reader, at the same hour, within an elegant saloon, in the contiguous palace of Queen Isabella, where, indolently reclining upon an ottoman, he may observe Abu Obeida, who had lately arrived, in the capital of Transylvania, charged with a special mission, from the sultan.

The Moslem envoy was a tall, slender man, of pale complexion. The members of his face were minute, with the exception of his nose, which owned the true aquiline curve. His neck exceeded in length, and he might be apparently about sixty years of age; but time, though tasked to the uttermost, nor toil, his familiar, had tamed down the fiery lustre of the Ottoman's dark, wild eye, or chastened its bold, and haughty expression, or tempered the war-worn, and almost ferocious character of his general physiognomy. The amplitude of his attire was characteristic of his race. The long, loose pelisse of green cloth, with its free, graceful folds, and lining of costliest sable; the snowy trousers, or *shaksheers*, hanging loose about the legs, like a sack; the vest, sewn on each side in regular rows, with large and valuable pearls; the Cashmerian shawl, in the form of a girdle, through which projected the hilt and pommel of a hangier, or dagger, mounted with precious stones; the slippers, of yellow morocco leather; but, more particularly, the *recherche*, turban, whose green colour was an infallible token of the true blood of the wearer, and "whose restless front," surmounted by a flowing plume, bore a ruby of inestimable price...all indicated the classic costume of the East.

From these minutiae, it was easy to infer, that the personage in question could be no other, than one of the grand pachas of the Ottoman court; but, ere the eyes of the reader can be supposed to have acquainted him with the fact, his attention must be called off to a different, if not to a more fascinating personage, for a near footstep is heard,—the arras gently undulates,—it is drawn aside, and Queen Isabella, magnificently arrayed, according to her rank, sweeps into the apartment. Then Abu Obeida arose, and made his obeisance, with more than oriental obsequiousness, bending his eyes upon the ground, and holding his right hand motionless on his heart.\*

\* The customary mode of Eastern salutation, according to Sandys.

"We perceive, by the missives, you bear from the heroic sultan," began the lady, "that he considers you, sir, completely imbued with a sense of his interests and wishes, in regard to the important, and interesting negotiation, to which those missives relate."

"Your grace will pardon the boast," answered Abu Obeida, "but, the humblest of his slaves, even I myself, am, in this respect,—the mental shadow, the lock and key, of the inmost soul of him, who is lord and arbiter of all, that the sun irradiates and vivifies; by whom I am commissioned, ere I ventured on the interesting subject we are presently to consider, to entreat your grace's acceptance of a most ancient relic of one Roman, whose works, he is given to understand, most learned Franks hold in high odour." And, with these words, the emir handed to the queen a plain silver pen, on which these characters were inscribed — *Ovidii Nasonis Calamus*.\*

"Ha!" returned Isabella, with an air of interest, as, after due acknowledgments, she gracefully accepted the simple token, "a memorial of Ovid!—doubtless, with this little instrument, were bodied forth those exquisite strains from Medea to Jason,† which, with no ineloquent or feeble scholarship, I have heard a valued friend, some time translate, for my delight, into harmonious numbers. I am myself no linguist, but I have been taught to love Ovid." Isabella sighed, and, as she sighed, she turned her head away, and a tear fell on the pen. Almost instantly recovering herself, she subjoined, in her usual

\* The above is, according to Ciofanius, who says, "Isabella Pannonie Regina circiter annum MDL. Ovidii calamus ex argento Tauruni quæ est urbs inferioris Pannoniæ, ostendit Petro Angelio Bargæo, qui hoc ipsam mihi narravit, cum hæc inscriptione: *Ovidii Nasonis Calamus*, qui non multo ante id tempus, sub quibusdam antiquis ruinis fuerat repertus. Eum regina ipsa plurimi faciebat et velut rem sacrum curam habebat."

† It was on the banks of the Danube, among the barbarous Sarmatæ, that Ovid wrote his Epistles.

soft voice, "I knew the poet had been an exile in our land, and, if I recollect rightly, his place of sepulture was discovered, not very long ago, at Stein-am-Anger, the ancient Sabaria, in Lower Hungary; and yet so long," she added, with a smile, "that I must have been an infant at the time: but tell me, how came this precious relic, in the possession of your honoured master?"

"It was found, a few years since, under some ruins in the neighbourhood of Belgrade,\* and brought to Solyman," replied Abu Obeida.

"I will not easily part with it," said Isabella, pressing the pen to her lip. "You smile, gracious sir, but, though Heaven acknowledges but one religion, earth owns many superstitions, the truest of which is, that of poetry, and it claims to have its proper saints and relics. I fear we may not long keep company, but, believe me, while I have life, I will wear, next my heart, this bit of silver, as I would a charm. Alexander, we are told, appropriated the perfumed casket of Darius to the reception of the Iliad; but there can be but one meet reliquary for the pen of Ovid," and Isabella put it in her bosom. There was a momentary silence. "We find," presently resumed the lady, having recovered her composure, "that you are instructed and empowered to act in the sultan's name, throughout our negotiation, with the like decision and unerring faith, as if thou thyself wert he, with whom the engagements are entered into."

"Your tablets will inform you," replied the Turk, "that, whatsoever terms I subscribe, the invincible king of kings has sworn, in the holy name of Alla, to ratify."

\* Belgrade.—Ciofanius says, sub Tauruno, (see previous note). Belgrade, for a long time, was supposed to be the ancient Taurunum; but this opinion seems to have been satisfactorily disproved by M. Danville. See *Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. et Belles Lettr.* tom. xxviii. Belgrade was built on the ruins of Sigidunum.

"Enough," said the queen; "the word of Solyman, issues from his lips, as free from aught, that would breathe a shadow on its brightness, as that blade of Damascus, he knows so well to wield, springs from its jewelled sheath. As to your imperial master, then, I address myself."

Abu Obeida bowed low.

Isabella hesitated for an instant. Then, abruptly stepping close to where Abu Obeida stood, again spoke, in that low, deep tone of voice, indicative of a fiery nature, reined in by powerful motives of self control, and with an air and gesture strikingly significant, she said, "Before we discuss the interesting topic, which we propose in our present commune, I would inquire, whether this be your only business in Hermanstadt. Have you no private intelligence with HIM? — hey, sir?"

"With whom mean you, lady?" asked Abu Obeida.

"Thou art very wily, or very dull, man," returned Isabella; "why, with that priest, that traitor, that —, sure you understand me now!"

"Not I, your highness," replied the Mussulman.

"By the bones of my buried ancestry!" exclaimed the queen, with some heat, "thou frett'st me." She paused a moment, in deep agitation, and then added, in an ebullition of bitter feeling, which only long-stifled hatred, breaking forth into expression, could exhibit — "Martinuzzi, sir, — (why do you torture me?), — the Lord Regent of Hungary and Transylvania, .. *the king!* since you will have his titles in full. — Pah! pah! my lips are blistered! — Oh! you apprehend me now?" and a bitter smile betrayed the acuteness of her emotion. "The infamy steams in the general breath, and every child in Hermanstadt can tell you who is *Kiral, tekintetes Kiral!*\* Have you, I demand, any private communication with that — how weak are words to speak him to

\* Gracious king.

the height!—that boil of state? Answer me, as thou wert Solyman, who stood there; ha!”

Abu Obeida instantly replied, “None private, your highness. I am, indeed, commissioned by despatches, received within the last hour, to protest against the Transylvanian fortresses falling into the hands of King Ferdinand, but such is public matter, and has no connection with the pending negotiation, betwixt yourself and the sultan.”

“Tis well, sir; and that man is still ignorant of my present determination, (certain stipulations being conceded,) to bestow the Queen of Hungary on Solyman?”

“His highness, I should imagine, can have no suspicion of your purpose,” returned Abu Obeida.

“Oh! you know him not!” exclaimed Isabella, “nor guess, how subtler than the fox his nature is; only God, sir, knows what mines he has shaped in the bowels of the earth; but, with this train, I trust to blow into the air the fabric of his ambition. Yet tell me, I have always understood, that, for the last two centuries, since what time the Tartars outraged your sultana, . . . the wife of—Ilderim, was he not called?—you know whom I mean,—him surnamed of the Lightning?”

“Bajazet, your grace,” said Abu Obeida.

“Ay, surely, Bajazet,” rejoined Isabella. “Has it not been subsequently the invariable rule of the Sublime Porte, to admit none but slaves to the sultan’s bed?—How may this difficulty of the Ottoman pride, or policy, be evaded?”

“My sovereign master,” said the envoy; “will disregard that maxim, and espouse your daughter, as his sole and lawful *Kadeun*, partly in consideration of the honour of the alliance, but chiefly out of his regard for the lady, and admiration of her charms.”

“Nay, no laboured hyperboles, sir,” said Isabella: “we Franks have little taste for oriental flowers. The child is well enough, but she is merely a child, and were it

not to rescue her, from the insidious policy of that man, and for other reasons, which are private to me, it were as well, that she had more experience, ere she undertook the duties and responsibilities of a wife. Some three summers hence, with all the soul of her ancestors strong within her, she would seem a meetter spouse for the mighty Solyman. But, alas! in that space of time, what might not sceptered tyranny, and withering selfishness practise upon her? Me, sir, the relict of King John, of him, who first raised that godless man into a world's wonder; me, the ingrate has despoiled of state and power, and left a cypher, in the dominions of my husband. He is the coffin of my greatness; and will he spare the daughter, think you, after treading down the mother's honours, as they were writ in sand, and scattering the dust before the whirlwind of his tyranny? No, sir, the queen of Hungary's health, her freedom, her very life, may be compromised, if, ere it be too late, she do not secure the protection of some potent ally, and I know none so powerful, as Solyman. These, and other reasons, have induced me to wave all minor objections, and to embrace the proposal of your sultan."

"Whatever the cause, the result will constitute his happiness," observed Abu Obeida, breaking in as soon as Isabella paused; "*mashallah!* praise be to God! But will you be pleased to recapitulate those preliminary articles of our agreement, which, if I understand aright, it is indispensable, at the hands of Solyman, should be conceded."

"The grand point, sir," said Isabella, "is, of course, that my daughter enjoy the free exercise of her own religion; next, that the eldest child be educated in its mother's faith, and acknowledged the heir of Hungary, in bar of the claim of Ferdinand, the *souzerain* of the sultan himself, or the preposterous usurpation of Martinuzzi."

"These are hard and dangerous stipulations," replied Abu Obeida; "but to what would not Solyman accede, if

thereby he might make the divine Czerina, the partner of his throne. But may I remind your grace, there was one condition, more peculiarly relating to your highness, which I should hope will not be insisted upon."

"The queen of Hungary's advantage herein, is what certainly lies deepest at our heart," replied Isabella, gravely; "yet, even so, I can imagine nothing, better calculated to secure her interests, and those of her posterity, than the article you refer to. No, sir, be it understood, not one jot can we abate of our demands, consistently with our duty. The sultan must engage to make us the sole Waivode of Erdély for life, and to obtain, by persuasion or force, the deposition of that man, or no daughter of Hungary shall, with our consent, ascend the throne of Turkey." Abu Obeida paused, and hesitated for a short space, ere he made answer.

"That particular may scarce consist with the honour of Solymán: setting aside political considerations, his highness stands pledged to Martinuzzi, both as ally and friend. May I entreat your grace to wave so unreasonable a proposition?"

"It is impossible, sir," rejoined Isabella; "the cardinal's fall has been my favourite object for the last twelve months. You know not that man, nor can conceive, what I have been made to suffer, at his hands. (High Heaven! the thought of it racks me)! The claims to majesty, my husband left me, he has trodden; like a name in sand, to nothing. But I am resolved on retribution; for retribution have I schemed, watched, and prayed this many a day; and now, that your master's policy might minister to my revenge, think you, I will forego it! No, by the Lord above, will I not! Either the hydra crest of Martinuzzi quails its glory, or 'tis no treaty." Isabella ceased, and paced the chamber, for a minute, with hasty and troubled tread. Then, suddenly stopping near, where the moslem envoy stood, silent, and with his dark eyes fixed on the floor, the queen added; "We have



possessed you with our secret hopes; only be wise, only bring this matter to bear, and tax our bounty as you will, you cannot over-rate the gratitude of a royal queen, or estimate too highly, an injured woman's vengeance." Abu Obeida bowed. "These provinces, sir," presently resumed Isabella; "have forfeited estates in store, and their soil, remember is golden.\* The havings of royalty, though drained, are far from exhausted; thou canst not devise a gift, but I will, ——" she paused; looked earnestly in the countenance of the envoy, but presently subjoined, in the softest tone imaginable, "My good friend, perhaps, will name his terms?" Abu Obeida again bowed, and in a few words, delivered modestly, but firmly, declined, with such thanks as courtesy dictated, the proffered liberality; assuring Isabella, that his sincere desire to carry forward the treaty to a successful issue, could not be increased by any contingent advantage, which might thereby accrue to himself.

"Disinterested man!" exclaimed Isabella, and her eyes beamed triple sunshine, as she spoke; "how I envy Solyman the possession of such a subject,—of such a friend! be it, as your incorruptible nature wills. At least, however," she added, "oblige me so far, as to accept this token of an unhappy lady, who is, I would say, who was, the queen of Hungary." Saying these words, Isabella produced a golden cup, inlaid with diamonds, the lid of which was surmounted by a clock, that indicated, not only the time of day, but also the

\* The gold of Transylvania was celebrated of old: see Strabo, lib. xiii. circa medium;—and St. Bernard calls Dacia, Terra Auri, lib. iv. De Considerat. ad Eugen Pap. In proof of how the province abounded in milk and honey, to say nothing of Abrugbanya, Zalathna, and Keresbanya (Montes Auri et Argenti ditissimi) we extract the following from the *Chorographia Transylvaniæ*, written in the very year of our story. It is inserted, vol. 1. p. 797. *Hist. Rer. Hung.* Neque suspicatur quispian in tota Europa huic provinciæ Transylvaniæ opulentia esse parem, aut usu fructu præstantiorem.

march sublime of the celestial bodies.\* With a warm smile, she delivered the same to the Turk, who received it, with great demonstrations of thankfulness, and after gazing on it for an instant, with much appearance of amazement, and kissing it, Abu Obeida answered,

“ This will serve to remind me, noble lady, (bending reverently to the queen), of thy gracious condescension to one, who (under reservation of his allegiance to his lord and master), is the humblest and most devoted of thy grace’s servants.”

To this courteous declaration, Isabella was on the point of making a suitable reply, when quick steps, and the war of jarring voices, in the ante-chamber, interrupted their conversation. The altercation, which we mention, had been, for some time, conducted in a lower key, but now first became audible.

“ I tell you I must have entrance !” exclaimed one of the interlocutors, in a raised and peremptory tone, “ so stay me at your peril.”

“ Ha ! who are you, say must, in this habitation ? — Back with you, unmannered lord !”

“ Nay, then, slave, my sword *must* do my message,” hotly returned the first speaker.

“ How ! wouldst draw, i’ the queen’s palace ?”

“ Ay, stand back, knave, for, wer’t in a church, I must obey orders, persisted the other.” There followed a brief scuffle ; one of the twain was heard to fall heavily to the earth, and almost instantly, the arras was flung aside, and the Baron Bathori, who, in his ireful mood, had borne down the opposition of the seneschal, burst into the presence of the queen dowager, and the Turkish envoy. On perceiving whither his precipitance had hurried him, the intruder drew back. He might have a

\* This same machine made part of the imperial inheritance of the grandfather of Charles the Fifth. The circumstance of its having been fabricated at so early an era, would seem to deserve mention in a history of the arts.

foretaste, identical in kind, though limited in degree, of the bitterness attendant on that revulsion of feeling, which, probably, overwhelms the soul of the suicide, on finding himself thrust, instantaneously, by his own act, on a scene of splendour, too dazzling to be contemplated.

At a short distance from the door, stood the stately Mussulman, having one foot rather advanced, whilst his long neck, thrown back, looked like the polished shaft to the capital it upheld. His dark eyes flashed on the noble that indignation, and surprise, which he did not suffer his voice to prolate. Nearer still, Isabella, drawing her person up to its full height, whilst her ample crimson robe seemed, as it were, to spread out, in yet prouder folds, as her bosom swelled beneath, with alternate scorn and anger, planted herself, as if to barricade the privacy of her chamber, from unhallowed intrusion. She also fixed her eyes, with a keen and stern regard, upon Bathori, who, cap in hand, remained near the door, apparently deprived, in his bewilderment of surprise, of all power of utterance. The pellucid brow of Isabella gave tokens of gathering passion; her eyes struck fire, as, in a voice, which trembled with that agitation, which she yet felt, it would derogate from her dignity to manifest, she said — “How’s this, unscrupulous knave? — knows’t thou in whose house thou now art — in whose presence thou stand’st, that thou comest upon us thus unceremoniously?”

To this inquiry, Isabella received, at first, no intelligible reply; for Bathori’s confusion was so great, that words came not at his will, and it required an effort of self-command, merely to falter out, “The regent’s orders, gracious madam!”

“His orders, indeed! — unmannered varlet! What leave hath he, or any subject, to order you, sir, to press on our retirement? But, by the soul of my husband! —

this shall be answered.—What, ho ! within there !” and thus speaking, Isabella hurriedly, but with stately step, passed from the room through one adjoining it ; when, instantly, her voice was heard, still louder and sterner than before : “ Who waits, I say ? — close all the doors : foul mischief has here been done !” Immediately, many retainers hurried into the apartment. “ Apprehend that person,” said Isabella, with a dark and angry frown, pointing to Bathori ; “ he has slain to death, I fear, my favourite usher, who would have kept him from us. See, and some of ye disarm the traitor.”

The senseless body was forthwith carried off, and, for long, baffled every effort to recover him, so effectually had the blow, which laid him prostrate, done its office. Whether from apprehension of the consequences of his heat and rashness, or else owing to the reaction of his audacity, in having, unwittingly, forced himself upon the retirement of the queen, or more probably from a mixed feeling of consternation, at his double danger, the faculties of the baron were so wrought upon, that it was only, as he was being taken away in custody, that he recovered from his bewilderment.

“ I have, at least, a duty to execute in respect to your excellence,” he said, addressing Abu Obeida ; “ the regent would speak with you, without delay, touching affairs of state. I was bidden to urge your instant attention. And now,” he proceeded, turning to Isabella, whose eye already kindled into impatience, “ may I ask, madam, whither I am to be conducted ?”

“ To prison, sir,” said Isabella, haughtily.

“ Upon what pretence, your highness ?” demanded the baron.

“ Wouldst parley with us ?—why, for riot in the royal palace, and your attempt on the life of our servitor,” replied Isabella, with warmth.

“ In respect to the former accusation,” returned Bathori, “ I had the express commands of his eminence.

to spare no pains, in getting speech of the Turkish minister, and your highness's usher would have thrown obstacles in the way of my duty. As to the latter charge, I can truly say ——— ”

A rich rush of blood flooded the countenance of Isabella. “ You hear,” she exclaimed, breaking in upon his explanations, and her luscious lip curled with excess of scorn and bitterness : “ You hear, . . . as I thought, the cardinal, as usual, is at the bottom of these insults.”

“ Your grace,” said Bathori, “ puts a hasty construction on my words,— I never meant to intimate that.”

“ We will have no talk bandied with us, sirrah,” said Isabella, again interrupting him. “ Remove your prisoner, and see he be forthcoming, at lawful demand. We would willingly try the strength and integrity of the palace-confines. Those of the castle are in bad repute ; but if any caitiff escape our ward, the jailor had best look to his own :” and, in obedience to these orders, the baron was withdrawn from the chamber.

Nothing further, that deserves mention, occurred in the course of that interview, between Isabella and the Turkish envoy. Neither seemed willing to readvert to the delicate matter of their interrupted colloquy, and, shortly afterwards, Abu Obeida, having consigned the gift of the queen to the care of an attendant, with a profound obeisance, took his leave.

As we have already, in a previous chapter, expatiated rather at large, on the character and fortunes of Isabella, we need not here do our readers the unkindness to recapitulate. We believe, we partly explained the anomalous rank she held, and the constrained position, in the state, which she occupied, owing to the arbitrary proceedings of Martinuzzi. He not only prostrated his Titan foe to the lowest depth, but chained her there, like another Typhœus, by the superincumbent weight of his dominion. Besides that the pecu-

liarly haughty temperament of Isabella, writhed beneath those causes of irritation, there concurred certain circumstances, about this period, to exasperate her already inflamed, and corrosive bitterness, into a transport of mind, bordering upon madness.

The warm, and perfectly unselfish feeling of maternity, so universally builds itself a nest, in the breast of woman, that it is commonly deemed an innate property of her being. Nevertheless, some rare examples, which blacken the pages of biography, would seem to contravene this notion. Instances are on record, of mothers holding in detestation their own offspring. We would not, however, insinuate that Isabella was ever exactly, a monster of this description. "She did not," to borrow a turn of thought and expression, so peculiar, that its author cannot be mistaken, "refuse to become the mother of"\* our heroine; but, during her early years, she scarcely ventured, even to her own thoughts, to analyze, and confess, that feeling of aversion, which lay at their core. It was towards the opening of our tale, that her sentiments assumed a more active, and distinctive character,—the tender instincts of a mother, withered beneath the upas of revenge, which a singular concurrence of circumstances engendered, in the rank soil of her heart. Under the bitter alchemy of a single prepossession, Isabella's whole nature became transmuted, till that antipathy, which had long brooded, or lain torpid, at the bottom of her soul, effervesced, and overflowed, in a strong tide of intolerable abhorrence.

Alas, for woman! who can love but once,—whose heart, sense, soul, become concentrated upon a single object, and who, when all she thinks, hopes, braves, curdles into despair, will yet doat on, in very madness of abandonment. Alas, for woman! whose susceptibility is her curse,—whose angelic nature becomes her re-

\* Gibbon.

proach,—whose constancy makes her ruin; her best trust is chance, and her only hope is apathy. If she come to yield but one jot, to the infantile, but omnipotent divinity, let her tremble! For her, there is thereafter, no retreat,—her heart-sigh is an earthquake, for evermore, and, thenceforth, she dwells on a volcano. Alas, for woman!—and unto man, eternal shame! who can cast the livery of his heart, with as much facility,—ay, and in as brief an interval,—as the viper his slough; and, imbibing a new passion, as he'd don a new suit, will disregard his love of yesterday, as he might a garment overworn. And who, I ask, when the sweetness of her nature is turned to gall, and those soft emotions, which assimilated her unto angels, are devoted to libertinage, or whipped into the bitter wrath of jealousy, and the insanity of revenge,—who shall presume to arraign woman of the consequences? Not man,—cruel, heartless, hypocritical, exacting man!—whose self-centred and ingrossing passions, are their origin and first cause:—not man, who lies, and fawns, and wriggles himself into woman's affections, and whose love, whether it prove true or false, is almost equally her bane. Oh! let her, when she yield to the tempter, make up her mind, for tyranny or desertion:—

“ Oh for that warning voice, which he who saw  
The Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud !” \*

Maidens! who, yet zoned in purity and peace, walk the green sod of earth, with clear spirit, and elastic step, start back, when your bosoms heave their first sigh, in token of reciprocating passion!—fly, I tell ye, fly, as the startled African, on his arid shore, darts off, on hearing the summons of his hunter. The musket-shot, and the bosom-throb, are alike granted, as the warning of the coming evil,..both are meant for an omen, and a death peal: fly ye, like him, from *slavery*!

Oh, thou dædal world! which aboudest in strange

\* Milton.

contrasts, and heart-sickening contradictions, what is there in thy dark ordering, ("thy ~~secretions~~"), to make the vicinity of woman's first love, and early death, so desirable? Speak, or that tyrant talisman may yet be found, which, in olden time, conjured up eternity, like a familiar spirit, and from his void and featureless abyss, constrained an answer. It is our ignorance that makes us mortal!—Where must we look for knowledge? Speak! Bid the sphered skies be transparent if, "dim in the intense inane,"\* one might read their spell. Or doth the order of all circumstance lie in the deeps, which will roll away in the latter days, and disgorge their tremendous secret? "The depth saith it is not in me, and the sea saith, it is not with me."† Yet some spot there is, in this universal frame, replete with oracles, such as, in the gentle and deep recesses of woman's indignant heart, perchance, might find "an understanding;" but, alas, "a voice is wanting—the deep truth is imageless."‡

Can it be about that weird basement, where, according to the old religion, the tripod of Pythian Phœbus was reported to heave over the innermost abysses of the globe?§ No;

"Apollo, from his shrine,  
Can no more divine,"||

nor, "the mind pierce the impervious future."¶

Then does the oracle of the dead, near the river Acheron,\*\* continue to respond, in the accents of the un-

\* Shelley.

† Job.

‡ Shelley.

§ Τρίπους πίθου Φοίβοι  
ἀνά τὸ δάπεδον

ἵνα μεσόμφαλοι λέγονται μυχοί—EURIPIDES.

|| Milton. "Delphis oracula cessant." Juv. S. vi. v. 544. See also Lucan. Phur. l. v. v. 3. See also Porphyry, apud Euseb. Præp. Evangel. lib. v. cap. 1, page 179.

¶ Πῶν δὲ μελλόντων τετυφλῶνται φράσαι.

PINDAR, 12th Olympic ode.

\*\* The river Acheron. The flaming gulph of Tartarus, is not here meant, but the stream flowing in Thesprotia, near Aornus, where, accord-



charnelled, and unclasp, with inorganic whisper, the instant mystery of human life? No—even the pious materialist of Gargettum\* held the art of divination, “as a mere chimera;” and what if he then erred? ’tis certain that, that voice, that erst shaped out veracious auguries hath since been stricken mute—

“No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest, from the prophetic cell.”†

I raise my thought to a truer Deity. Oh! rend in twain, unknown Omniscience!‡ the inmost veil of this phantasmal scene, that we may learn by what prescription, for a long succession of ages, woman has been made the victim of a system, which hath, for her—

“Spoilt the sweet taste of the Nepenthe, love.”§

“The curse has been on her from the sacrifice of the daughter of Zephtha, the Gileadite, down to that of the sister of Wesley, the methodist.”¶ When, oh! when will the day of her deliverance come? and she be exempt from that evil taint, that bandaged state of slavery, at

ing to Pausanias, was situated the oracle of the dead. Cicero, however, (Tusc. l. 16.) places this oracle, or one similar, at the lake Avernus. The reader will recollect a very comical anecdote respecting the oracle of Thesprotia, told in the 5th book of Herodotus. It is more than ordinarily bizarre, even for that most incontinent (save Gibbon,) of historians.

\* The pious materialist; Epicurus.—For his personal piety see an unwilling witness, Seneca, De Beneficiis, lib. iv. chap. 19. According to Diogenes Laertius, he rejected, in his grand epitome, the art of divination. His notion of pleasure consisted in the enjoyment of a perfect tranquillity of mind and an indolence as to the body;—*μετ' ἀλγύνειν κατὰ σῶμα, μετ' ἀπαρτίδα κατὰ ψυχὴν*.

† Milton.

‡ Unknown Omniscience, i. e. Jehovah,—the Adonai,—the Lord of the Jews,—the *αυτογνωσθλον ανακρα*, mentioned by Porphyry in his Philosophy of Oracles: to whose incommunicable name there was an altar inscribed at Athens, from beholding which, St. Paul took occasion to plead that he did not propose the worship of any new God. Acts of the Apostles, chap. 17.

§ Shelley.

¶ The Rev. W. J. Fox.

which her pure spirit hath long instinctively revolted, and in the enactment of which, she had no vote?

"Thou hast a voice: exert it, to repeal  
Large codes of fraud and woe, not understood  
By all but which the wise and great and good  
Interpret or make felt, or deeply feel."<sup>\*</sup>

Al! wherefore,—wherefore, doth my pen here linger, and why doth my heart misgive me, that I seek to cheat myself with words? Why do I totter on the extreme verge of the dark stream, and dally thus with the deep moral of the tale, I have to tell, instead of plunging at once, into its mysterious current? Reader, hast thou never felt faint reminiscences, like dim oracles of a remote existence, partaken years, centuries, ages since,..embriotic stirrings and intimations in the brain of some foregone variety of being,..hast thou—

"When long sepulchred images are about,  
Like echoes of what have been to be again,"†

ever questioned thine inward soul at fervent noon-day, or in the hush and silence of the night? Surely, this has evened before? Certes, I have encountered such a form, or I have heard that voice, or methinks I have witnessed these things ere now, in the world, that spreads beyond us,—in the life, which precedes mortality? The author of these evanescent pages has met with those, whose memory is subject to such shadowy parallelisms, which, like intuitive inspiration of the past, or "echoes of an antenatal dream,"‡ will darken across the mirror of the mind, and he is himself one of such. If the reader hath ever experienced those

"Blank misgivings of a creature,  
Moving about in worlds not realised,"§

he will understand, and believe the writer, when he dares own, that now, shut up at midnight in his study, penning

Shelley.

† Montezuma.

‡ Shelley.

§ Wordsworth.

this idle tale, with an "ample bowl" of unmixed gunpowder, (inspiring that not unpleasing, yet, melancholy mood, which is most proper to him,) half emptied on a side table; he can recall to mind, some long while since,. . . he cannot say how long—in some different planet probably,. . . though he dreams not where, having been circumstanced precisely as at present, "surrounded with the wisdom, the poetry, the romance of past ages,"\* and in the same relative situation were his desk, lamp, and other appurtenances of the table and room,—but more particularly, he recollects, loitering over, and musing at this period of his lucubrations,—and he shudders at the retrospect, from having then paused, with the like shrinking reluctance, that overcomes him at this instant,—BECAUSE HE TREMBLED TO GO ON,—but the writer will no longer play the child or the coward, and start at charms and presentiments, with which his own fancies, like eclipses, darken the painted air—

"Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence!"

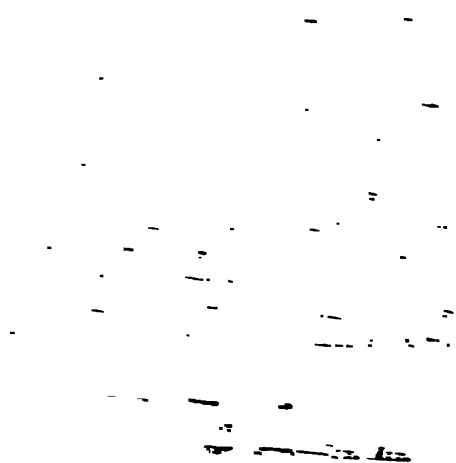
that with sane mind and steady hand, "I may see and tell," the fatal tragedy of Isabella's passion,—of Isabella's jealousy.

We observed, in an earlier chapter, that the queen mother, though possessed of all the capacity of loving, did not, during her maidenhood, nor indeed for several years, subsequent to the death of John of Zapola, happen to fall in with an individual, whom she deemed worthy to occupy "that craving void left aching at the breast." At length, on a fatal day for himself, and the happiness of others, ("accursed, and in a cursed hour,"†) the youthful secretary of the Marquis of Piadena, arrived in Hermanstadt, and presenting himself and his credentials at the palace, cast the lot of the future life of Isabella.

We are ourselves no great believers in that electric,

\* Bulwer.

† Milton.



her heart, but that heart audibly confessed her partiality. "She owned the soft impeachment," and—why should we particularize?—

"Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,  
And draw the curtains clos'd around?" \*

It was subsequent to the plenary dishonour, which the consistency of our narrative, and the full development of events have obliged us to glance at, that Antoine Ferraro set eyes on the beautiful heroine of our tale. The introduction was attended with circumstances, from which after-occurrences drew an omen, and which seem to demand a greater latitude of retrospect, than were correct or fitting, in the depiction of those other "love passages," to which we have just barely alluded. There was a grand gala, given by Cardinal Martinuzzi, in commemoration of the natal day of the Queen of Hungary, when the attendance of all the high and noble in Hermanstadt, followed of course. The regal splendour and festivity displayed on this occasion do not fall, within the scope of our plan to enlarge upon; if the fair reader will please to call to mind the gorgeous minutiae of the last rout, she graced with her presence, she will save us the necessity of a lengthened description. *Mutato nomine*, it may be made to answer the purpose. We merely advert to this entertainment, which, indeed, occurred before the legitimate opening of our story, in order to snatch from oblivion certain startling circumstances, which solemnised the first meeting of Czerina and Ferraro. The festal scene was laid in the Gothic hall of the citadel; flambeaux of perfumed wax, effusing a subtle and potent odour, were upheld by the long row of liveried pages, stationed at close intervals amid the pillars, which supported the groined and lofty roof, and the voluptuous flame flowed and ebbed, in concert with the graceful and expressive undulation of the Hungarian dance, or *ugros*. Here pant-

\* Goldsmith.

... les dames arrivées à l'heure du dîner, et les autres, qui se trouvaient déjà à table, se levèrent pour leur offrir un siège. Les dames, qui se trouvaient déjà à table, se levèrent pour leur offrir un siège. Les dames, qui se trouvaient déjà à table, se levèrent pour leur offrir un siège.

dancer might be likened to "a kiss without a beard," no longer beat time to his agile tread; even the very harmony, the musicians had just shot through the entranced air, soon lost its spell and its enticement, and insensibly died away into tremulous silence; no sound was audible, save the quick, short respiration of the guests; and the death-like pallor, which usurped the natural hue of their complexion, proved that the spirit of awe, and superstition had sunk into their hearts. Several of the pages, and badged servitors hastily fled the scene of ghastly excitement, bearing away with them the waxen torches. The remaining lights, though not extinguished, seemed partially eclipsed, by some potent interposition; and as the monk, like a spirit, passed through the recoiling assembly, an unnatural chillness crept on the misty air. Shortly, this horror-compelling being attained the chair of state, where sat the lord regent, who, with displeased mien, and eyes, apparently fixed on his movements, awaited his confessor's coming. He reached the spot, when, just as he was in the act of muttering some close whisper in Martinuzzi's ear, two side, and opposite doors of the apartment simultaneously threw open their folding leaves, and through the one, a splendid vision, like the breaking east, burst on the sight and soul, in the form of our youthful heroine, by whose lithe, and ethereal shape, and springy footfall, the very Hebe had been rivalled. Hers was, indeed, a figure, worthy to be seized by the sculptor, if he had wished a study for

"An angel, newly drest,  
Save wings, for heaven." \*

Czerina was companioned by a bevy of fair damsels, who followed in her train, and who, though some of the comeliest daughters of the land, were conspicuously thrown into shade, by the surpassing charms of their royal mistress. At the same instant, through the opposite

\* Keats.

door, entered Ferraro, and, as the two thus fronted one another, those near might have caught the grand secret of natural sculpture, alike from the square formation of the forehead, ample elevated chest, and sinewy characteristics of the young secretary, and from the swimming voluptuous contour of the sylph-like queen. Like the Medicean Venus, to whom alone she might compare; her stature was slightly below the medium height of womanhood, but the development of her shape was perfect, and every limb was rounded to the last inimitable touch of nature. In truth, time, the sorcerer, had not been idle with that Peri shape, since we remember our heroine, in her girlhood, her ears imperforate,—not yet pierced by the sharp trephine,....that symbolical initiatory, that “little go,” (to apply a college phrase,) so typical of the future; whereby we infer, that a tender damsel will, one day, achieve her “diploma of hearts,”\* and inherit “the blushing honours” of her destination——since we remember her,

“Youth’s damask glow just dawning on her cheek.”

acting her mysterious dream or night-mare in the vaults of Hermanstadt. The few years which had intervened, had wrought their wonted magical touches, upon the light symmetry of her figure,—still, for *her*, childhood itself, seemed to linger, as if loath to resign her dove-like attributes, even at that interesting period of life, when adolescence is languidly departing, like the crimped and mossy cone, which, in the early courtings of the spring, expands its virgin petala to view, and the mind is left uncertain, whether, indeed, the incipient and half-blown floweret can be said to be developed into a rose, or yet locks her beauties in a bud. But the sense, the soul, of the female, is ever ripe and precocious, compared with her more visible and material loveliness; and, beyond a doubt, had Czerina shot up a true woman,

\* Moore.



in her graceful pride, and shrinking vestal purity, in the nubile consciousness, and thrilling feminacies of her nature,—

“———Tenerum jam pronuba flamma pudorem  
Solicitat: mixtaque tremit formidine votum.”\*

She was splendidly arrayed for the occasion. Her dress was a low tunic and skirt of satin, of a hue, only less dazzling and pure, than the transparent beauties, it encircled, and contributed to veil. A cincture, studded with pearls, as white as truth, defined her minute, and ariel-like waist, “sized to Love’s wish,”† and braced up, (how needlessly!) an alabaster world, which might excel, in certain essentials, the bust of the Venus de Canova. Over all, hung a long simar, of Florence satin, whose gorgeous embroidery swept the ground. Her profuse, and resplendent hair, braided in a chaplet of milk-white pearls, and gracefully arranged, loosened, here and there, its amber torrent, which, in the form of luxuriant ringlets, might be seen floating over her snowy neck and shoulders; and (so low as the envious robe permitted), upon the swell of her more brilliant bosom, whose light and undulating motion, would daff the wanton intruders aside, as the small, slowly-lifted billows of Pactolus, their golden sand. Splendid pendants clung to her ears, and a precious reliquary, bedded in gems as rare, and steeped in *rosenöhl*,‡ hung from her slenderly-rounded throat, by a thin carcanet of gold. From her head, even to her feet, a deep and silvery veil, fringed with gold, loosely flung its transparent folds, which, from their subtle texture and material, might have been mistaken for floating gossamer. The wide falling sleeve, open from above the elbow, disclosed her tapering and graceful arms; a plain bracelet of gold spanned her slender

\* Rapt. Proserp. Claudian.

† Fletcher.

‡ Atar-gul, or attar of roses.

and infantile wrist. These points of costume presented a combination of simple elegance, which suited well with the first freshness of her youth, and the dream-like character of her beauty.

At the first glance he caught of the young queen, Ferraro started back involuntarily, and then fixed his unconscious, yet scorching gaze upon a countenance, replete with such assemblage of matchless fascinations, as beauty is a word too weak for. One glance of her full sapphiric and brilliant orbs,—that, freighted with the very soul of sensibility, and glowing in the vapoury shadow of silken lashes, looked out from under brows, distinctly pencilled, and arched in the true lineaments of grace; drank the very essence of his manhood, for all to come of life. Her cherry lips, dewy, and curling up, with an indefinable, but luscious expression, if they betokened a little passion, or rather self-will, were indicative also of a deal of sensibility. Her cheek, without being so full, as not to harmonize with the delicate moulding of her other features, was exquisitely rounded. Her nose was elegantly cast, the nostril having somewhat of a slight Grecian curve. Her chin was accurately convex, and its single voluptuous dimple, cupid's arsenal.

Before Ferraro's dizzy eyes all things swam, as Czereina, with elastic gait, advanced up the apartment. The illusive and artificial lights,..the shining draperies,..the distant fretted roof,..the long perspective of marble pillars, with their gilt embossments, their flowery carvings, and gay festooned capitals,..the garlands,..the sweep of the splendid hangings,..the gorgeous decorations,..the atmosphere, suffocating as that, confined up in charnel vaults,..the glimmering torches meteoric gleam, like those melancholy fires, which dimly flicker up the shadowy courts of that colossal skeleton, whose name is Death,..the still existences,—looking like inanimate or monumental forms, putting on life itself, along with life's mocking ornaments,..the stricken and appalled

expression of the human features, reflected, as it were, through a vaporous medium of sulphur-blue,..all that conspired to make a scene, which might aptly represent the jubilee of the dead,..each of these particulars, and all of them, harmonized together, blended, and given back in the gaudy beams of continuous *tükörömmels*, or lofty mirrors,—were utterly disregarded in the one, deep, absorbing impression, which our heroine had made on the heart of hearts of Ferraro. He reeled after, rather than followed, her fairy footsteps, unconscious of all else in the world, and hardly less rapt than the Danish prince, when he tracks the shade of his sire.

Czerina, meanwhile, wonderingly, made her way towards the upper end of the apartment, and her guardian rose, so as to receive her, near the foot of his throne. In the usual course of things, it must have excited the marvel of some of those present, that their native sovereign, was thus let measure the entire length of that hall, unaided, and without a shadow of ceremony, whilst Martinuzzi, apparently lost in solemn musing, hardly proffered more welcome to the queen of Hungary, than he might have deigned to exhibit, on such a festival, to the humblest hand-maid of her court; but whatever indignation, the regent's discourteous behaviour had otherwise operated, was quickly stifled, in the universal, and appalling impression, that he, the *Mano*, the evil spirit of the land, now incarnate beneath the sacerdotal vestments of Father Dominick, stalked unannounced amongst them. That he, who had hitherto restricted his beat to the chambers of the dead, or the vaults of sorcery, now, for some fatal cause, obtruded himself in moments of festivity, and despite even the comforting reality of the blaze of lights, the pressure and the voices,—that the unholy being dared present himself, in the very hold and circle, at the very celebration, as it were, of human life. Martinuzzi exchanged greetings, with the Lady Czerina, and offered his gratulations, on the joyous occasion, with

infinitely more appearance of cordiality, than, on her first entrance, his abstraction of manner promised. Yet the more accurate observer might, perhaps, have detected, in the patronizing tones of his voice, in the quiet, and condescending smile of the blue eye, as it ran over every line of loveliness, and, so to speak, in the encouraging mode of his address, rather the superior, though kind bearing of the guardian and tutor, to his pupil, than the be-seeming and defined deference of a subject, to his queen. The compliments of Martinuzzi were closed, with a deep sigh; for an instant, he again seemed lost in profound and painful musing: then, abruptly snatching the hand of Czerina, he prepared to conduct her to the chair of state, covered with cloth of gold, which, surmounted by the same silken canopy, had been prepared, near to his own. Just at that moment, Father Dominick stood beside the regent, and his shadow rose gigantic, against the wall. "Your highness," he said, in that congealing hollow tone of voice, peculiar to him, but still so accurately pitched, as only to reach the ears of Martinuzzi: "your highness, he is come, present him."

"Not yet,—not on the present occasion," answered the cardinal, unconsciously loud.

"Yes, now," rejoined the monk; "I am wanted elsewhere, and 'twill relieve the pale company to have me hence; only let me first witness the seal to our long-pending treaty. He is nigh."

"I see him not," returned Martinuzzi.

Father Dominick moved aside, and, by his change of position, exposed to the sight of the regent, the figure of the Austrian secretary.

Ferraro had followed the steps of Czerina through the apartments, with straining eye and agitated gesture, whilst, on the dim arena of his inmost heart, there struggled emotions, such as transported Romeo, when, in the person of the fair Capulet, he recognised the

embodied creation of his first phantasma of female excellence; the realization of that ideal form of beauty, which gilded his earliest dream of passion. Ferraro was stationed, at a short distance, from the unconscious object of his instinctive adoration.

"*Here!*" exclaimed a voice, whose most emphatic and distinct intonation, issuing from an uncertain direction, thrilled through the very hearts of all who heard it.

"*Here!* let the children's troth now be plighted, and the compact of their sires, this way, find fulfilment."

With a piercing cry, Czerina started some paces from the spot; her throat strained, and her bosom, whiter than the whitest Parian marble, rose and fell, as if with some strong internal emotion; her cheek lost its vermeil taint—her whole frame shuddered, from limb to limb.

"*Here!*" reiterated the same hollow voice.

"Merciful God! how can it be?" shrieked Czerina, her eye glancing, from the confessor to the lord regent, as if struck by some idea, which troubled her senses. Martinuzzi took an involuntary step forward, but, at that moment, the pale maiden sunk, in a species of syncope, into the extended arms of Ferraro. The scene of terror and tumult, which ensued, on that startled company's recovering from their first amazement, the reader may more readily imagine, than we depict. There arose a hubbub of voices through the room, "Seize him! traitor!" rang confusedly on all sides. Some one or two, bolder than the majority, disposed to put the universal feeling into action, rushed forwards. "Which?"—"Where is he?"

"At your elbow," burst at once from several tongues.

"How?—fled?—yes, no—stop him——*VANISHED!*"

It was under the mysterious circumstance, which we have commemorated, that the love of Ferraro took its commencement. His best affections were properly forestalled by another object, and that inauspicious mad-

ness of an unguarded hour, closed the pilgrimage of long years and, like the star of his fate, crossed the orbit of his life's young hopes, to pervade, with its fatal astrology, the remainder of his wayfaring!—Oh! there is a reason justice shows it times, in the awarding, even of this world's punishment, which does the stern heart of man glow to swell upon. It is on such occasions, we recognise the descent of a mightier and a meet *Avator*. It is then, that we raise our eyes to the Omniscient Ruler, and feel that there is a knowledge, greater than that of man,—a power to strike, surpassing human strength. It is then we commune, with our still bosoms, and acknowledge that One liveth, who is privy to “our upbraidings and our outcroakings;” and it is in those moments, we are made to comprehend, that, what, to the external judgment of our fellow mortals, may appear to be an infliction, or even a retribution, for delinquency, done in the light of day, is, in earnest, the visitation of Heaven, in the embryo weakness, the vanity, the anticipatory incommensurateness, not yet degenerated into action, pent in the abyss of our hearts, deeper than ever plummet sounded, and which only the ever-present eternity of God's sight \* might apprehend. “Often when the soul sins,” says a profoundly eloquent writer, “her loftiest feelings are punished by her lowest.” † The guilt is scourged by means of the folly, for, like the warmth and light of Heaven's luminary, guilt and folly are so intimately blended, as to be inextricably one.

“The Heavens are just, and of our pleasant vices,  
Maze whips to scourge us.”

Thus argued Ferraro, as he revolved over, in the sanctuary of thought, the many obstacles to his ever attaining the consummation of his wishes, and felt (with that keening of himself, which will sometimes steal across

\* *Vultusque ejus præsens semper eternitas.*—BORTHUIS.

† *Pagece Aram.*

the sinner, on finding the fruition of sin to be its rightful heritage, and that the proper punishment of our evil desires, is incident to their possession) that, however wretched his destiny, it was not the hand of fate, but of his own irregular appetites, had woven the dark thread, which ran through the web of futurity, to mesh him in its toils. What one of the ancients has very elegantly said of malice, may be predicated of other vices, — they drink one-half of their own poison :\* but true love, like lightning, overleaps all constraint, all fence, riding upon a thought.

Ferraro followed up his first introduction. He met our heroine in secret, and the natural sympathy of two young, and beautiful, and (as respected the lady at least) pure beings, begun in instinct, matured rapidly into esteem, and was shortly ratified by judgment. Well wert thou compared, oh Love ! in the Song of Solomon,† to Death. Truly, thou art as sad a leveller, and hast, though in a different way, his chiefest attributes,—pulling down the mighty, and setting up the humble. Thou canst burst thy coil, and, with thy eternal wings, make free the heart in agony, the soul in dust and chaos. How strong art thou, in thy very waywardness ! how deceitful, in thy purity and faith ! how conscious, even in thy blindness ! God of this false world ! that couchest in the dimples of youthful beauty, and, in the consecrated round of maidens' bosoms, hast raised a tabernacle to thy worship, why dost thou invariably resort to the meanness of finesse, and prompt to all the paltrinesses of subterfuge and double dealing ? And wherefore, as in the mystery of thy last sacrifice, so also in that of thine initiatory rites, dost thou dissemble with truth, and throw a veil over the workings of nature, to

\* Quemadmodum Attalus, noster dicere solebat, malitia ipsa maximam partem veneni sui bibit.—Seneca, Ep. 82.

† Chap. viii. ver. 6.

thy glory? Why doth the incense of thine idolatry darken the labyrinth, which surrounds thine altars? and, out of the millions of sinuous paths, that lead thereunto, why hast thou not cut one, direct, and smooth, and free from sorrow, and deceit, which is sorrow?

In the more retired and private grounds, attached to the gardens of the palace, (which were all included within the precincts of the city fortifications), Ferraro was used, during the brief and feverish hey-day of his intrigue with Isabella, to compass frequent interviews, with that unhappy lady. To this end, in the dawn of her fatal prepossession, she had presented him with a key, which unlocked a small postern, built in the hollow of the wall, opening nigh a pavilion, formed by the protecting foliage of several giant beech trees. Here, softest twilight floated, and the hugh magnitude and strict embrace of interlacing boughs, made a cool umbrage of noon-day, and of sun-set, dunnest night. Beneath this umbrageous arch, whose dense summit shut him out from the eyes of heaven, were his earliest orisons offered up to the idol, who had won his transient and corporeal regard; and the same temple would witness his guilty vigils. But, from the epoch, that a purer and deeper inclination rose upon his heart, the light, and sensual character of his love for Isabella, flitted from his soul, like a blind mist, that is touched and dissipated, by the holy and searching rays of the morning sun. Never again did he hold his illicit rendezvous, in that fatal pavilion. He avoided it as sedulously as Eneas might have done the cavern, whither the fury of his fate had first driven him, and he carefully shunned all further communication, with his royal paramour, as the Phrygian Blifl (without having been governed by so honourable a motive,) fled the presence of the enamoured Dido. By means of the key, which, in her delirious abandonment to bliss, Isabella had originally given him, Ferraro gained access, at all hours, to the palace gardens, and met at



first, by singular and recurring accidents, and afterwards by habitual appointment, (implied, if not expressed,) the beautiful heroine of our history.

The mysterious process in the heart of Czerina, which brought about this indulgence, it were hardly fair, though not difficult, to analyze. The fine, intermediate gradations, which connect the incipient liking, with the final stage of woman's first love, are usually imperceptible, and too evanescent for her own consciousness. Czerina was innocent, and innocence is apt to be inconsiderate; she was young, and youth, we know, is without distrust. From the haughty indifference, and cool sarcasm of her mother, from the stern and strict lectures of her guardian, from the solitude of her chamber, or the irksomeness of court formalities, it was ecstasy to steal to Ferraro, and, with new and entranced emotion, to listen to the outbursts of his honeyed breath, and mark his words, as they took the form of eloquence, or thrill (without knowing why) beneath the still more dangerous oratory of his glances.

"*Teneris heu lubrica moribus ætas!*" \*

Oh! it was sweet thralldom for both, . . it was like recurring to that first freshness of feeling, which built the paradise of Eden, to have their young hearts thus enchained, at many fleeting opportunities, all in solitude and in seclusion. Whenever Czerina could make her escape, she would saunter, with Ferraro, amid the copses and glades, close at hand, or along the sequestered, and indirect paths of the royal inclosure, both unconscious of any thing, but the pleasure of each other's conversation. But she would invariably turn from the more frequented avenues, so as not to render herself obnoxious to observation; yet this procedure ever took place, on her part, with so little participation of consciousness, that

\* Claudian.



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 ...  
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 ...being, with the final  
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 ...the participation of consciousness, that

\* Claudius.

really we can scarcely allow it to have been an act of volition. Her feminine rectitude, and maidenly purity, are not to be questioned; but, ah! at her age, though the heart be incapable of guile, it is peculiarly susceptible, and, in its deep recesses, what dim and undefined sensations lie couched, almost inactive, and only fated to burst forth into existence, after the pressure of one Promethean spring. Still, she somehow or other suspected, she was not acting quite in accordance, with the forms of maidenhood, in permitting Ferraro and herself these furtive, and delicious hours of intercourse, though a deeper philosophy—the subtle instinct of nature—corrected this vague, but painful sense of impropriety, and persuaded her, there could be no danger or indiscretion in her secret assignations, panoplied, as she knew she was, with her own dove-like modesty and conscious innocence, as in mail of proof. “To the pure all things are pure,” so, in her secret soul, she made a sort of compromise with her principles, (if, indeed, her indistinct glimmerings of what was requisite, can properly be so styled,) and, deeming, the decorum of her sex and station prescribed a needless sacrifice to punctilio, she inly resolved to elude having that sacrifice enforced, by keeping the harsh world in the dark, as to her proceedings.

Oh! there is no subtler casuist, than the internal predilection of our own hearts! or surely, Czerina might have reflected, that the concealment constituted the error,—that, however indiscreet to carry on the intimacy, in the face of day, it could hardly, in that case, be deemed criminal, but that an intercourse, such as hers, with Ferraro, prosecuted in secrecy, assumed a deeper, and a more delicate character, and rendered her liable to imputations, which she would have shrunk into the earth, to suppose her conduct authorized. One thing, however, should be noted,—no warm breathing of positive affection had ever hitherto escaped the lips of Ferraro—he understood better what he was about,—he rightly apprehended,


that, with so primitively innocent a being, it were impolitic to give point to the mysteries of the heart, by venturing a specific declaration. Even his short experience had taught him, he was only likely to retard and confound the incipient development of young love, in an extremely pure and guileless bosom, by agitating the question of its existence, before the tender plant had attained its, otherwise, inevitable growth. There is ever, besides, a natural diffidence, incident to genuine affection, which will cause Passion to hide his arrows, and his torch, for fear of giving offence, and which, is calculated to restrain within bounds the transports, even of the boldest lover. This sentiment, without other concurrent inducements, might have long withheld Ferraro, from rashly explaining to their amiable object, the state of his affections. However it came about, Czerina, for a considerable time, held unrestrained and delighted intercommunication with the Austrian envoy, without a suspicion shadowing her guileless bosom in respect to his object, or any inadvertence, on his part, gifting with a premature character of activity, the inclination of her sliding heart. There is no saying, how much longer such "pure ignorance" might have lasted, had it not been partially enlightened by one marked event, occurring about this period, that helped to give a precise determination to her previous vague reveries, and dreams. The incident we allude to, as it affords a glimpse, into the character of our heroine, we shall proceed forthwith to lay before the reader.

It was one evening, after having prolonged her customary ramble, beyond the usual hour, that she found, on her return to the palace, the lord regent waiting for her in an ante-room of her apartment; and, since what occurred, on that occasion, will tend to explain the condition of her heart, and must illustrate, in some sort, the anomalous and uncommon relations, subsisting betwixt Martinuzzi and his royal ward, we shall take the privilege of our craft, to detail, with less regard to brevity than is our wont, the particulars of their colloquy.

... from the  
... against his  
... bright-  
... of  
... in its  
... window, a  
... traces.  
... did the  
... of his ward:  
... The intellectual hue  
... and there  
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... her life-  
...

... towards Martignozzi, had  
... — mixed and indefin-

able, they were such, as not all our other annals of this world's metaphysics might parallel. Haughty from her birth, her pride, nourished by the consciousness of her endowments, mental and bodily, and by the anticipation of that universal homage, they were calculated to inspire, was, as it were, confirmed and justified, by the emblazoned scroll of her royal ancestry. She felt indignant, at the cardinal's usurpation of her mother's co-ordinate jurisdiction, during her own minority;—that mother, by persevering in her animosity against Martinuzzi, inspired into her daughter the same prejudices, by which, she herself had long been actuated. Daily grew Czerina more jealous of her guardian's ultimate purpose, and more alive to the thousand echoes of that whispering gallery, where slander holds her court, and whose minutest breath, day after day, coupling the name of Martinuzzi with every variety of wilful falsehood, and detraction, broke on *her* ear, as with the voice of a trumpet, and worked like a poison, at her heart. Infected, from the earliest dawn of intellect, by all who approached her, with suspicions and distrust, of the character and designs of her guardian, who, in his administration of her affairs, had long confounded that office, with an authority not quite so legitimate, and who, though mild and courteous in his demeanour to others, was commonly absolute, and inflexible in his relation with herself,—notwithstanding all these concurrent causes to inspire her hatred, though her proud soul might tremble to its centre, before his determined and arbitrary will; yet, she knew, in her heart, she not only respected, but actually revered that man; yea, him, the despoiler of her mother's rights, and the probable usurper of her own diadem, and proper inheritance, she could not choose but revere. What was the charm which bound down her free nature, as with bonds of iron? In what consisted the spell?—the ascendancy, which, in her case, reversed the ordinary course of human feeling, and constrained her, not only to venerate,







sun traced on the stone canvass, by thy side?" Czerina's cheek burned, whilst her dimpled lip grew colourless, as death's, but remained closed. Bowing low her fair face, she embedded her one hand, in her profuse ringlets. There was an embarrassing pause, which Martinuzzi terminated, by resuming: "For more than a minute, the forms, I speak of, must have remained unmoved, amid the motes, that danced in the western ray:" he paused, but almost instantly added, in a deep imperative voice, "Still mute, lady? Some cavalier, I need not tell you, judging by his erect and stately bearing, darkened the light beside you; and you are silent. He was no Hungarian born, for the high head lacked our plummy kalpac. Be pleased to remember, Lady Czerina," he added, with a slightly admonitory gesture, "what befits your dignity; what is due to our age and office, and no longer hold this unseemly silence." There was again a short pause; "I knew not," presently subjoined Martinuzzi, scarce audibly, whilst his features shone with a faint smile; "I knew not, the secretary of Piadena had the privilege of these gardens." A quick sudden rush of confusion spread over the face of Czerina; she drew a deep and long gasp, and half rising, stammered in a voice, but little above her breath.

"The gentleman met me, and I—I ——" she grew inarticulate; for she felt the tell-tale blood coursing under her temple, cheek, and burning bosom, with sensibility, and with consciousness.

"It was a dangerous imprudence, my child," said Martinuzzi, with mild emphasis; "God!" he presently continued, in a deep tone, but so low as to be almost inaudible; "when,—oh! when will the cloud of these evil mysteries roll away, before the blaze of thy mercy, and we emerge, from shadows and enigmas,\* to behold the truth manifest?" Then turning to Czerina, he said;

\* "Videmus nunc per speculum in enigmate."—1 Cor. xiii. 12.



members of her heart, and which  
 like the treasure of the dreaming  
 was, as by a flash of lightning,  
 her mental vision, like shapes  
 of a sorcerer; and she knew, that the  
 had smitten her, and that she  
 conviction came the terrible cer-  
 to be consigned to another;  
 and furtively obtained possession  
 out to the object of her guar-  
 no other, according to common  
 Against such arbitrary dictation,  
 and the blood of all her an-  
 in her veins, and swelling at her  
 or other, object to compulsion,  
 in kindness; and, in our young  
 apt to have a marvellous over-  
 competence to direct our own  
 as to our conduct in that nice,  
 to, love or matrimony. Our fair  
 stood, was not a whit less a stickler  
 any gentle reader of this history,  
 age and sex; and, considering her  
 caprices, we are not sure, whether she  
 them all in that essential resource, on  
 the dear creatures think spirit, and the  
 super. In this instance, this bias of her  
 was backed and fortified, by her penchant  
 and she internally resolved to show fight, and  
 a heroine, for her prerogatives of every de-  
 there is nothing like a good heart, at a  
 and Czerina half wondered at her own courage,  
 as in upon her guardian's speech, by exclaim-  
 voice, which, like the incarnate passion of the  
 bled at its own fervour, and shrunk even at the  
 created by itself.

"What would you have me do?—marry?"

"Ay, marry, lady, would I," returned Martinuzzi, with some surprise.

Czerina rose erect, on her seat, as though she sat on her throne. Shaking aside the glorious curls, that clustered over her high, pure forehead, she looked her guardian full in the face, as, extending her hand towards him, and speaking in a firmer, if not a deeper tone, than before, she thus addressed him: "Then take my answer, once for all, your eminence; when I possess, indeed, what I was born to, it will be time enough to talk of marriage; and then, my lord, I shall be empowered to choose, at once, a husband for myself, and kingdom. Understand that, as yet, I do account myself divided, and am much too wise to cheat myself, and him, be he whosoe'er he may, whom thou wouldst have me call my husband. I have little providence, or constancy—or say I have; what I have, I care not to bestow; so whoso wins me, may not choose to wear. If I seem good, or fair, why I am not so—not proper to be loved—or—in short, your eminence, know, I am a woman, who will not be lightly won; and recollect, besides, that though our temples yet are naked, we are the queen of Hungary:—and none, none, sir, be he the proudest in our land, shall stoop the royal sceptre so low, as to dispose, without our consent, of the hand of our father's child."

Czerina's rapid and energetic expostulation, here came to a pause, more, as it seemed, for want of breath than words. The hurried impulse of her articulation, communicated an additional tinge of crimson, to the mantling colour of her face and neck, where the whole Magyar blood, of her minute and fairy form, seemed, for a moment, to vault: her eyes flashed a determination, which meetly corresponded, with the decided seriousness of her gesture and language. The energy of her will, roused by the unusual excitement, united with her natural charms, in spite of the delicate character of her loveliness, to throw a sublime and imposing animation, over

her appearance. She, who ever, till that moment, seemed of too infantile a temper, to imagine a harsh thought, or give vent to an intemperate word, now appeared to have grown, at once, beyond her size and years: her whole soul swelled with the stateliness of her avowed resolution, and her sympathising frame glowed, and expanded into majesty.

Martinuzzi turned away, and paced up and down the apartment, for several seconds, seemingly lost in reverie; then retiring within the arch of the deep-sunk casement, he looked forth on the evening, and, as if soliloquizing with himself, murmured, scarce audibly: "Ah! I see; this day is wasted down to the dregs—is overlived; the fountains of the hallowed light\* spring silently and slowly, and the tide of beamy noon, hath fled up to the arch, and sleeps—how near its source! (my child, look yonder) past those amber clouds, (do you observe) which seem the rocks of that most glorious ocean shore. I must be gone."

Martinuzzi moved from the window, and then resumed:

"Fare-thee-well. You said, Lady Czerina, we should have further converse, touching this matter—those were your words. Did you not say so?"

"No, indeed," replied Czerina, while she felt her heart throb high, in her breast, and her little foot bespoke her irritable mood, by its rapid glancings, on the polished floor: "I declared that I would never—"

"True, true, my child," interrupted the cardinal, with stern emphasis; "I remember; you said, that you would marry, and so give a king to the *Magyar ország*;† you said, it was enough, since it was my counsel—*minx*—do you mark?—your guardian's counsel; and you said, you would abide by it."

Czerina's pride, and self-will, could ill endure this des-

\* See the *Medea* of Euripides, v. 411, 12.

† The Magyar kingdom.

potic resolution, of her guardian, to control her affections, and dispose of her hand, contrary to her inclinations. Her respiration was very audible, as she warmly answered: "I pray you no more of this; you urge me too far, my lord cardinal. I never even thought the words you speak for me. Suffer me, your eminence, to withdraw."

Czerina arose, and, making a low *congé*, was on the point of leaving the apartment, when the short, stern tones of her guardian's voice, arrested her footsteps.

"Lady! how's this? I bid thee go not. Stay! I command you. Stay!" he repeated, with increased vehemence, "lest your course lead to the scaffold."

Czerina turned back, and approaching some few paces nearer, where the regent stood, there paused, whilst an angry blush overspread her countenance, as if through impatience at being detained.

Martinuzzi again spoke, but more mildly; "Have I not stilled the restless glass of time, to talk with thee, the while, and wilt thou leave me?"

"Forgive me," said Czerina; "but I liked not the subject of your discourse. I cannot wed, at present; no, indeed."

"And why so, fair lady?"

"Because, as I have said, it is my will," answered the maiden proudly; "so importune me not, sir."

"This to me!" exclaimed the regent.

"Why not?" began Czerina, when, meeting the melancholy gaze of her guardian, fixed upon her, with an inscrutable expression, a feeling came over her, which she could not analyze, and she instantly broke off, merely adding, in a softened and deprecatory tone, "yet no, not to thee;"—then half-averting her countenance, to hide the tear, that had started to her eye, she repeated; "Not to thee. Oh! pardon me, your eminence."

"Lady," said Martinuzzi, speaking in a deep, and so-

lemn voice, yet with an abstracted air, as if communing with himself, rather than replying to her: "Life slips from underneath us; eternity lieth in wait, dragging down centuries, generations, empires, into its abysm. A regenerative principle is carrying on, for ever, extracting from the sepulchral womb of earth, its sterile quality, and, out of the very corruption of vitality, presenting the seeds of life and renovation, perpetually revivifying the system of creation; reproducing, again and again, until time shall be no more, from materials continually overworn, the countless generations of the children of Adam. 'Tis the catenation; the pre-ordained cycle of vitality; and thus the quick and the dead, are in everlasting correspondence. There is nought stationary in the renewal and revolution of ages;\* though hours, minutes, seconds, fly not by our wisdom, nor wait for our resolves; even now they lag not, as I tarry here; but all things to be done i' the state, are held suspense the while; and, lest it prove so, when my span of life shall have wasted to the grave, let's now be stirring, lady. Power hath no spell to trim the wings of time, to accommodate his speed to our caprice, to chain him down, as was once fabled, while slaves ran riot, or slept away from action,—to say unto him, 'hitherto shalt thou come—here shall thy proud course be stayed,' while men lie dreaming. No,—time, like the fowl, knoweth his appointed way, and, like the fowl, doth migrate from the abodes of mindless man, and flutter from the world, unnoticed, undetained; but the affairs of such as, sitting

\* The above was suggested by the following passage from Massignon: "Une revolution entraine tout dans les abimes de l'eternité les siècles, les generations, les empires, ainsi les ages se renouvellent, ainsi le monde change sans cesse, ainsi les morts et les vivants se succedent, et se remplacent continuellement. Rien ne demeure." Pour la Bened. des Drapeaux du Regiment de Catinat.

See also Ovid. Met. xv. v. 179, 186.

still, do draw the breath of vital air in dreams, are sterile as the *Turkische grange*,\* o'er which the carrion, and edacious bird † hath ta'en his viewless flight. Let us not draw the breath of vital air in dreams, but act."

He paused, and then abruptly turning to the maiden, inquired, "When will you receive your lover as your husband?—Say."

Czerina advanced, with a proud, determined step, close up to the regent. The rays of the setting luminary, striking obliquely on her transparent temple, tinted it with his own warm hues, and even seemed to have lent a portion of his intolerable splendour to her eyes. Her carriage was haughty, and her rich voice, attuned by the impulses of her spirit, rang through the chamber, like the breathing of the celestial wind, along the chords of some harp æolian, as she made answer—"I said I'd hear no more of this: am I to speak again? I will not. Nay, who art thou? My dead father's steward, entrusted by his faith, and bounty, with the glorious burden of the state, till years have made his daughter fit for such a bearing, and she relieve you of it. However familiar with depths of government, your sagest counsel is no more than due and loyal service. I pray you, my lord cardinal, be satisfied. Content ye, sir, though we desire your best directions, we'll not bear tyranny; nor, if I were disposed, would Erdély suffer it. Nay, frown not on me, my lord. Have you further business? I will not

\* Turkish grange—a tract of country between Transylvania and Turkey. Grange is equivalent to our word marches. It is a vast steppe, which it would be difficult to redeem from the shoals of sand covering its surface.

† Edacious bird—the gólya, or stork. The whole figure is an allusion to the sudden disappearance from Hungary of this favoured and domestic bird of passage. "It is an universal opinion among the lower classes of the Hungarians," says that accomplished linguist, Dr. Bowring, "that the storks pass their winter in Turkey."—See "Poetry of the Magyars."



wed to please you. Now, once for all, you have my answer." She ceased, and resumed her seat.

Martinuzzi did, indeed, knit his brow; a flush, like the passing brightness of the sun, shot athwart his countenance; he fixed his eyes keenly on her unabashed forehead, as if to reach her heart, and dissect its capillary fibres; whilst the intonation of his voice grew on her ears, like the deep base of the cataract.—"Your answer, froward girl!" he cried. "Be for ever silent, rather than speak the language, I abhor. Oh! take heed—take heed, I say. Never to me, with such authority, proclaim thy rebel will! It is a crime as foul—fouler than common parricide, to blast my hopes, to shrivel up the freshness of my heart, with such accursed lightnings as thou dartest, even now, from thy unrighteous eye."

Czerina recoiled before the tempest she had raised. The blood, which, the instant before, filled every vein in her cheeks and forehead, now retreated to her heart; her eye quailed, under the penetrating look, she encountered; and while involuntary apprehension, and a wish to appear unmoved, strongly contended, in her feeble voice, and self-doubting deportment, she faltered out—"My lord, I will not be terrified."

"No word!" thundered Martinuzzi, suddenly grasping her arm—"no word, lady!" he repeated, with a look of mysterious, but terrible import, "or by the omnipotence of my tongue! I will, with thee, from our proud giddy height, . . . the frightful precipice of glory that we stand on.\*—plunge headlong down, into the gulf beneath. We're lifted to the brink, and, at our feet, a grave of infamy unfathomable yawns, ready to receive, and shiver us to atoms. Yea, they shall wreath about thy delicate white limbs a rusty chain, which, like a snake, enamoured of thy loveliness, shall gnaw a passage

\* Cette haute elevation est un precipice affreux.—Bossuet.

In ipsam gloriam præceps agebatur.—Tacitus, Agric. cap. 41.

to thy very core, and bask beside it. Lady, be not confident; rather show me the repentant, and trembling bosom, the pale lip, the quaking hand, the mercy-seeking eye—or, by my holy faith! thou shalt not live, so proud and beautiful. Tempt not a wrath as hot as flames of hell, lest—there is a word.—Fool! I can make thee nothing, but a laugh.”

The firmness of the young queen wholly gave way under the positive terror of that moment. “Mercy!” she faltered out, looking as pale as death, and trembling in every joint—“oh God!” she continued, “the absolute charm thou hast, to force me to regret my thoughtless words, though wrung from my lips, by thy strange tyranny! But, in pity, spare me now, and say no more. Let me depart.”

“Depart not!” returned Martinuzzi, with the same deep, stern, startling tone, he before adopted. “Go not, at your peril! Am I not speaking? Depart, indeed! Rather, when I utter sounds, kneel down,—down on the hard earth, and strive to catch them, as a thirsty wretch doth spread a mantle to entrap the dew. Garland thy memory, girl, with all the syllables, that grow upon my lips. Oh! I am dear to thee,” and the voice of the cardinal sensibly softened; “as to the sea-flower is the rock, whereon the blossom clings throughout the storm.”

“Oh! peace—peace, your eminence, for the love of Heaven!” implored Czerina.

“Then, never more,” continued Martinuzzi, “from this day and hour, never again, young lady, with insolent eye, lip curled in scorn, and wicked brow of smooth and vain imperiousness, dare to call to judgment a thought, a breath of Martinuzzi.”

The poor girl listened, with an air of mingled anguish, and submission. “Spare me!” she said, with faltering voice, at the same time wringing her small, and beautiful hand towards the regent, as if imploring his compassion, “Oh! spare me, for the present.”

"How soon may I be proud to have you wed? I tell you, the life of Hungary depends upon these espousals."

"When you will," again gasped out our broken-spirited heroine, with a sort of charmed submission. "By-and-bye."

There followed a long pause. The colour had faded wholly in the cheek of Czerina, and her feelings were so utterly exhausted, by the very efforts exerted to control them, that, unless the opportune relief of a violent flood of tears, had spent the internal struggle, she felt, she must have gone off into a swoon. Meanwhile, Martinuzzi moved several times, to and fro, in the chamber, absorbed in the musings of his own mind. Once, pausing, he fixed his eyes, for a moment, on the distressed young queen, whose stretched heart-strings seemed ready to crack asunder. Then he resumed his abstracted walk; but, presently, a second time halted, and, as he gazed intently, upon the face of the weeping damsel, strange traces of indescribable emotions swept, like shadows, across his pale features. "Fastidious thing!" he murmured, in seeming scorn, but with a lip that quivered violently. "'Tis certain I was born to rule without thee! Well—who knows?—perhaps 'twere better—happier too—poor child!" he continued, relapsing from his previous tone, into one of deep melancholy; "how lovely! and how like! does that fragile frame, that fine and feminine piece of nature promise another Atlas, fit to heave with the heaven of empire? Can that dainty hand sway a red-hot sceptre?—that heart, so quick and violent, fluttering like a young bird, at the rustling leaf erewhiles, and which now withers, like the vernal rose, beneath the southern airs\*—can that heart endure the weight, the cares of sovereignty? Oh! it were better," he continued, in a low deep voice, "thou droop-

\* "Pubescentes rosæ primos moriuntur ad austros."—Statius *Sylvium*, lib. 3.

ing, pale exotic ! — far better, I ween, at this instant, to bewail thy blight, in all the buds of thy promise, and all the leaves of thy spring, than have, in after years, to mark thy root unearthed ; and thee,—a monument of wretchedness and blast,—left to be trod down in the highway of the world, or, worse, to witness the slow rivelling, bending, snapping, at the sapless core, which, under the chilling, formal details of thy gilded destiny, will all but break, yet lingeringly beat on. I have judged ill — mistakenly. Better, a thousand times better, were it, that God's lightning, had found thee, ere thy birth, than for it now to strike, and sear thy endiademed brow,—to lose thy tiara, were little.—*Thy demission is decreed !* but — well — let the infidel rave, and Ferdinand fly to arms : I can and must reign, in despite of both, do what they will : the purple cleaves to me, like Nessus' poisoned shirt — but thou ! thou weeping passion-bud ! what will become of thee ? Methinks, I now could mourn for thee. But down, my torn heart ! Time and Fate ! — all may yet be well ; and, come what will to me, so that she — yes — yes — 'time and chance happeneth to all.'"<sup>\*</sup> Martinuzzi ceased to speak aloud, but his lips still moved. He came up directly in front of Czerina, and gazed on the pale countenance of the overpowered maiden, for more than a minute, with intense and mournful tenderness. "Adieu, fair lady !" He paused, as a faint smile fell upon his cold features ; but the smile was of a serious cast, resembling the ineffectual light, which heaven sends through the stained glass of a cathedral, on some stone effigy within. "Tell Ferraro, when you see him, I knew not, he was envoy from the court of Paphos,—nay, cheer thee !—If I spoke words that pained, think them unsaid. Jaded and vexed thoughts of these unquiet times fret me, and will sometimes strike from out my flinty nature, those sparkles of

<sup>\*</sup> Ecclesiastes.

heat, which yet I mean not. So now, farewell! — Think on my wish, though —— ”

Czerina, making an effort to collect herself, lifted up her blue and beaming eyes; a melancholy light played on the April heaven of her face, whilst “the heart’s rain” trickled on her guardian’s hand,

“And pale, through tears suppressed, the mournful beauty smiled.”\*

Repressing her emotion in its crystal sluice, she rose, and in as firm a tone as she could assume, meekly made answer, “I will consider, sir.”

“That’s a brave lady,” rejoined Martinuzzi, lifting up his hands in the attitude of benediction. “Bless thee! Thy scalding tear-drop sears like molten lead; but sit, and compose thee, daughter.” Saying these words, he kissed the forehead of the Queen of Hungary, and, after looking at her again, as if agitated by a variety of contending feelings, with slow and pensive step he retired from the apartment.

Left to herself, Czerina gazed intently after him, and the next minute sank motionless in her place. This trying scene with her guardian, so fraught with various and incongruous feelings, left one compounded impression on the mind of our heroine, which was indelible, and might be difficult to parallel. Martinuzzi’s heart-quelling fury, one instant, and his extreme tenderness, that savoured of an ambiguous sensibility, the next, alike thrilled and startled her. He stood before her, like some tower that Heaven’s angry bolts had, at once, burst over and made sacred, and there was something portentous in the stern solemnity of his aspect, in the dignified severity of his piercing glance, that awed her very soul; his allusions to her having shortly to give a king to Hungary, in making her aware of the state of her affections, dashed from her mental vision the last scales of inexperience, and brushed away the fresh down of cheerfulness,

\* Campbell.

THE LAST SCENE IN SCENE. The bright day-dream of youth, and the thin incense-film of gossamer in the air, had been blown away. Henceforth, for her, the life of the future maidenhood was despoiled of all its charm, and left it as worn. She was no longer heart-whole, and what was more, she could not plead ignorance of the truth. The charm of life was fled — her life was no longer in her own custody, and dependent on the caprice of another. The self-adoring pride and immature consciousness of virgin innocence were blown away, and her round, as with a sudden gust, the time of youth, relaxed its hold on her, and she was no longer. In entering to love, she had lost the power of her own resources of mind and person; and, however otherwise she looked the same, but she felt, that she was different, and that the current of her life was changed. — that the romance, — the dreamy world of hopes and rights was clouded, or at least, that she was no longer "in the spirit of her dream." She knew she had been deceived, and blamed herself for the deception. In giving another with the assurance of her happiness, she had ascertained, to her sorrow, in uncertainty and doubt, that she was the dupe of his art. 'Tis well for the trade in which she was engaged, and without a drawback. "Restrictions in love," she says of wit, "reduce it to a shadow." Love in itself should not be all on one side; and even when it is all on one side, it is all the better, for being unequal. The eyes of Ferraro had, undoubtedly, told a flattering tale "to the encouragement and pride of the young queen; but the eyes of others are perceptive, disbelievers, and credulous must that cannot be beyond the extensive license of her immature experience, who would read their poetical apocrypha for gospel.

It is scarcely necessary to mention, that several days after even, ere Gertrude acquired resolution to encounter

Ferraro. Now that she was awakened to a precise sense of her sentiments in his behalf, she learned to tremble at her positive partiality, and felt, as it were, disrobed of her very innocence, in having conducted herself with such inconsideration and easy credulity. Thus it always happens,—and therein is involved, a paradox and an anomaly in morals. While we are “fancy free,” we can “pass on,” through the slippery vale of this phantasmal scene, without doubt or hesitation, in perfect assurance of our own uprightness, and our safety; but the moment, our eyes be opened to the occult meaning and character of what we hear and see, we start at the shadow of our own prurience, and the first taint of corruption at our hearts, is the natural beginning of the proprieties and decencies of behaviour. It is a just remark of Swift, and, like the generality of his remarks, characteristic of the dean himself, that “a nice man is a man of nasty ideas;” it may be analogously affirmed, that every modification or disguise of prudery and sexual delicacy, is only symbolical of the moral sense of shame, or the consciousness of some inward infirmity.

As we have said, Czerina kept herself close for several days, subsequent to the stormy dialogue, recorded in our last pages, and, in the interim, it should seem, her mother, Isabella, came to suspect the rash correspondence, between Ferraro and her daughter. The light of Heaven travels not so fast, as the tact of woman on such occasions. It is, as if experience, and knowledge, and reason, and calculating thought, and the spirit of prophecy were to centre, with incalculable force, in a single apprehension,—were to be all blended, and coiled into one instinct, whose intuitive result, like the brazen serpent in the wilderness, lapped heart, sense, and soul, in its own unerring light. With hardly any data to go upon, she, nevertheless, caught, from the delphi of her breast, the ruin of all those golden fabrics, which possession, passion, and a poetic temperament, seemed to have

based on adamant, though it was only "thin air;" such faith hath first love in his visioned castles! Ferraro had ceased to join her as was his wont, and when, by chance they met, he was no longer the same; his manner was regulated even to the intonation of his voice. His warmth, the earnestness of his address, the flashes, the irregular outbursts of his genius were either wholly extinguished, or subdued into form, and that liquid eloquence of thought, which ever seemed too over-brimming for mere human utterance to compass and embody, was now shaped and qualified, into the set and conventional tone and diction of society, and immanacled by the proprieties of speech, as the wretched victims of Procrustes were, by his inflexible bedstead. It was Ferraro; but, alas! the soul,—that which John of Zapola had wanted, that which made Ferraro what he was, in the eyes of Isabella, that emanation of his nature, which was all the difference to her,—had departed;

" 'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more."

What can equal the pangs, the remorse of the heart, which beats under a woman's robe; or compare to her burning shame at the discovery, when, there, where she had garnered up her affections, she is discarded? What but her rage, and her revenge! when she finds, that possession, which, with her, had endeared and exalted the object of her attachment, and sublimed the quiet emotion of love, into a species of voluptuous idolatry, has, on the other hand, stripped from the passion of her adorer, the desire, which was its *principium*, its only source, and left the feeble, and satiated inclination to "sink, by slow decay," or to be suddenly strangled by some newer phantasy of the senses, *as eternal and as short-lived*;—when she experiences, how light is man's love, how abundant in promise, how futile in performance!—can we blame her, if, in the thick and midnight darkness, which gathers on her soul, when Etna rages in her heart, and the blood rushes madly, like lava, through



her veins, she dash down from off the self same altar, where, but a short time since, she had flung the holy incense of all gentle and woman aspirations, the divinity of love, and lighting at his torch the firebrand of Nemesis, raise that fearful form\* on the fragile base? Thus it fared with Isabella: her passions burned fiercely as ever; but, alas! though the flame was blown with sighs from the same source, it was kindled at a different shrine. Venus, indeed, throbbed in every vein,.. she was still the Teraphin, the idol, before which her soul bowed down; but it was Venus, the goddess of jealousy!† At first, however, Isabella refused to listen to the stinging information, conveyed by that involuntary faculty of which we have spoken; the revolution of sentiment was too dreadful,—the consequences to her peace too immense and incalculable, to let her, unresistingly, admit the possibility of Ferraro's perfidy: nay, nay, she wrestled against her intuitive suspicions; she obstinately steeled herself against her own convictions—those exquisite emotions, which were as blossoms in her path, to turn to asps to sting her where she trod! It could not be,..it shall not—it must not,..thus, to the last moment, will we cling to that self-delusion, which makes our moral atmosphere, and, amissing which, we wither and die. We go on, blind and darkling, through this “unsubstantial pageant,” and not before the finishing of the secret spell of fate, will the false creation break up, and “the ignorant fumes, that mantle our clearer reason,” be chased away. Like the predestined solver of the sphinx's snare, we would fain shirk, and hold off the oracles, sprung from earth's womb, whilst, undyingly, they hover over us. We bribe our secret conviction, by some lurking subterfuge of the imagination, and blink the

\* Φεβερὸν προσωπον.—Æschylus.

† Venus, the goddess of Jealousy; I may as well give my authority, Valerius Flaccus, B. 2, or, rather, his authority, Apollonius Rhodius, B. 1. ver. 793.

rays of truth, as if, like motes of torrid sunshine, by darting on us too directly, they may occasion a brain fever; and it were better thus, for it were to be unconscious, and the old Grecian said right, that not to feel were oft the sweetest being. Even dull insensibility might be deemed a blessing, compared to those soul-torturing pangs, . . . those fine hair balancings of jealousy and desire, which oscillated in the bosom of Isabella. The illusive idea of Ferraro was, unto her, as a mirror, which, erst would image miraculous shapes of rosy joys and softest reminiscences, but which now, shivered to fragments, reflected, on every side, in a thousand prismatic hues, one hellish, multitudinous array of shames and agonies.

Oh! wisely did Pausanias affirm of that fabled fount,\* whose property it was, to wash from the hearts of all who laved therein, the most minute particle of passion, and

“ Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart,”

that its waters were more precious than gold, since they realized the aim, but not the hope, of philosophy herself. Isabella believed not in such idle legends, neither to her did magic verse or expiatory fire† offer a remedy. For a time, however, she remained in ignorance of the fact of having a rival. She only shook before the wind of vain surmises, which the indifference of Ferraro excited, without apprehending the cause. Well had it been, had she never come to know it, — had she never experienced, like Prometheus, the consequences of filching from heaven forbidden fires, — had she never felt her heart

\* Selemnus; the virtues of which river, had it been located near Dunsinane, Macbeth would not have exchanged for the gold of Ophair.— See Paus. Achaicis.

† “ Nulla recantatas deponent pectora cura,  
Nec fugiet vivo sulphure victus amor.”—Ovid.

chained, by the adamauntine bands of necessity, to the cold rock ; or the vulture, jealousy, with ravenous beak, eat into her liver.

But let us to our tale. A few days following that memorable night, when the holy edifice of St. Theresa became, so to speak, desecrated by that brief colloquy between the queen and her paramour, which Ragotzy, Sigismund, and his keeper, happened to overhear, Isabella issued forth, from the portals of the palace, and insensibly directed her meditative steps, towards those unfrequented labyrinths of flowering shrubs, which conducted to the fatal pavilion, we have heretofore commemorated. Of late, Isabella had sedulously avoided taking that walk. The moments of past delight were converted into galling recollections, and the joys, which the scene of assignation conjured up so palpably before her mental vision, were too nearly neighboured by present affliction, for her to endure the retrospect. As she musingly measured one of the sequestered parterres that, lined out through the royal plaisance, winded beautifully beneath the shades, produced by the complicated branches of Linden trees, she caught the voices of two persons conversing not far off, whose indistinct accents whizzed at first upon her ear, with startling effect, and presently shot into her soul, like red-hot missiles. The speakers were evidently slowly approaching, from an intersecting path, and, being far from desirous to encounter any one, in her then state of irritable despondency, Isabella slid behind the row of Linden trees, under which she walked, and was immediately lost, beneath the gloom of one of those bosquets, with which the grounds were studded ; the woven leaves and branches, by which she found herself overshadowed, attenuating the radiance of the noon-day sun into a soft twilight, rendered even his breath cool, and refreshing.

In that plot of shrubbery, she prepared herself to crouch, till the persons, she wished to avoid, should pass

by. It might have been a minute ere they came up; and every tardy step sent gathered agony upon her heart. It was impossible, — and yet, oh G—d! where sleep thy thunderbolts? We shall leave it to the imagination of the reader, to conceive the consternation of the royal lady, at beholding the youth, she loved above the price of worlds, side by side, with her own daughter; apparently appealing to her, in those animated pourings forth, the wretched listener too well remembered, and too deeply appreciated. All the horrors of despair came thick upon her, but, however terrible the struggle, Isabella stood firm. With all the power of her will, she retained the vital principle in her frame, and though her throat swelled, and her breath came fast, and thick; though the very life-blood paused in her failing heart, and an ensanguined film darkened her sight, till the earth swam round and round, *she would not go raving mad*. The topic, which her lover and child were engaged in discussing, had evidently no ordinary interest for both. They advanced at that snail-pace, which we have sometime observed to be proper to young people, under certain circumstances; as, for example, when mammas and papas are a few steps *en avant*; and mammas and papas will so crawl and loiter, on these occasions, at every turn, that Sisyphus himself, despite his up-hill work, might give them the go-by. The soft, silvery tones, of the young queen, often died away inaudibly; but every word, that fell from the lips of her gallant, seemed to be so accurately pitched, as to drop into the ears of Isabella, like that “leperous distilment” with “Hecate’s ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,” that wrought death to the royal Dane.

With a strong mental exertion, Isabella stirred not from the shrubbery where she couched, but breathed hard, as if her life was struggling to escape through the ribs of flesh, that seemed, to the sufferer, to confine the maniac heart, like a straight waistcoat.

"Ferraro," sighed the low voice of Czerina, as she stooped her head forward, under pretence of trifling with some flowers, but, in reality, to allow time for the blush, which the confession of her feelings painted on her cheek, to fade away, — "you have provoked a truth, which, if, as you say, you love me,—nay, do not answer, till you've heard me out,—you are too rash by half. — I dare not trust you."

"Oh, my saint!" replied Ferraro, "all impassioned,"\* while his ardent love shone unveiled through his bright gaze, — "I will be gentle as the hand I touch; as moderate as the lips, from whose dear motions come scanty sounds of happiness. What have we to fear? whisper it, my own, my peerless queen; and I'll repose beneath thy chastening breath, as waves lie still and smooth beneath the light o' nights, and the distressing winds that chills their countenance. What is to fear? — art not supreme? Nay, more, thy hand I've had assured me, — I ask pardon, — provided thou consented."

"Ha! assured thee, indeed! — By whom, in Heaven's name!" exclaimed the lady, proudly; "who can have dared? — was't he?"

"He — who?" asked Ferraro, quickly, in an earnest voice.

"My guardian," said Czerina.

"Not the regent," answered Ferraro.

"Ah! Antoine, would to God! it had been," returned the royal maid, in a subdued tone; "for he, perhaps, — and 'tis of him I'd speak — alas! I cannot." Czerina broke off, and, turning aside, hung down her head in silence.

"Sweet lady," cried Ferraro, in a strain of passionate tenderness, "say the worst you know, or think, or shrink from. Am I not near thee? Nay, tell me, — dost thou mean sorrow? — sorrow, methinks, is beautiful to speak, and soft. What evil is to come, that sounds like evil,

\* Milton.

now, in thy tender warning. Oh, it is sweet! — nay, stand thus," he added, taking her unreluctant hand, "I can behold no other sun. I'm blind with gazing, — yet say on. I love to hear of woe, and love thy voice; — say on."

"Not a word more; you make me smile, Ferraro," replied Czerina playfully, fondly pressing the palm of the youth beneath her throbbing bosom, whilst a slight blush, faint as the tint of the youngest leaf of the red rose, giving evidence alike of her transport, and her shame, started to her cheek: "feel what a trembling is in my heart; yet I will not fear; — and, if this be true, you tell me, meseems I can be just. But yet—" she stopped, and heaved, the while, that soft sigh, mellifluous, which is, at once, the breath and evidence of love. The secret volume of intelligence, opened to Ferraro in the electrical movement that preceded, now suddenly closed.

"Oh, that *but*!" he exclaimed, "tell me—"

"Well, listen, Antoine," resumed Czerina, stopping the question which was on his lips, still without exactly loosening the imprisoned hand, from its dangerous contact; "I would put the love, you say you bear me, to the test. On my return, after I left you last, I found my guardian seated in the ante-room, that looks upon the orangery."

"Whom?" interposed Ferraro.

"Cardinal Martinuzzi."

"Noble soul!" ejaculated Ferraro, with energy.

Czerina paused, and remained, for a little time, intently thoughtful; then, withdrawing her hand, she rejoined with somewhat more coldness of manner, and in an altered, and heightened tone; "Even so, even so, sir; and why not add, right royal?"

"How! a subject royal?"

"A subject! well," she added, raising her voice, "I would inform you, if you will only hear me, what my guardian threatened—"

"Threatened, my queen!"

"That is the word."

Czerina again paused, and looked at Ferraro, whose eyes betokened angry surprise. The rose tint, which excitation had conjured to our heroine's cheek, died away into paleness.

"Am I grown faint, already?" she asked herself. "Let us proceed. The air is close, and the strong beams that dart directly on us, bring a weariness;—it must be that."

Ferraro was silent; and his fair companion, with clasped hands, thoughtfully followed the direction of the walk.

"Only observe, love," she presently subjoined, whilst the faint but meaning smile, that separated her coral lips, spoke a volume of deep feeling; "how yonder pines fall fast the sick leaves, they have worn to ruin! Ah, that's a parable!"

Whatever was the cause, a dark cloud crossed over Ferraro's clear countenance, lately animated with so much fire; but his lovely companion noted not the change.

"Lend me your arm, I pray, a few small moments," petitioned the fair maiden; "this noon-tide sun beams with a too oppressive splendour."

Ferraro, involuntarily fetched a single breath from the depths of his heart. "I have a life too much," he murmured, in a key, which bespoke him most enamoured.

No less earnest and tender was the suspiration of the royal maiden; "Keep it, then, for me, dearest Antoine!" she interjected, between their responsive sighs, casting down her conscious eyes upon the ground.

A minute more, and the cadence of the lovers—the broken and incoherent evidence of a passion, that could not be silent—died away, like plaintive music, in the distance.

It was long after they were out of hearing, ere Isabella stepped beyond that leafy screen, where she had lain *perdue*. Her ever handsome countenance, and royal

carriage, betrayed no appearance of change; her bright eye shone out as usual; no alteration could have been surmised by any one, who had beheld her; and yet, her nature had just undergone a revolution. Another soul seemed to have passed into her frame. Her first impulse, as the fond voices of Czerina and Antoine broke on her ear, had been, to liberate one long, loud shriek, that impotently struggled in her throat; that natural inclination having been, at once, controlled, by a determined tension of mind and frame, strange as it may seem, her senses became wrapt up into a dulness; while a ravishing serenity, . . . a calm, such as, in all her life, she never remembered experiencing before, sunk insensibly, like a sweet sleep, upon her soul. She asked herself, what it meant? She placed her hand upon her heart, and questioned that heart, what had become of its late pains and passions? She explored, as it were, the dark realms of thought, and would have called, from out their misty cells and caves, into the light of life, those transports of rage and agony, which seemed proper to her hurt pride, and wounded tenderness. In vain; her pulse beat temperately, her faculties, though hard and cold as flints, were never more perfectly alive, than at that moment. The silver cord felt loosed, and the golden bowl all but broken; still the fabric of reason was not overturned, and the very intensity of her feelings, appeared to wrap her above the sphere of ordinary humanities. The truth was, that, in the depths of her soul, she darkly conceived the nature of the retribution, that, with a sort of silent afflatus, (if we may be allowed such a contradiction of terms) she vowed, and forecasted. The oracular vapour, welling up from the very sources of her being, to inspire her with vaticinal fury, was, so to speak, the combined orgasm of fibre and feeling, settling into an indistinct, but unquestioned resolution. The precise interpretation of her instinctive augury, was still in the gloom of the future,



but the exultant idea of vengeance, gave a species of decision to the feelings of Isabella, which she might, otherwise, have sought in vain. She owned an intuitive conviction, that the decretal voice would have early fulfilment; and this foreshadowing, of an ample and dire atonement, by neutralizing the first violence of her emotions, averted an impending exacerbation of passion, which, had it occurred, must have shaken her single frame, like to an earthquake. The relief she experienced was in proportion to the excess of that ebullition of despair, which previously threatened. Her nerves were strong for the conflict, when she found, instead of the full flow of an ungovernable wrath, the tide of passion, ebbing in the fibrous ducts and capillary vessels, about her heart. The halcyon peace settled in her bosom. That commensurate revenge, which danced in dim perspective before the vision of her mind, stilled the fierce commotion within; and the mere cessation, or rather the fading away of agony, into the remotest depths of her soul, proved, in its effects, a positive gratification. So true is it, that "*La jalousie est finie sitot qu'on passe du doute à la certitude.*" \*

As she drew near the palace, on her return, she beheld Ferraro, standing listlessly, at the bottom of the large, broad steps, which gave access to the main gateway of the building. On seeing her, he made a motion, as if he purposed turning off, into a more shaded and retired walk. This was a manoeuvre, to which, during the last week, he had, more than once, had recourse; and, on those occasions, the pride and passion of Isabella, alike deterred her from obviously obtruding on him, her company; but, at present, by hastening her steps, she encountered the secretary, as he descended the marble stairs, which terminated the terrace, and thus precluded his effecting his instinctive purpose of avoidance. Ex-

\* Rochefoucauld.

tending her hand towards him, as they joined company, with a smile of bitter, but hidden import, Isabella was the first to speak.

"Marc Antoine," she said; and as Ferraro inclined his head, with somewhat of obsequious formality, her curling lip owned a convulsive movement, so evanescent, that however defined and startling while it lasted, it left behind, a doubt whether it may not have been a deception,—“Marc Antoine, you need not shun me.”—Then, after a moment's pause, she added, “You'll pardon my abruptness, sir; did I not behold you awhile ago, in earnest and familiar intercourse with, . . . with one, whose charms might well stagger a constant heart, and who in this land claims to be first?” The blood-red blush, that suffused the clear brow of Ferraro, was his only answer; but it spoke volumes of feeling.—“I suspected, when my ears first recognised those eloquent tones, there could be only one topic of sufficient interest to draw forth an effusion of soul, from so susceptible a young gentleman. 'Tis clear,” continued Isabella, and a smile of bitterness came over her, as she said it, “you are in love again, Antoine,—nay, shrink not, man!—We cannot help our loves. My daughter is your aim. I'll swear it is no other.”

“My aim?” repeated Ferraro, with no little embarrassment.

“Ferraro,” rejoined Isabella, after a pause; “let us have done with subterfuge. By the merest chance, I involuntarily overheard your protestation. Come, come—what is there to blush at?”

For the first instant, the secretary seemed utterly abashed, at hearing so overwhelming an intimation; then, fancying, he discovered a blandness in the silvery tones of Isabella, he ventured to raise his eyes to the royal lady's countenance, and met with none of those portentous clouds, his conscience instinctively had prefigured. His resolution, which had just died away at his heart,

became immediately resuscitated. He spoke,—“Gracious lady, pardon —!” he could say no more.

“Wherefore, sir?” demanded Isabella. “Know,” she added, after a pause, “that the infatuation of the woman is merged, henceforth, in the pride of station, and that the contempt of the queen regent unweaves the web, her folly twisted. Besides, owned I any angry sentiment, which it were absurd to imagine, you have contrived to carve for yourself so hard a fate, as might even satiate the mortification of an injured female,—and our sex, you know, are given out to be sore, on these occasions.” And such was Isabella’s mastery over her features, that she actually conjured a tranquil smile to her beautiful face, as if, in very truth, the current of the time were all unruffled. What she thought, we have no means of penetrating. What she looked, might be gathered from the response of Ferraro.

“Dear madam, this generous oblivion is worthy of your noble nature. But what hard fate can threaten, which thou canst not avert?”

Isabella was silent for some time, and then said in a low, quiet voice. “Dost thou not love the Lady Czerina?”

“Oh, more than my existence!” replied the impassioned youth.

“Really, sir! more than your existence? So much!” said Isabella, a slight smile curving her coral lips, and somewhat of sarcasm, though hardly perceptible, deepening her melodious tones. “If so, I’m sorry.”

“Oh! wherefore sorry?” inquired Ferraro.

“Thou but runnest to thy confusion, Marc Antoine,” replied the lady; “there are obstacles, invincible to the match, which you desire.”

“Name them, madam,” exclaimed Ferraro, with breathless anxiety, though in a feeble voice.

“The son of the late Peter Pereny, who furthered the plans of your royal master, by aiding Roccandolph in

the siege of Buda,—your memory may not reach so far,—but you must have heard of the man.”

“He was a famed soldier, I believe,” faintly responded Ferraro.

“If so, ’tis a boast his son cannot make,” rejoined Isabella; “but whether so or no, ’twas rank corruption choked his loyalty to the house of Zapola. Wherefore, my daughter, Czerina de Zapola, is to be his son’s bride; ’tis a thing of course, and suits the times.”

“Can it not be prevented?” demanded Ferraro, with an inquiring eye.

“How so!” exclaimed Isabella; “the cardinal has taken his oath of it,—a cardinal’s oath! think of that!—Martinuzzi’s oath!—prevented indeed!”

“Art thou not her mother?” said the secretary.

“And what is that to Martinuzzi?” returned Isabella, while an astute smile passed over her handsome features.

“Oh God!” cried Ferraro.

The royal lady turned her head aside, to hide the expression of scorn, which she feared, her features too conspicuously exhibited. Hatred, in that instant, arose in its most viperous shape, fanged by the remembrance of their former love, and envenomed by present contempt. That distillation of her heart,\* was, sooth to say, immortal, but the peculiar and diabolical appearance, that illumined, whilst it distorted, her countenance, at the moment of its birth, was far briefer than words may paint it. They were silent for awhile.

“Alas!” exclaimed the young secretary at length, “how I have done you injustice! I was led to believe, you purposed sacrificing the Lady Czerina, to the embraces of the sultan Solyman. I see ’tis no such thing; and for Pereny—it cannot be; she herself will not consent; she declared to me, she would die first.”

\* Καρδίας σταλαγμός.—The Eumenides of Æschylus, ver. 753.

"**DIE!**" repeated Isabella, with solemn significances; "and did she talk that?—how fine!—So the word was '**DIE,**' sir, was it?" As she thus interrogated, a shade of paleness came over her royal brow, like the almost imperceptible sign of some inward spasm.

"Madam?" said Ferraro.

"Well," rejoined Isabella, "I see no help; the regent is pledged to his kinsman."

"He cannot be such a tyrant," cried Ferraro.

"Tyrant, did you say?" replied Isabella: "Oh, no tyranny in the least! only he is a man, who, whilst he lives, will not be said nay. Tyrant! what an idea! It is well, however, that he hears you not; for myself I should be glad, in respect —," she paused a moment, and then added in a tone, that thrilled through every nerve of her hearer; "in respect to the love I bear you, that it were otherwise; but I see no help." At the word 'love,' a slight flush came over the cheek of Ferraro, and he could not help starting, as if the term owned a sound of fear. He looked in the face of the speaker, to ascertain whether any latent meaning lurked in the expression; but her features were in perfect repose, and her eyes beamed with kind and gentle lustre.

"Love!" he involuntarily echoed, in a low and hesitating tone.

"Ay, love!" repeated the lady, with unchanging voice; "'tis a word of many meanings. Ferraro," she presently subjoined, more seriously, "I know not malice. Would that Martinuzzi —, but the man's an enchanter, and holds a spell over your destiny,—so 'tis vain hoping. When was he ever known to change his purpose? There is no power in speech or prayer, that can prevail with him."

After a long pause, during which they approached the fatal grotto, Isabella again spoke: "I must here leave you, my friend," she said, "we shall meet again. Ah!

Antoine," she added significantly, as she turned away, with a graceful reverence, in the direction of the palace; "*Martinuzzi is your evil genius!*"—And Isabella proceeded to that interview with Abu Obeidah, which we narrated at the opening of this chapter.

## MANUSCRIPT XIX.

"Thou must speak that which, in its darkest hour,  
Pushed to extremity midst ringing dizziness,  
The ear of desperation doth receive  
And I must listen to it."

MISS BAILY'S Rayner.

"Le vœu d'Angèle fut exaucé. Tout à coup au sein d'une lumière éclatante, au milieu des chœurs célestes, la Sainte Vierge se presenta à Angèle avec l'ame de sa bien heureuse sœur."

*Vie de Sainte Angèle, à l'usage des Religieuses Ursulines.*

WE must recur to a former manuscript, where Martinuzzi, after evincing considerable hesitancy, and trepidation, passed through an inner door of his presence chamber, into an adjoining apartment. This was a lofty octagonal room, stained and delapidated by time, and hung with cobwebs. The compartments were occupied with dark leathern hangings, in tolerable preservation, gilded and stamped, to represent the principal acts of the Apostle of the Gentiles, from his miraculous conversion to Christianity, to his decapitation in the capital of the world. It contained two narrow gothic windows, dismantled, and open to wind and weather. These were deeply indented into the wall, and divided by heavy stone shaft-work, into arched compartments, whose interstices were

nearly choked up, by the luxuriant ivy, and other in-sidious plants, which crept on the outside; hence, it followed, that a very dubious twilight forced its way into the chamber, even at noon day, but at this hour, the melancholy light seemed only calculated to display, in yet more fantastic and anomalous outline, the embossed figures, that appeared to project in high relief, from the tapestry of the room. A traditionary and bloody tale had been transmitted from generation to generation, and was connected with the history of this octagonal apartment, on which account it was devoutly given out to be haunted, and there were not many individuals, living in that castle, endowed with such uncommon courage, as not to tremble and turn pale, at having to cross its threshold, after dusk.

It was towards the close of day, and the evening set in stormy, with wind and occasional rain, as the regent passed into this room. He was utterly void of the super-sitious fears and prejudices of the times, and if his limbs shook, as he ventured into the comparative darkness, it was with far different apprehensions, than those suggested, by night belonging to the world of shadows. The breast-plate and helmet of a stranger glittered, in the dim and declining light of evening, by whose aid Martinuzzi was enabled to discern him, in the first instance, standing with his back to the wall, at the extremity of the chamber, but on the entrance of the regent, he came forwards.

"I was detained till now," began Martinuzzi, in a hasty, yet faltering tone. "nor indeed, sir, would I willingly resume the ——" He broke off, but almost instantly subjoined in a quivering, and ghostly voice— "Have I not been—am I not dreaming still? Let me not babble in my feverish sleep—behold me! shall I not wake! Ah! if I'm indeed awake, there is a word—a thought—it cannot be, thou knowest it not—or ——" He stopped short; the other remained silent. Martinuzzi collecting his breath into one long, but most emphatic



whisper, added, "*if thou dost know it, say.*" When this request ebbed from between his clenched teeth, and thin pale lips, Martinuzzi awaited the reply, in the tense and rigid attitude of one, about to hear judgment pronounced, for life or death, instinctively clinging to hope, while shrinking in despair. His head and shoulders were thrown forward, the lower part of his face seemed lost in his breast, his arms and elbows grew to his side, the hands were raised, though not joined, as if in deprecation; his mouth was compressed, as by a vice, his nostrils were distended, and his dark blue eyes were dry, and bursting from their sockets. In this attitude, he remained for some seconds, like a human form, exanimated in the instant of motion, presenting all the appearance of life, but none of its powers. His companion hesitated, ere he slowly pronounced, in a deep voice, the word "TRAITOR."

The appellation dissolved the charm, which held the regent motionless. Darting forward, he exclaimed, in a fierce tone, whilst his eye flashed, as if, like the lightning, it would have struck dead, whom it glanced upon—"Ah, slave!" Then suddenly stopping short, he added in a more resigned, though somewhat falsetto voice, "yet that is the pass-word, sure enough."

"There is a name can reach thee nearer," rejoined the stranger, with unabated boldness, and without noticing his discomposure, "Art thou not a——" he paused.

"I know what thou wouldst utter," broke in the regent.

"When the envoy of Austria entered, thou hadst spoken it—it struck me then, like an icebolt—it was unlooked for. Now, now, I am better armed, sir. Give thy suspicion, or thy knowledge,—be it more loathsome, than thy own leprosy of mind,—give it the blackest name, thou knowest; I cannot choose but hear thee." There was another pause.

"Eighteen years gone by," recommenced the stranger—

"Thou wert an honourable man," again interrupted

Martinuzzi. "and wouldst have sunk into the cavernous earth, as pious old Lamentation, from the jaws of hell, by such base, mean practices, as since ——."

"And seventeen years past, what wert thou, my lord?" remonstrated the stranger.

"Well, well," answered Martinuzzi, "we were friends — I know it — and are so still: are we not?"

"That have I yet to learn," answered the other.

There followed a dead silence, of several moments. At length the stranger, with deep organ-like articulation, resumed. "Thou shrewd impostor!" he began, when the regent interposed—

"When I closed the outer chamber, did I not? Go see, if thou be secure."

The man passed into the presence-room. "You have made a fast with a?" asked Martinuzzi, in a voice of forced composure, as the stranger returned.

"If both our tongues were in the cannon's mouth," answered the other, "the voice would murmur, like an innocent sheep, beyond that barrier."

"Come farther this way, though," said the regent, speaking in the low, timid, and convulsed tones of apprehension, whilst his limbs shuddered, as if with some strong internal anguish—"deeper, sir, *into the heart of rest*. Let us have no secrecy, but our own terrors. Lightly! so, lightly! why," he added, more abruptly, "why look! you have not closed the door."

The stranger shut to the inner portal, and again approached where the regent stood, at the upper end of the apartment.

"So then," began Martinuzzi, "let us say no more—of this to-morrow. Death! you know not how I loath this conversation. Well, what is to be?"

"Thou dost mock the heart of this fond country, with a lying hope," began the stranger.

Martinuzzi advanced a few steps forward, clenching his hands—"——" "as much erewhiles," he exclaimed:

"why repeat thy words? Speak to the point, prithee—this is no news."

"None to us—right," answered the other; "but what will the world say, think you, if men knew the love *she* bore thee,...*she*, the betrothed of Peter Count Pereny, who was the late king's sister—how cunningly!"

"Talk no more on't," interrupted Martinuzzi, with an unnatural and hushed stillness of articulation, "or do not talk so loud."

"There's no soul by, to hear us," remarked the stranger coolly.

"One doth hear!" exclaimed the cardinal, fixing his eye, now lit with a preternatural glare, on the countenance of the man—"One—I sir, look to it; now God forgive me! in truth, you know not what you prate about."

"You do forget yourself to say so," replied the stranger. "My lord, in the first place, give me back my brother, Albert of Eissenburg, by thy hands or by thy orders, done to a dishonest death, for that thou hadst good cause to fear, he would divulge certain bloody passages, betwixt thee and the Princess Beatrice."

"Speak lower, or (good God!) the venom of asps is on thy tongue," exclaimed Martinuzzi. His articulation was broken, and his hands were compressed together, with fearful energy. "I tell you, Eissenburg," he presently added, more calmly, "your brother was murdered, if murdered he be, as you say, neither with my knowledge, nor by my connivance. Let his blood lie where it may—my soul disclaims it."

"I believe you not, my lord," answered Eissenburg; "your agent was in company with the assassin, the same who —, and that is what brings me hither. My house is desolate—my child came not forth to meet me, on my return from prison; I want her back again. Restore my heart to me, by giving Veronica to my arms—I'll have such exquisite vengeance, else—such as thou canst

well guess at. I have my brother's confession, and I have still remaining, of the packet, one document, which, by good fortune, had never been deposited in the window recess, and so was never stolen thence. That document—I know its contents—THE CONFESSION OF ALICIA!"

"Ay," said Martinuzzi, and his cheek assumed a hue, more cadaverous than before, "it is a tragic episode in a deplorable history; but I declare to you, Eissenburg," he added, in a firmer voice, and with earnest solemnity, "by Him, who sees our thoughts as plainly as our faces! my heart's as innocent as infant's sleep. As respects the lady Veronica's absence," proceeded Martinuzzi. after a pause, "it was from yourself, this afternoon, I first came to learn, either that, or your brother's murder."

"Where is my child, then?" cried Hubert, passionately; "but I see through your wiles. In default of King John's issue, she is the rightful heir of Hungary. You remembered her claims well, and pondered over them long; you imprisoned the father, the more readily at once to seize upon the daughter, and silence the brother. But, if you have smeared your soul in her true blood—if your safety be treasured, as you suppose, in her innocent life—I'll secure vengeance; tho', I ween, she be not the only princess of this ill-fated land, whom the ambition of a hypocritical priest has condemned to a sudden, and inexplicable fate. Have you sent my child to seek the shade of Beatrice? Have you again rifled the living tabernacle of the soul, and left me, in the stead of my Veronica, a low voiceless grave?"

"By all we mutually believe in, I protest to you—No!" replied Martinuzzi.

"But am I weak enough to credit you, with this damning document fresh in my remembrance, and after that lady's unnatural sacrifice, and my brother's cruel murder? He fell in his endeavour to preserve my child—then say, where hast thou bestowed her? Which of the

ministers of your despotism have you let loose on her—contamination, imprisonment, or massacre? Foul stain to the purple which thou sportest! Come, confess? We are alone—behold! I am not here unarmed.”—Vicchy drew his ponderous two-handed spear, and half leaned on it, as on a staff.

The shades of evening were now fast deepening into the darkness of night, and the feeble twilight was just able to endow, with congenial life and motion, the incongruous and uncertain objects, which tapestried this apartment, without having sufficient power to dispel, or enable the startled sight to correct, the illusions, which it conjured. Forms of limbs, and human faces, came out, as it were, from the wainscot. On every side, in this atmosphere of superstition, some shadow seemed to hover, or gigantic figure projected itself; whilst the misty illumination, which was now admitted, through the medium we mentioned, broken by the luxuriant bryony, which ran mantling, amid the ribbed traceries of the arched casements, at once gifted lifeless matter with vitality, and gave a corporeal shape to the miscreations of the fancy. It almost seemed, as if the apartment grew populous with animated beings, and, as cloud after cloud drifted along the semicircle of the moon, now plunging surrounding objects into a shadowy mass, and anon permitting a melancholy, and uncertain gleam of light, to fall full through the shafted windows of the old building, shifting forms would extend their limbs, and dim fronts stretch forth their hands, and all would assume the various attitudes of prayer, or imprecation. There was one group, which, even more strikingly than the other figures, seemed to be actuated by this locomotive faculty. The subject was that of St. Paul, when, with lips touched by the seraph, with the living coal from God's altar, he indicated the Divinity, in the schools at Athens: it was done as large, or larger than life. The principal character was elevated in the foreground of the piece, within a foot

of the spot, where Hubert, with his right hand upon the hilt of his sword, was stationed. The apostle had been pourtrayed with one foot advanced, and his finger extended towards the inscription, *Ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ*, while his floating toga was so contrived—or else the flickering gleams, that shot between the passing shadows produced the effect—that it waved along with the motion of his arm, and almost seemed to flutter in the intermitting light of the moon, or rustle in the night wind, whose every faint and passing murmur became plaintively audible, as it swept the mantling foliage round the mouldering citadel.

During Vicchy's last rapid speech, St. Paul had more than once let loose the ample gathering of his cloak, and the drapery seemed to be borne on the air, and, as it were, to spread itself towards the speaker. At the close, so wonderful was the conjuration of the artist, or else so powerful the illusion of the instant, the embodied figure of the saint appeared to descend, and to emerge into the void space, from out of the crowd of sophists and rhetoricians. Martinuzzi had planted himself betwixt the two casements, where darkness rendered it difficult to distinguish his person. "Eissenburg," he replied, at length, "you have heard me solemnly protest, I know nought of the lady Veronica—I repeat my asseveration. I trust she still exists, but—"

"SHE LIVES!" broke in a miraculous, and hollow whisper, close at the ear of Vicchy. Startled, he turned his head, in the direction of the voice, and his dilated glance lit on the wan countenance, the gleaming eye, that appeared to roll with a changeful and uncertain brightness, and the inspired lips of the apostle, dilated, as if pouring out the thunder of his eloquence, amidst an audience of Pagan philosophers. Vicchy gazed, and gazed, and he fancied he perceived the sainted being separate himself from the canvass. The longer his overstrained eye rested on the figure, the more firmly he became per-

suaded of the reality of the miracle. The mind of Hubert was so fettered in the anomalous trammels of his servile faith, and so deeply saturated with the superstitious dew of his corrupted worship, that miracles and visions (incident to the adoration or intercession of the saints,) sprung up in his belief, as in a hot-bed, and, like noxious weeds, choked with their rank luxuriance, the growth, at once, of sound reason, pure religion, and common sense.

Vicchy was too good a Catholic to be taken by surprise, and although he felt a little awed, yet a miracle surely was in the course of nature, or it would not be of such frequent occurrence. His imagination, naturally apt to distance itself from the material world, was prepared, by a long course of superstition, to admit, and to sustain, the visible action of the Deity; and wherefore, he internally argued, should he feel alarmed?

“Whom, Eissenburg, have we in the room?—whose was that voice?” inquired Martinuzzi, in a low tone. But Hubert heeded not the question. Each faculty of his soul was concentrated in one wild imagination; his legs shook, the spear dropped from his relaxed hold, and he sunk in genuflexion before the incarnate spirit of the saint, who had thus thrown off the shroud of his immortality, to hold with him personal communication. He prayed earnestly, and gazing on the apostle, in the full assurance of implicit faith, implored to be made acquainted with the fate of his child; and engaged, in a faltering voice, provided the saint vouchsafed a favourable response, he would have a rich altar dedicated to his particular honour, in the cathedral of St. Theresa, “that is,” added the devout noble, as the recollection of his limited means struck him, “whenever my attainder shall be reversed.” Hubert conceived, he heard with his ears the acceptance of his vow.

“Thy child liveth,” answered St. Paul; or, if the words were not uttered by him, it was at least certain,

the solemn annunciation proceeded from the direction, where the apostle stood.

Again silence ensued, which Vicchy presently broke. "Is her liberty restricted?" he demanded, in a shuddering tone. There was no replication for nearly a minute. The form of the sacred visitant, without being so detailed as to intimate itself distinctly, nevertheless expanded, in the eyes of the rapt querist; and the thick clouds, that now crossed the moon's path, cast the Areopagus, and every other scriptural piece, which decorated the compartments of the chamber, into dim confusion.

"Her person," answered the angelic being, in a low, emphatic voice, "is in durance, and her mortal life, perhaps, at hazard."

"Ha!" exclaimed Hubert, "and from that traitor! Is it the divine will, I sacrifice him, where he stands?" No sooner had he uttered these words, than, in tones pitched higher, and sounding more awful, the answer hurtled on the air, as if the disembodied principle, syllabbling it, hovered at his shoulder.

The organic breathing, which rang in the ears of Hubert, he remembered but too well. He recognised instantly the accents, and the express words of the awful prohibition to unclothe the packet, which had electrified him, on that memorable night, when he was dragged from his lost Veronica, and consigned to prison; and, if the sounding forth were from heaven, so, also, "suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven;" for, at that instant, the pallid planet of night burst from behind the intervening rack, and slanted her soft, and ghostly radiance, into the chamber. Thus spoke the immortal voice:—"WOULD YOU DESTROY BODY AND SOUL? OFFICIOUS FOOL!—THE REGENT OF HUNGARY IS INNOCENT—SEEK TO KNOW NO MORE."

Vicchy was transfixed for several moments to the spot, where he knelt, confounded with horror, as, in the first few words of the sentence, his memory recalled the ener-



getic style of that script, whose language had been characterized in blood. At length, slowly raising himself to his feet, Vicchy looked towards where Martinuzzi remained, an apparently petrified auditor of the colloquy, between him and the apostle. Although the regent's figure was almost undistinguishable in the shade, it now appeared, on closer examination, that both his hands were clasped against his face. There was a long and dead silence, in that moonlit chamber. Vicchy was the first to renew the discourse. "My lord," he said, "you are acquitted;" — then, after pausing, in vain, for a reply, he continued, — "so far, at least, as respects my child; but ——" Here, he made another pause.

Alas! how strange and inconsistent are the workings of the human mind! How subtle and complicated is natural bias, in the analysis of human feelings! And what an enigma is contained in the entangled sources, and latent springs of human character and conduct,.. an enigma, which probably, not the profoundest researches of philosophy will ever enable us to solve.

Whilst Vicchy considered Martinuzzi, as the destroyer of his daughter, his language, as we have seen, was the effusion of virtuous indignation, and honest nature impressed her seal on the very intonation of his voice, impelling his courage, and dictating his sincerity. But the moment, his parental disquietude was set at rest, his habitual tergiversation returned in force. The natural sense, with which the father, for a brief interval, endowed the man, gave place to that distorted wisdom and crooked policy, which, with Vicchy, was its usual substitute. More shrewd than intelligent, more daring than determined, the unstable mind of the magnat was not nicely balanced, by substantial and comprehensive reason, and neither was the fluctuating scale, that regulated his conduct, inclined at any time, by the insensible operation of principle, or by the more stubborn intervention of conscience. The one was superseded by the

casuistry, induced by the habit of confession, and the obligation of penance, and the authority of the former had been early sacrificed to that convenient, but pernicious sophism, which taught indifferently, that any means, however vile, were sanctioned by the end, and that the end might be sanctified by the means. "But," proceeded Vicchy, "I have another account to settle with your highness." Again he paused.

Martinuzzi let fall his hands, and looked up. "Well," said the regent, in a voice of hollow strength.

"Is it your purpose," rejoined the noble, with dogged determination, "to seat the lawful heir of Hungary on the throne of these realms?"

"Whom, am I to understand, by that phrase?" asked Martinuzzi.

"My daughter, the Lady Veronica," was the reply.

"Indeed! how know you that?" rejoined the regent, in a voice which, although broken, may have had something of sarcasm, perceptible in the tones.

"Oh! I *know*," answered Vicchy, significantly.

"Thou dost indeed!" returned Martinuzzi, with the galling emphasis of stern reproof, and a flash of withering scorn shot from his lambent eyes; — "thou dost indeed, because thou art a thing, whose virtue is thine ignorance! Oh! thou art one, sir, whose highest excellence is that restless infirmity, which will peer into forbidden things, though the earth were rent to appeal you, and fiends from the abyss cried,—Hold!"

"Be it so," answered Vicchy, proudly; "let the centre labour with earthquakes, and summon every confederate in the infernal pit to aid you! it shall not shake me: I am thrice armed. But, good my lord cardinal," he continued, in a lighter strain, "'tis well for you, your principles do not make it needful, you should square your conduct to your vocation. For myself, understand, your eminence, my lamp, so bright of yore, was  
g; it did grow dim, and almost failed me; — it

quaked, sir, at every breeze. I looked about, ('tis natural, nay, your highness, one day, you felt the same,) for a clear flame, to light me through the world — I found it; — it shall serve my turn, though I asked no leave. My paths are plainer than the sun's, — I have committed myself too providentially in this, to fear the consequence. My ignorant sin turns out a substantial, though tardy justice; and, when reproach is flung on me, from lips like yours, excuse me, if I say, I cannot feel it."

"Go on," said Martinuzzi, in a voice of studied composure.

"There was a packet, — (no matter how it came into my hands), — there was, I say, for where it is now I cannot tell," said Vicchy; — "that packet I opened."

"You did sir, you basely did!" exclaimed Martinuzzi.

"I opened it," continued Vicchy, without regarding the prelate's interruption, "and, by favour of the Virgin, one document yet exists. When I heard its contents, I learned to look upon my fault with mercy. I trusted, on hearing it bore reference to your highness, to scan the patriot and the statesman; — but, ha! my lord, I lit upon the traitor!"

A suffocating sensation stifled the sigh, Martinuzzi would gladly have heaved. He faintly smiled, and said, "Dost dare, for thy miserable life? — but take heed, take heed, I say!"

"Thou mayst be mighty in thy fame, my lord, and powerful, but truth is ever armed," returned Vicchy: "yet were I loath to hurl thee from thy greatness — abdicate thine usurped estate — transfer the sceptre of Czerrina into the hands of Veronica. Adjust our differences in this way, and the story of your offences, and the wrongs of the house of Zapola, shall never rise to mar that splendid page in our country's annals, which records the deeds of Martinuzzi."

"And really, Eissenburg, cannot you tax our bounties more highly?" said the regent, in the calm accents of haughty irony; "why, sir, what you require of me is a mere bagatelle. Delegate to you our supreme authority,—we are grown incompetent—'tis too weighty for us. Wrest from our hands the barren sceptre of the reigning queen, and turn over the bauble to your daughter, who will graciously present her highness with a distaff in exchange! You ask too little, sir; you request, I would substitute my bonnet for the diadem." Alas! God knows," said Martinuzzi, interrupting himself with deep feeling, "my aching temples would be all the lighter for it; but, in faith," he subjoined, after a short pause, and with something like a smile on his pale features, "it was written in heaven, that I was to be King of Hungary! You meant to dethrone the Lady Czerina—but I have the start of you, my lord. What you dared conceive, I have already compassed."

Vicchy preserved silence, but his uneasy gestures, the knitting of his brow, the gnawing of his nether lip, and, more particularly, the malign twinkle of his snake-like eyes evinced plainly, that his thoughts were perplexed, and that he was meditating some further tortuous proposal.

The regent presently resumed the discourse, in a calm and measured voice. "We will have this outlawry of yours reversed, my good lord," he said; "and, in other respects, strive to redress the injuries of fortune; but, hereafter, when we see you, with your fair daughter, at court, which will be a heartfelt satisfaction to us, I must interdict the subject of this hour's converse."

After hesitating for an instant, Vicchy replied,—“You will let the reversionary right of the Lady Veronica be publicly recognised.”

“That may not consist with our conscience, my lord,” observed Martinuzzi, — “no kingdom can your child ever inherit.”

"Wherefore, your highness?" demanded Vicchy, in short and impatient tones.

"For one, under the ban of the church, to reign over a catholic people, is unlawful; — the lady is heretic."

"Nay," exclaimed Vicchy, passionately, "this paltering is no less hypocritical, than gross; but it is futile. How you learned, that my Veronica is unhappily —" he paused, ere he subjoined, in a subdued voice — "a heretic, I cannot divine; but, since none, besides your eminence, knows of her heresy, it were no impossible task, methinks, to hide it from the world."

"My conscience, my lord," answered Martinuzzi, "will not permit of this interested composition. The trail of the serpent has already slided over the fair land of the Magyar. It is my duty to stop the disease, instead of conniving at its diffusion."

"I see through your highness's purpose," exclaimed Hubert, "and know well, whom you would desire to reign, after you, in Erdély; but, rather than permit it, I'll issue forth into the public streets, and blow about your guilt." He paused, and then added, significantly, "I have that letter still!"

"Ha! I remember," said Martinuzzi, "so, where is it? — give it me, . . . to read."

Vicchy was silent.

"Nay," added the regent, "I'll return it to you, however shameful the means, by which you first became possessed of it. I would merely cast mine eyes over it."

"I would not care, to trust the document in your highness's hands, were it still in mine own," replied Vicchy; "but, in honest truth, I have transferred it into other custody."

Lividly glared Martinuzzi's eye, in the semi-obscurity of the apartment. "Hell! and eternal shame!" he burst out, breathing short, and stamping on the ground. "Vicchy! — vacillating driveller! What have you done with Alicia's confession? — speak, slave!"

Before so unlooked-for a boiling of indignation, the weaker nature of Eissenburg succumbed and trembled. He spoke not. It may be observed, that the phrenzy of minds, of powerful and commanding calibre, will commonly abash, in its paroxysm, the more feeble passions of less exalted characters, as the foaming cataract, thundering down the kromacks, soon engulphs and overpowers, in its descent, the minor torrent, which may, at first, have raged by its side. Vicchy, on witnessing the ungovernable fury of Martinuzzi, deemed it most prudent to preserve silence.

"Why don't you answer, sir?" exclaimed the regent, his eyes glancing with impatience: "unto whom have you given my letter?—earthquakes quiver in my flesh—speak, as you hope for mercy."

"My lord, if I must needs own the fact," replied Vicchy, with some hesitation, and recoiling a step before the forward movement of the prelate: "I entrusted it, but only for awhile, to Luke Swartz."

"To him, hey?" returned Martinuzzi, his haggard brow relaxing from its previous workings. "When, prithee?—and what opportunity had you?"

Vicchy explained the circumstance of his encountering Swartz on the ramparts.

"Ah, I deserve it all," remarked the regent, more composedly, though still with bitterness, and he turned away.

From the comparatively calm tone, in which these words were enunciated, Vicchy perceived, that the impending storm had blown over, and at once he fell back into his habitual character. "My lord," he said, after long mutual silence, "I will allow you a month to consider of my proposal, that, upon your demise, the sole right to the throne of this kingdom, vest in my daughter, if, then, your highness decline closing with my terms, you may assay, to your immortal infamy, how much

longer this wretched land will bear with the sway of an homicide."

Like one, on the verge of a precipice, awakened to a sense of his danger, was the start of Martinuzzi.— "Madman!" he cried, "in thy tongue millions of adders hiss! Will you not hold your peace?" He strode, or rather violently tottered, across the chamber, and stood, as if struck speechless, shivering in every vein; his nether jaw, indeed, moved convulsively, but his lips were dry as ashes, and no articulate sound breathed from them. At length, conquering his emotions, he thus, with startling rapidity of utterance, delivered himself,— "We were talking, sir, upon what topic? — Quick, where was our converse? — Now, I am gone, sir! — what was it?"

"Yet awhile," began Vicchy, but Martinuzzi proceeded, in a quick suffocated tone.

"My lord, well — I know — somewhat you said — 'tis past. What was't, I ask again — assist me."

"You will please, at your peril, to acknowledge and proclaim the Lady Veronica heir of the monarchy," replied Vicchy, perhaps, with the more determination, that he considered the starts and discomposure of the regent, as symptoms of his expiring resolution, and fancied, he discovered a yielding and faltering of purpose, in the confusion of mind, and disordered senses, which the manner and language of Martinuzzi manifested.

The indignant prelate gasped for breath. "That word, Eissenburg, has made an end," presently broke from his convulsed lip; then, suppressing his emotions with difficulty, with desperate rapidity he went on. "The sun is down, sir, I must be stirring — 'tis the hour of prayer — behold me!" and he stood up erect, in form and posture proudly eminent. "Behold me, how I stand, unmoved, and yet it must have been!" He paused, but shortly, again proceeded, abruptly: "we purpose, to-morrow, my lord duke, exchanging our mitre for a helm"

and hope to inflict a sort of unpleasant surprise, upon our enemies, in which your co-operation (judging of your abilities from our last argument) must be invaluable. You shall bear command, fitting your rank, and possibly, you will find me better tempered by to-morrow, when we will adjust our differences — if any be. This way, my lord duke." The regent passed through the door of communication, into the presence-chamber, followed by Vicchy. The moon diffused her mellow light over the whole of this apartment, and Vicchy might distinctly discover the ghastly visage of the cardinal;—his wild straining eyes gleamed, with a horrible and vacant stare, and every muscle of his face seemed contorted, with agony. He approached close to Vicchy, and, fronting him, where he stood, glared fixedly on his countenance for above a minute, all the while apparently striving to speak, but no articulation answered his will. At length, the burning tide of passion receding in his throat, he found utterance. "Great God, forgive me!" he ejaculated, and then he again stopped, and gasped a long trembling breath, ere he continued, with intense and withering solemnity. "Man!" he said, "hadst thou come sightless into thy wretched existence, as blind, God in Heaven knows, thou art in spirit!—or else, wert dumb, as in thy soul thou indeed seem'st, to all good purposes; this conference had never been—then these passages, that have just transpired had never chanced—and, then, my lord—but——" Martinuzzi's voice faltered; he paused for a second. The deadly and appalling calm, which sat upon his countenance, but the moment before, was succeeded by that tempest of the features, in which every nerve seemed at work—he set his teeth hard, and both hands gradually tightened on the steel armlet of Vicchy, grasping him firmly, like a manacle, or, we would say, with the Herculean force of partial insanity. "Devil!" he shouted, suddenly altering his tone, in his uncontrollable agitation, "thou hast made me scorch



to the full height of a blazing calenture, spectres and bloody deeds, like tresses of dancing fire, float round me and about me, and I, myself, am all made up of fire.—Ha ! that gash !—thou well mayst shudder, when bloody forms are round. I cannot bear it — avoid my sight ! — nay, then, for your own sake, — without reply. The thought, I'm apt to practise, I may else have to repent me.—'Tis wild fire here, that only blood can quench — go — I'd pray — Ave Maria ! So, I am calmer now — your pardon, sir, we'll speak of this to-morrow, as I said — hence — begone slave ! from my sight ! — and, suddenly, and wisely, hear you ? (and Martinuzzi stamped violently) 'tis for your life, do you understand — farewell !” On saying these last words, in a low intense voice, Martinuzzi suddenly relinquished his iron hold of Vicchy, and hurriedly staggered to unclosethe door. For awhile his nervous agitation impeded his object ; but, having succeeded, with his hand he haughtily waved Vicchy from his presence, who departed in silence, not a little relieved at the termination of a conference, so fraught with offence and danger.

## MANUSCRIPT XX.

" Now I believe the Troglodites of old,  
 Whereof Herodotus and Strabo told,  
 Since every where about these parts, in holes,  
 Cunicular men I find, and human moles."  
 BROWN'S *Travels in Dacia, &c.* 1688.

" Her kirtle brimstone red  
 With clothes upon her heade,  
 That thy was a sowe of leade,  
 Wrythen in a wonder wise,  
 After the Sarazins gise;  
 With a whim wham  
 Upon her brayne panne,  
 Like an Egyptian  
 Capped about,  
 When she goeth out."

SKELTON.

THE scene shifts to the woody banat, between Alba Julia, and Coloswar, and the time advances to a few days *from* the events, which we have related in our last chapter. The sun had clomb high in the heaven, when the *figure* of a solitary horseman was seen wending his way, over the low and thickly wooded flats, through which the auriferous river Marosh, near its confluence with the Theisse, winds its earliest course. The narrow, and nearly undefined by-path the traveller had chosen, skirted the very edge of the stream, the direction of which, however inconstant, seemed to regulate his route. Occasionally, indeed, he would cut across the sort of Isthmuses, caused

by the wooded Peninsulas, which frequently indented the waters, but never so far lost sight of the narrow line of track, he followed, as to diverge into the public road, as in courtesy we are bound to style a broken earthy thoroughfare, which, at greater or less distance from the shore, preserved a parallelism with the course of the aforesaid river. Now, as the art of road-levelling was little understood in Transylvania at the time we treat of, the route in question, appeared almost as faithful to the lineaments of grace, as its more natural and noisier elder. But, malgre the monstrous "cantles it cut out," and the other indifferent attempts at a "fine shape," it must be confessed, after all, that it "imitated nature most abominably." Whether our traveller entertained any fancy of this sort, we will not pretend to say. We infer, however, he held in small admiration, the meanders of the MacAdams of the day, for whenever the public path made any sudden advances, towards where the marsh laved, with alternating dash, the frail flowers and tall spear grass, that enamelled its banks, he invariably clapped spurs to his steed, and held on at a brisker pace, till the current and the high road, had either parted company of their own accord, or been again divorced, by the swelling vineyards, or by thick and overhanging groves of the alder and willows, or by broad and interposing meadow ground, enclosed with hedges of thorn, now checkered by the rich and golden tinge of autumn. The martial garniture of the equestrian was complete, but his bearing hardly corresponded with his equipment. Indeed, his dwarfish insignificant figure, showed conspicuously to disadvantage, in contrast to the barbed destrier, he bestrode. It even seemed, as if the animal himself entertained a sort of contemptuous opinion of his rider, since he champed and curvetted, as though, "smelling the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting," he longed for his pride to be reined in, by an abler arm. The traveller's beautiful muster-piece, or

pelisse of sheep-skin, concealed most of his other attire, and fell in ample folds over his shoulders, mingling with the embroidered housing, that enveloped his horse's flanks. Of his visage, little could be seen; but his sunken features, and deep twinkling eyes showed horribly, under the hollow helmet. Our equestrian, having journeyed since sun-rise, through a dreary waste of *puszta*s or cattle farms;\* the lagging pace of his steed, and other indications of a carnal nature, more proper to himself, rendered very welcome the appearance of a straggling village, situated less than a league in advance of where he rode. It was composed of low clay huts, starting so few feet above the surface of the ground, that nothing but the issuing steam and the little clouds of light smoke, ascending in graceful spires from their several fissures in the earth, could have distinguished the settlement, at any distance, from the soil upon which it stood.

The Troglodyte\* hamlets, which now opened on the view, have been long effaced, but for the last century, a Saxon town, bearing the name of Mirizlo, and nearly covering their site, forms the prominent feature in the surrounding landscape. These habitations, excavated in the declivity of a gentle eminence, extending to the very edge of the rivulet, were intermixed with, and surrounded by mulberry and maple trees, whilst the sere branches of the acacia waved tremulous and pale, over the mossy roofs. On every side, for several leagues,

\* Literally, uninhabited countries.

† The Troglodyte hamlet. — Herodotus and Pliny with their habitual tendency to the marvellous, describe the subterranean nations of Ethiopia ("qui specus excavant") that went by this name.

Montesquieu, on the same subject, is very entertaining. — See *Lettres Persannes*, Lett. xi. et suiv.

The settlements of the Cygani race in Hungary and Transylvania, were almost all subterranean. See Brown's *Travels in Dacia, Styria*, &c. London, 4to. 1688.

there was no object to break the waving ocean of forest leaves—

“ The sea of foliage tossing with the gale,”\*

of which the little village we are describing, may be regarded as the centre, excepting where, here and there, the trellised lines of the Syrian† vineyards nodded their “ grape crowned heads”‡ into the silvery Marosh, “ purple and gushing,”|| or where imbowering trees receded their mellow hues of fire and gold, and charily admitted the influence of the air and sun, the eye might take in long vistas of forest land, and occasional snatches of cultivated glebe might be discerned; which, however scanty, was sufficient for the exercise of the limited agriculture of the natives,—while, more frequently, dots of green savannah intervened, commonly supplying a most abundant crop for the droves of milch buffaloes, and herds of Turkish swine, that were there grazing. With these exceptions, the noon-day sun now shone on one vast, and varied combination of woodland scenery. Here, the phalanx of primeval oak expanded its immense, and gnarled arms. There, long regiments of walnut stretched athwart either side the road, their stern and venerable boughs, yielding, as it were, in wanton sport, at every breath of the mendicant winds, their rattling alms; while on all sides, the alder, birch, and poplar, and the light beech, whose giant height seemed to scale the heavens, accumulate the glories of their autumnal dies. Far below the bramble, the juniper and the dog-rose, sometimes starred with ten thousand blossoms, twine around the gray trunks, or cunningly enlace their tendrils, with the off-

\* Wordsworth.

† These vines were originally transplanted from Syria, by the emperor Probus.

‡ Ford.

|| Don Juan.

sets, and younglings of the forest. But it is now some weeks since wild and untrodden flowers of any description, wasted their luxuriance on the dim forest air. No more the pale wood-sorrel fluctuates in the draught of the light summer wind,—the bright hues of the *anemone pulsitilla* have long passed away; the delicate violet hath ceased to load the breeze with perfume, and the blossom of the white *asphodel*, and the lilac garniture of the clustering *cyclamen*, fail to variegate the opening glades, and snatches of smooth lawn, that momentarily basking in the yellow sunshine, diversify the vast expanse of forest scenery.

Through these immemorial depths of woodland, intersected by paths worn by the *Kanactz*\* and his droves, the bright Morash flowed, tracing the windings of the labyrinthian dell, and channelling its path through many a green ravine. The river was irregular in its width; sometimes spreading over acres of the sylvan plain, but more generally sweeping on with a soft and gurgling sound, beneath the embowering groves, yet even so, occasionally catching the warm crimson of heaven. Now, lightly curled, by Zephyrus, into tiny wavelets, it would bubble over the moss, or dance, in sparkling joyousness, on the polished stones, and anon, creeping in deep tranquillity, where once its waters raved along, like a mountain torrent, it reflected, in its translucent bosom, the knolls and crags, by which it was closely margined, or the woven grove, that at once shadowed its narrow current with a deeper hue, and canopied its quietness. These unexplored wilds echoed no more to the carols of the feathered tribes, that, some months before, sported amid their foliage, nor were their solitude and silence interrupted, or their coverts penetrated, save at rare intervals, by the music of the huntsman's bugle.

Owing, however, to the disordered state of the period,

\* Cattle-keeper.

the savage beasts of the forest multiplied, in the free and almost undisturbed possession of their sylvan domain, which was evidenced, by their being occasionally seen prowling, beyond the verge of their solitary fastnesses. The irascible boars, peculiar to the country, made frequent irruptions into the more populous districts, and the gaunt wolf and ferocious bear were not seldom a terror to the adventurous shepherd, when, inadvertently, in search of some straggler of his gigantic-horned flock, he stumbled on those dark coverts, or tangled thickets, where they made their lair.

As the course of the stream, along whose shagged banks our traveller pursued his journey, winded nearer the small clustered tenements, he had descried in the distance, the broken Volgy expanded, and the river emerged upon a waster and wilder district, through which, (its waters having been augmented by those of the *Aragnos*\* from the Kalota mountains,) it rolled with a larger volume. He was not long in reaching the vicinity of the little hamlet, which, shrouded in a mantle of acacia, his experienced eye had recognised, from the first, for a settlement of the Cyganis. The hoarse and sullen roar of the brook loaded the atmosphere of noon, and, gradually swelling on the traveller's ears, for the last quarter of a mile, led him, in part, to anticipate the characteristic scene, which a sharp turn of the road, in conformity with the indentation of the river, suddenly presented to his view. He found himself separated, by a narrow slip of smooth sand, from a beautiful and artificial cascade. Here the hand of art was assisted, in some measure, by the natural obstacle of a range of basaltic rock, over which dam-head the sylvan stream now made a decided and rapid shoot, into the white and billowy pool beneath.

\* La Moroch recoit les eaux d'Aragnos ou rivière d'Oree, ainai nommé parceque cette rivière charrie des grains d'or, que des compagnies de vagabonds ramassent, et apportent à la chambre des finances.—Mem. du Prince Rakoczzy.

The fall was not great, but, so far as it went, it formed a charming foreground to the picture, our traveller paused to contemplate, — and there were not wanting accessories, of a peculiar kind, to interest the beholder. Over above, where the river dashed from its higher level against the dyke, a multitude of strange, dark, squalid, human beings, were observed busily engaged, sifting the bed for that ore, to compose which, at the period we treat of, the alchymist, in his visioned cave, raked the cinders of his crucible in vain. The sex, styled *soft, par excellence*, with their infants hanging from their shoulders, and whose showy tatters scarcely sufficed for decency, were dabbling up to their very knees, in the turbid and flashing waters of the temporary dam, in whose dark, and beating waves, their hearts found a treacherous likeness. Men, as imperfectly clothed, placed on projecting ledges of rock, were washing, in their troughs, the particles of glittering sand, which adhered to the χρυσομαλλος,\* the golden fleece of undressed sheepskins; while scores of dark-eyed urchins, of both sexes, and all ages, between inarticulate childhood and vigorous youth, were disporting, mostly in a state of nudity, at the bottom of the fall. These rose and sank in the tortured billows, which chafed over the reef below, like glancing spectres, save where, here and there, the elder were contributing their small aid or impediment, as the case might be.

The principal figure among the picturesque group, hidden from view, by some intervening branches, till the horseman came within a stone's throw of where she stood, seemed placed there by the directing wish of Salvator Rosa. The moment his eye lit on that form, the rider reined in his steed instinctively, and, with such a sudden recoil, as almost to throw him on his haunches. Then he felt involuntarily for his arms, and would have

\* See Strabo, lib. xiii. circa medium.



again spurred the jaded destrier forwards. Mastering these impulses, however, he remained where he had drawn in rein, silent, and, to all appearance, unmoved, but internally agitated, while he awaited, with awful misdoubtings, the first word of the hated apparition.

The ancient beldame, in question, was clad with more consideration than the other Cyganis, and her gay attire was worn with an air of superiority, though fashioned in that grotesque taste, ordinary to the vagrant tribe. She presented a fantastic appearance, that might have reminded the reader of Skelton's description of Elynoure Rumminge. She was stationed on a ledge of flat rock, at the height of a few yards from the ground, and within as many feet of the water's edge. To her right was a clump of alders, and her emaciated hand rested on the ragged trunk of an ancient pine, that, rock-rooted, stretched, like a slippery bridge, right athwart the breakwater, while parasite creepers, drenched in sparry foam, either matted, in vigorous maturity, round the fissured base, or (as if to listen to the music of the fall, and swinging in mid-air over their no longer limpid mirror,) clung to the whole length of the projecting pine, by aerial tendrils. She reared her towering form, on an ivied stone, while her scarlet *Kerialo*,\* soiled by time, and dank with the foamy spray, flapped to and fro, obedient to the sweeping breeze. This woman, bending down her haggard face and elfin locks, hailed our traveller almost at the instant he pulled up, with a voice, whose wild accent rivalled the rush of the broken current.

"So ho! well met!" she exclaimed, "I have tarried long and patiently, but not in vain, I see. I knew you would take this road." As she spoke, she kept her eyes fixed on the horseman's face, over which a cloud passed, significant of inward vexation; but whatever was the

\* Cygani's mantle.

source of his trouble, it did not prevent his replying, in a firm voice—

“Would you aught with me, good Unna, that you seem to lie in wait for my coming? I dreamt not of the pleasure of seeing you to-day.”

The gipsy cut short these expressions of courtesy, by throwing back her mantle, and stretching forth her long bare arms to the skies. “Doubtless, doubtless,” she rejoined, in a stern voice;—“the stars above vouchsafe no warning, but bide their own fiat, in this and all things else. Did I not tell you, from the beginning, that, ere the prey of the mighty one was retaken, and the spoil seized by the terrible, should be rescued, I would confer with you; and that, whether I accosted you on *Paszta's* solitudes, or drew your midnight curtain in the strongest var in Hungary, depended upon my pleasure, not thine. But now, your good steed is jaded, and you yourself must be worn with travel; you require rest and aliment ere you proceed. Should you still,” she added, with a peculiar expression, “after what I have to communicate, persist in venturing to the city of the *Zibin*.\* Dismount, then, and resign the care of your horse to those *Căcrus*,† one of whom will guide you, in safety, whither I, who will not be far behind, shall direct him.”

Thus speaking, Unna turned away; and, having beckoned two of the dripping youngsters, who, with gaping mouths and staring eyes, had left their gambols, to ascertain what was going on, addressed a few words to them in the *Cygni* patois. Obediently, one laid hold of the horse's bridle, while the other, tripping lightly away, made signs to our traveller to follow him. For a moment, the latter remained irresolute. He indented his teeth in his nether lip, in evident vexation, and then, whether it was that he descried something, in the gipsy's proceedings, that argued a suspension of his own freedom

\* City of the *Zibin*, Hermanstadt.

† Boys.

of volition, he alighted ; and, silently, took the path, the tawny gipsy youth had, previously, indicated, and which, a few rods in advance, deflected a little from the public causeway.

The dwellings of this tribe of the Cyganis, were on an elevation, whose abruptness added to its height. A slight waterfall was observed, trickling slowly down the channels of the rock, maintaining the health and verdure of those trees, of spontaneous growth, whose picturesque disposition, beautified the mountain. Amongst these, the graceful acacia, as usual, was most generally cultivated. By means of notches, and slight projections in the rock, and sometimes, by zigzag and irregular stairs, conducting from hovel to hovel, our traveller clambered up the graduating roofs, till he ascended to the level of a detached habitation, of a somewhat superior appearance, to those by which it was surrounded. The acacia shot up, behind this dwelling, which it over-canopied with branches, that, spreading far and wide, shook their sere leaves upon the thatched piazza ; beneath, and about which, tame storks were seen, expatiating, with their long bills, amid the accumulated filth and abominations, of more than one twelvemonth. Chained to the little, low-arched door, the large-limbed, Hungarian wolf-dog, the ordinary guardian of the abodes of the Cyganis, "bayed deep-mouthed welcome."

Into the interior of the semi-circular premises, our traveller was ushered, by his agile Mercury, who, immediately, like a shot, took to his heels, leaving his charge almost lost, in their dark, close, smothering atmosphere. The walls, composed of loose stones and turf, had, not long before, been whitewashed ; yet they already bore evidence, that the legal vent, in the centre of the roof, answered its destined object very unsatisfactorily, although the circular aperture had been pierced, directly over the fire-place, which, constructed of clay, was placed, according to custom, in the middle of the apart-

ment. Furniture, there was literally none. A fragment of rock, which, it was clear, from the narrowness of the door-way, and of the single loop-hole that admitted air and light, must have been entombed at the first erection of the hovel, served the purpose of a table. Near the dying embers of the fire, was an earthen pot; and, in a further corner, a miscellaneous heap of utensils lay confusedly together, on the cold, earthen floor. These consisted of an iron pan, some spoons, a water jug, an odd knife, a bellows, a stone anvil, and sundry carpenter's tools. A large square of red cloth, tapestried one entire side of the apartment.

The individual, who now found himself in the temporary tenancy of this hovel, having cast a cursory glance around, at the vessels and implements we have mentioned above, seated himself on a broken chest, and seemed patiently to await the coming of the gipsy. Meantime, his thoughts were not idle, but, travelling far, comprehended, in their wide range,—the past, as in a clear and single point, and the future, the vague and undefined future, with its ever-shifting horizon of airy schemes, and bright uncertainties. As we happen to possess the means of developing these phantasmas of the brain, the curious reader would take it amiss, were we to let the interval of breathing-time elapse, without his having had some inkling afforded him, of what was passing in the mind of the solitary stranger. His meditations ran nearly in the following order:—

“It were enough to persuade one, that this Boszor-kany has the cunning these hucksters of fortune arrogate, and for which she, in particular, bears such repute. For eighteen long years, whenever we have met by chance, not a hint has she let drop, of her agency in that transaction. I might have fancied, at times, only that I knew the memory of the deed was ineffaceable, that she had forgotten it all, so deep a silence has she maintained. And yet, at last, when the hour has come for throwing

off the mask, the cursed witch starts up suddenly, before my eyes, reminding me of the very words, she so solemnly uttered, when she consigned the new-born infant to my custody. How comes she now to forecast my purpose? 'Tis a perilous obstacle this, to our movements, but one on whose occurrence, blinded by her cunning, I had not sufficiently laid my account. Her evidence would, no doubt, complete the link in the irrefragable chain, but it were vain to hope for it. From whatever inscrutable cause, he must be sure of her, or he had hardly dared to set a price on the head of the brigand, her son. He thought himself, also, sure of me;—of me, whose life he saved, indeed, to make it one long agony;—of me, whose sister—poor Alicia, beloved saint! thy broken heart is about to be avenged. We were the only mortal witnesses, he deemed, he had cause to apprehend. He dreamt not of Peter Pereny;—where, where, now hides the graf? His single presence—his testimony, were of more avail, than that signature of his, which the coronet of St. Stephen will conceal through unnumbered years; unless the revealing death-bed inscription of John of Zapola, be swiftly brought to light,—and that crown—the Cygani has it—so I heard from Sigismund. But she—the vagrant's here!"

Such was the course of tumultuous thoughts, chafing in the stranger's mind, for the few minutes preceding the coming of Unna, whose form now appeared in the doorway; and her harsh voice was heard, before her figure was obvious to his eye.

"Hark!" she exclaimed, "hark, to that flourish! those martial strains might rouse a warrior;—but thou!——"

The traveller listened, and his ears caught, faintly, the music of the Hungarian march, mingling, by fits, with the sullen roar of the waterfall beneath, whose deep voice murmured through the apartment. With a marked change of countenance, he started to his feet!

"Dost hear!" proceeded the gipsy, with a ghastly laugh: "The capitany\* comes, whose banner has never yet quailed to an enemy."

"Whom mean you?" demanded the other, **snatching** hold of the helmet he had laid aside; while such was his paroxysm of consternation, that the instant paleness of his visage rivalled the white feather, which surmounted the glittering head-piece—at the same time, he made as rapid a movement, as his trembling joints permitted. towards the entrance of the hut.

"Our regent," returned the gipsy, as she slammed to the postern, with violence, and assuming an erect and determined posture, placed her back against it. "Martinuzzi has taken the field, sir, and I now plainly tell you, Luke Swartz, you quit not this spot till you learn my will, and are prepared to obey it."

The individual, whose personal freedom was so unexpectedly placed "under circumscription and restraint," and whom the reader's sagacity will most probably have already recognised, for their sometime acquaintance, looked aghast.

"The regent approaches, at the head of the Hungarian army," continued Unna, "and within this hour, I expect the honour of his company, even where you now stand trembling."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Swartz, with a discomposed aspect and faltering voice, "not for worlds would I meet him. Good Unna, it is not long since I proved the means of safety to Count Ragotzy, your son: we are in league, as you know. I have hazarded my life with Martinuzzi, by transporting Sigismund beyond his jurisdiction, but I intrusted the youth with your son, as a pledge of my fidelity."

Here Unna, casting on him a scornful glance, interposed. "And having made himself wings, he and your faith have taken flight together," said the gipsy.

\* Chieftain.

"For the freak of a madman, you hardly will consider me accountable," returned Swartz, with some slight appearance of embarrassment.

"A madman," repeated Unna, with scornful emphasis—"His haviour was sane enough the other night, in the vaults of Hermanstadt. 'Twas I, who proved the madder I fear,...who was most mad to show him the image of his father, in the ebullition of my wrath against the regent, for purposing to infringe the safe-conduct of my son. From that hour, I have seen through your course of fraud, but, mad or not mad, holding him in my hands, I was in no hurry to do, what were better done quickly, and what, but for thy treachery in heeding the puling humanity of Martinuzzi, had been over eighteen years ago,—now, however, that he has absconded, you are amenable, and but one amend is in your power. Luke Swartz, the body of Sigismund, dead or alive, must be rendered to me."

"Only let me depart for the present," replied Swartz, evasively, "and we will speak of it elsewhere, and when you will."

Unna knit her brow. "Now, or in this world never," she cried, "must this difference be determined! Attempt not flight, for, know, I have planted armed men without, to cut you down, should you venture." Then advancing forward into the chamber, she added, "You will hardly escape, but I leave you free to try the experiment. By remaining, you need not fear encountering Martinuzzi; he will not be here yet awhile, and I shall have timely notice of his approach. Rest thee then in peace, and partake of such behoveful refreshment, as methinks will be no bad induction to that mutual understanding, which presently, without more ado, we must re-establish."

Swartz was not lacking in "the better part of valour." He acknowledged to himself, the policy of following the above recommendation, and immediately resumed his seat on the chest, while Unna proceeded to discharge her

culinary functions,—the earthen pipkin was placed in the midst of the wood embers, which at length leaped into a flame,—the smoke whereof, eddied about in many a graceful wreath. First, there was set before our traveller a basin of boiled prunes; then pieces of salmon and char were broiled on the glowing charcoal, and, after being thrown into a scarlet fever, by a plentiful sprinkling of the *paprika*, or cayenne of Hungary, were served up.

The fish, Unna assured him, as he silently applied himself to its destruction, had been caught in the neighbouring stream, which, although perhaps not quite so populous as the celebrated Theisse,\* abounded, like most of the Hungarian rivers, in the finny race.

During the short and frugal repast, the remarks and responses on either side were few and brief. Swartz watched the motions of his hostess with a critical eye, and his apprehension, sharpened by imminent peril, discovered a stern, unbending resolution in her demeanour, which, to say sooth, generated certain misgivings in his mind, which made it hard for him to recover his customary artifice, and self-command,—but not before he was reasonably well refreshed, and his meal washed down by a few cruises of tolerable mead, did the Cygani interrupt his cogitation, in good earnest, by abruptly demanding—

“Whither the wild fugitive had betaken himself, after having effected his escape from the subterranean fortress, where Ragotzy left him?”

“He remains in the neighbourhood of Coloswar, at present,” answered Swartz.

“Ha!” cried Unna, “Now, mind ye me both, and thou Swartz, take heed of following a shade. Coloswar hath lost the apple of her eye,—her glory hath departed out of her,—she plumeth herself on her stout defence,

\* The Theisse; said to be more prolific in fish, than any other river in Europe, in so much, that according to a popular hyperbole, the river  
“water, and one fish.”



and laugheth to scorn, the attacks of Baptista Castaldo ; but her mirth is, like the ground we tread upon, hollow, Luke Swartz. Yet, it is even for that ye affect her, and you deem not that the casket hath been rifled, and despoiled of its treasure. I know you, man, and what's more, I penetrated through your shallow compliance, from the first. I would now pluck out these two eyes, could they have deceived me, what time I gave the babe into your arms. Double-dyed villain ! I saw thy drift, and perceived you were false ; but I pretended to be thy dupe ; for even then, I pierced the dim horizon, that curtained the expanse of time, and the reflection of the present hour of vengeance was shadowed on my mental vision ; but had I all along been blind as credulity, it were *now* to be undeceived. Coloswar !—why, thou fool !—I can look through and through thee. What but the shadowy lure of a crown makes the idiot haunt Coloswar ? Luke Swartz, when in the vaults of Hermanstadt, in the rage of inspiration and revenge, I vaguely gave the boy to know his parentage ; he remarked significantly, ‘ Fools are no rubs in the way of usurpers.’ Thou hast done more, sir ; thou hast told him all, and now would take advantage of the lord regent’s absence, to pave the way in Hermanstadt, for his reception. You have shuffled and dealt cunningly ; yet, though a skilful gamester, have failed in a single card. Your chances were nicely calculated, sir,—only one antagonist you disregarded,—the gipsy, Unna. One little impediment you overlooked,—the force of nature !”

Swartz, who, throughout the above address, had sunk his head upon his breast, in a dejected posture, now looked up. “ I do not understand you, sage and gentle Unna,” he said, in a tone, where his chagrin and uneasiness vainly endeavoured to disguise themselves, under an affectation of indifference, — “ the force of nature ! What natural claim can Martinuzzi prefer to your allegiance or fidelity ?”

“ And if he have none, which may or may not be,”

rejoined Unna, haughtily, "of this be assured; *thou* shalt not profit by my defection, neither thou nor the wretched namesake of Count Rodna. Who is there breathing, who would serve, whom they have contributed to injure, and must necessarily hate?" \*

"Nay," replied Swartz, persuasively, rising from his seat, and pacing the narrow cell as he spoke, "who, rather, would care to save, who has so injured them? Is not a price set upon the head of Count Ragotzy?"

"And if so," rejoined Unna, sullenly, and in a low quick tone, "there may have been good cause and excuse for that, for what you can tell, sir equerry; but, whether or no," she continued, more earnestly, and with some manifestation of feeling, "there will be ample vengeance exacted, without my aid, without thy interference. When the prey of the mighty one be retaken, it is not thou, Luke Swartz," she continued, fixing her eyes upon him she addressed, "shalt exalt thee by the rescue."

"Not more than thou and thy people will benefit, good Unna," returned the other, in his most urbane tones: "whatever stipulations you may please to *make* for their good, and their liberties, I am sure, the princely Sigismund will gladly ratify. The grant to the descendants of Thomas Polgar, will be respected under his rule, no less than by his predecessors."

A forced smile distorted the lip of the keeper, while Unna, in return, smiled her derisive sense of his words, but did not speak. Swartz paused, but presently resumed, as if on fuller consideration. "The edict of exile,† against the Cygani race, shall not even have partial operation in Hungary. Like the Saxon,‡ your

\* Unna seems to have thought, with the philosophic historian, "*Proprum humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris.*"

† That of the Augsburgh Diet in 1500.

‡ Geysa II., granted an asylum to the Saxons, A. D. 1143. Various rights and privileges were accorded them by Andre II. The high honor, in which these people were held in the century of our tale, may

freedom shall be guaranteed ; also, like him, you shall have ground allotted, and dwellings built for you, and, where injured, your nation shall equally be entitled to redress with the Magyari."

Unna laughed outright. "A Cygani wants no such redress," she vauntingly exclaimed, and her whole figure seemed to swell out with new-born energy. "Revenge is his redress ; his right arm the only minister he acknowledges, and if he fall, he has a whole nation for avengers. Much good to Germany did that uncompromising rescript of the sapient emperor, since when, nor life, nor property has been safe, throughout the vast extent of the empire. The exterminating hand hath passed over all the country, and its produce, man and beast. The hoarse discordant voice of the raven alone, gives note of animated being, where erst the peasant's merry pipe resounded. Is it not meet, think you, we write our freedom in the blood of our oppressors ? The Cygani sports not the gem of moist-eyed pity, nor wears the lowly mien of timid mercy. Born amid wilds, and nursed on sunny heaths, we bear the brown blush on our wanton cheeks. 'Tis our boast to be the playmates of the winds, and the denizens of the elements. Inured to bold adventure, we herd in the forest, and track the wolf and wild boar to

be gathered from an epistle of Michael Brutus, ad Crotonem, lib. 3, p. 332. ann. 1577. The reader may be inclined to infer from the following passage, that their irruption into Transylvania occurred at a still earlier era than that which we have assigned : "*La plus commune opinion et la plus vraisemble est que du tems de Charlemagne la nation Saxonne, qui resista si long tems à la puissance de cet Empereur, fut obligée de quitter l'Allemagne pour eviter d'être entièrement exterminée. Une grande partie se retira en Hongrie, et de la en Transylvanie.*"—Mem. du Comte Betlem Nicklos.

Bonfinius, Dec. 1. lib. ix., would seem to be the authority for the foregoing, in which he was followed by Thuanus Histor, lib. xi. p. 244. We believe both to have been in error ; but our reasons for holding that opinion cannot be compressed within the limits of a note. Let the first coming of the Saxons have been when it may, their posterity constitute, at the present day, a considerable portion of the population of Transylvania.

their familiar den; nor will we ever abandon our liberal lives for domes, where man to man is bound in servitude. We disdain the thrall,—we are at eternal war with your chartered tyrannies, and, that our untamed spirits may be free for evermore, we shun your vassalage, keep aloof from your walled vars and cities—spit upon your laws, and for redress,—we need it not.”

“But, by Sigismund, your grant shall truly be held inviolate,” observed Swartz.

“Oh!—ay,” rejoined Unna, with a half-suppressed sneer; “that, you mean, of the Bishop of Funfkirchen to my husband. Well, from the king Mathias, down to our present regent, with one single exception,—with one single exception, (mark me!) agent of Sigismund, *that of John of Zapola*, it has been observed and countersigned, and shall, if ever George Martinuzzi cease to rule, still be held inviolate; but not by that boy!—Luke Swartz,—not by that boy.”

The baffled diplomatist stood for a long time motionless, with his head bent down. “By whom, then, good Unna?” he at length inquired. Is the child, Czerina, likely to uphold your peoples’ privileges, so zealously, as would a kiral, who will feel himself indebted to your testimony, for the possession of his rightful inheritance?”

“Her weakness were our security,” returned Unna; “but she, alas! is out of the question. The cardinal purposes, after raising the seige of Coloswar, formally to deprive her of all these territories.”

“Whom, then, would he make sovereign?” demanded Swartz, exhibiting symptoms of surprise.

“Himself,” answered Unna; “but since that Vicchy is led to fancy his heretic daughter heir of Hungary, the secret, you wot of, may get wind, and his eminence’s proud character, may receive such a shock, that,—though that remains to be proved. Enough, Luke Swartz; neither you, nor any living, need hope to antedate a doom, which lies knit up, and woven in the skein of events. I

pierce your politics, sir! you are now commissioned to Queen Isabella, and, I doubt not, design still further to commit Eissenburg to your cause, under illusory visions of grandeur. I have only one word to object to this: you go not to Hermanstadt at all. Eissenburg is no longer a prisoner, but attends the regent to Coloswar; and, for the queen!—*mark my prediction*, Swartz. Whosoever would reveal to the widow of King John, the deception practised on her, before he opens his lips, will receive the penalty of his officious daring; whether you credit me or not, my words are binding, as the iron shackles of destiny, and, herein, will be verified in blood. You are a wise man, I know," she shortly added, in a tone of bitter contempt; "and will not be sorry to escape the risk,—however, if you hesitate, the means are at hand to enforce obedience. Now, for your answer?"

Even while Unna was speaking, Swartz had revolved the matter over, and, ere she had concluded, he had decided on the course of action, it behoved him to pursue. The exquisite wariness and deep vindictiveness of this man's character, were qualities, perhaps, incompatible with the possession of any extraordinary intrepidity. Indeed it was almost essential to such a temperament that he wanted that degree of courage, which his persisting in his original intention would have inferred. Not that Swartz entertained the least faith in Unna's prophetic endowments; but he had reason to think, that she had the means of bringing about the fulfilment of her sinister prediction, by physical agencies, and he feared, that in case of opposition, she would have small scruple to employ them. Besides, being, to all intents, in her power, he saw he must submit to the will of his arbitress, if he would not put his life in instant jeopardy. He, therefore, intimated his acquiescence in her wishes, and requested leave immediately to retrace his steps, to where his hapless charge was deposited. Unna turned from the speaker without a word. She stood wrapt, and composed her

wrinkled brow, as if to deep thought. "To think," she muttered in an indrawn voice, "that Alaric, having had that youth once captive, should have suffered him to break bounds, maddens me! Had he known ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> was committed to his tender mercies!" Then, abruptly facing her companion, she said, "Whether you obtain your liberty depends on yourself; you must again resign the person of Sigismund into the custody of Count Ragotzy."

From whatever cause, Swartz kept silence. "Point out the exact spot where, at this moment, the youth lurks, and you are free," rejoined the gipsy.

Swartz still hesitated, fearful of hazarding a reply.

"Seek not to equivocate; but speak," said Unna.

"I cannot, if I would," at length, returned the keeper. "He is beyond my reach, having joined the predatory bands of the Wallachian."

"Of whom?" asked Unna.

"Of the Vilez, Richter Iwan," answered Swartz.

A livid and hideous smile deformed the ever rigid features of the old hag, and the hues of her yellow and withered countenance brightened. The nature of the response she would have rendered, however, cannot be affirmed, for, at that moment, the door opened, and a gipsy entering the hovel, in great seeming haste, communicated with Unna in their peculiar dialect. "Guide him hitherward," said the ancient crone, and the ragged messenger disappeared.

"Martinuzzi approaches," she cried, turning to Swartz; "so the subject we are discussing must be adjourned. Say," she continued, "with a peculiar expression of countenance, which had something insulting in it, "are you prepared to encounter the preserver of your life?" The blood of Swartz ran cold in his veins, and his thin face whitened to the hue of death, as, bending an imploring look on his companion, with a vehement motion, expressive of the undisguised extremity of instant fear, he deprecated the having to come in contact with the

regent. Unna glanced at him from head to foot, and her wrinkled visage contorted into a smile, the expression of which, superior to contempt, made his very blood to creep. After luxuriating in his manifest terrors for awhile, she observed, "If you would avoid meeting Martinuzzi, you will have to submit to close confinement, during the interval of his stay."

Eagerly, Swartz intimated his consent, when the gipsy raised the arras, and, stooping, indicated with her finger, a small door, ajar. "There, retire," said Unna, "and abide my will, but deceive not thyself with vain hopes. Shouldst thou even obtain the ear of Isabella, it were to no purpose. Thou wouldst act wiser to dig thine own grave, than seek to bring this tale to light; for no stratagem upon earth can avert the destiny of the tale-bearer." Here the sound of footsteps, close at hand, hastened the movements of the keeper. Obeying the direction of his hostess's eyes, he passed rapidly through the narrow portal, and found himself in substantial darkness.

## MANUSCRIPT XXI.

"*Sunt patrem regni, sunt qui dixere tyrannum.*"

"*Fallitur egregio quisque sub principe credit  
Servitium: nunquam libertas gratior exstat,  
Quam sub rege pio.*"

*A Tory.*

We have no room to detail the particulars of what passed, subsequent to the exit of Swartz, in the cave-dwelling of the ancient Boszorkany. Martinuzzi did not make long tarryance there, and on his departure, as he lifted the latch of the low, small outer door of the hut; "I go," he said, and the eye of the warrior brightened up; "I go, to measure swords with Piadena."

"May victory wait upon your arms, as your cause is just!" answered Unna.

"Tis that of my country," exclaimed Martinuzzi, with solemn energy.

"And her queen!" added the gipsy.

"Hungaria!" said Martinuzzi, and quitted the hut.

Unna remained, in the same position, for several minutes, after her visitor was gone. "Brave and incomparable spirit!" she exclaimed, "in the fortress of thy fame, there is but one point left unguarded, and through that, thou art doomed to fall. It is a childish puling humanity of thine, that would let a viper sting thee twice to the heart. Swartz's body, at my hands, thou mayest indeed require,



but it shall be in death, too late for thine own sake, perchance, yet in time for the security of Count Ragotzy, and his Cygani menyasgony.\* I'll wait, however, till I hear further of Richter Iwan's new recruit,—he was too wandering to understand me that night; and Swartz may not have whispered in his ear, the nobleness of his origin; or, say he have, where is his proof? To time and the course of events, I refer for answer." In this resolution of being guided by circumstances, we leave the gipsy Unna.

It was sun-set, and the sailing clouds, like a rich argosy, bore bravely their freight of gold and silver, and the long shadows of Coloswar were projecting, in deeper and blacker shade, when the last division of the Hungarian patriots debouched, from under the leafy arches of the forest, upon a more open country, within a few miles of the beleaguered city. The regent's lines were being marked out, in front of the deep and twilight woods, on an elevated mound of earth, flanked by the lesser Samos, along whose banks the different leaders pitched their several tents, each surmounted by his proper banner; whilst at a little greater distance to the right, the supernumerary war-steeds were grazing at large. The woods resounded with the din of preparation. Here were artificers "accomplishing the knights," and fabricating warlike engines against the morrow. There were smiths and carpenters, occupied with their glowing forges, and deafening hammers. The appearance of so many gallant animals at apparent liberty,—the graceful forms of the men, as they were actively employed, in digging trenches, fixing pallisadoes, or running up the canvass tenements,—the scarcely waving branches of the dense wood, which hedged in the war-like amphitheatre, formed an animated foreground; while to the right, the eye caught partial glimpses, through the beautiful autumnal barrier, of the

\* Cygani menyasgony—gipsy bride.

Abbey of Coloswar. Farther still, at the opposite side of the river, which was crossed by the sun's glancing light, his last effulgence gleamed on the spears and helmets of the advanced post-guard of the imperial host, lighting up the dense forest scenery beyond (which gradually bulged into gentler ascents, and larger swells of variegated woodland), and leaving finally a rim of burnished splendour along the blue line of the Bagartolke mountains, which (softened down, and suffused with a slight vapour, that caught the setting ray) closed the view in the haze of distance.

Martinuzzi was on horseback, surrounded by many of his capitaines and chief officers. Among the rest, Valentinian, Count Turascus, rode by his side. At the period of our tale, this magnat held the rank of commander-in-chief of the Hungarian army. He, moreover, exercised the functions, properly belonging to the office of palatine; which, since the death of Stephen Bathori, in 1535, had fallen into abeyance:—to this dignity, it was the avowed intention of Martinuzzi, to exalt him; but, owing to circumstances, the palatinate came not to be re-established, until a few years after the date of our present story, when it was revived, for a short period, in the person of Thomas Nadastis.\* Near Turascus, was the graf Maylat, the son of that Stephanus Maylat, whose turbulence had troubled, not a little, the latter years of the reign of King John. Not far off, rode the Baron Balassi, the friend and compatriot of Maylat, and Thomas Nadastis, the uncle of the young graf. They had joined in the insurrection of Turascus, and were among the last bold men, who asserted the independence of their "order," equally disputing the right of the late king, to will his

\* Since the death of Nadastis, the duties of this high office have been repeatedly performed by lieutenants, not holding the rank of palatine. In like manner, as in England, the chancellorship is sometimes put into commission. See Gasp. Tongell, Catalog. Palat. Reg. Hung. in Scriptores Reg. Hung. near the end of vol. 2.

authority, and that of Martinuzzi to assume it. Besides these, there were gathered together a crowd of nobles and knights,—all eminent for the greatness of their fortunes and families; or for their ecclesiastical and civil dignities. Summoned by the voice of the herald, and in obedience to the bloody glaive, that Martinuzzi had transmitted through the land, they attended the rendezvous, with the men-at-arms of their captaincies. Here were Stephanus Dobus, afterwards so famous for standing the siege of Agria; Mark Horwith, and Nicholas Zrinii, successively the governors of Zigeeth, in the defence of which, they came to immortalize their names: Balthasar Zrinii, the son of the former; together with the powerful Barons Barcotius, George Tury, Mark Lilinensius, Melchior Balus, Scapha Vaida, John Banffy, and a long list of others, equally gentle, and of hardly less note. These were the principal magnats of Hungary, and were every one conspicuous for their own merits, or prided themselves on some desert of ancestry, handed down by the diploma of centuries. In addition to the forces at the command of these various chieftains, many of the principal cities of Transylvania had responded to his orders, and sent forth their fighting men to the field. Troops of horse, and bodies of foot soldiers, were observed for many preceding days, debouching through the forests, to join their countrymen. Martinuzzi, however, was well aware, that a large proportion of his captains were lukewarm partizans at the best. Most of the exiled noblemen, whose allodial possessions lay beyond the Theisse, followed him in consideration of his reputation in the art of war, seeing no other feasible means of speedily recovering their forfeited estates; whilst the Transylvanian lords, Barcotius, Nadastis, and others, had long felt the independence of their authority sadly curtailed, and their dignity sullied in the eyes of their feudatories, by the supremacy of the court of Hermanstadt. They were, therefore, desirous of

transferring the seat of the government to Buda, and so relieving their immediate territory of so strict and impartial a supervisor, as the regent: neither of these parties took the field, from the unmixed motive of love of country, or were otherwise much inclined to uphold the arbitrary sway of their ruler, longer than it subserved their own views; but there remained a third faction, whose politics went much further. Several of the leaders, fired with indignation, at the impending usurpation of Martinuzzi, and pitying the forlorn state of their youthful sovereign, were using their best endeavours to come to terms with the invader, deeming the interests of the daughter of King John, safer in the hands of the house of Hapsburg, although an enemy, than under the sinister auspices of her ambitious guardian. Some few of these latter, were in the secret of Isabella's wishes, to whose ears the death, or captivity, of the regent, were more welcome tidings, than would be a battle fought and won. Martinuzzi, though he might not be exactly cognizant of the extent of the defection, knew wherein lay the weakness of his force; and, to countervail any treasonable practices of the Hungarian magnats, had, for some time, maintained in his pay (as we elsewhere explained), a troop of mercenaries, in the capacity of body guard. These, from their fidelity, steady discipline, and indomitable courage, were reputed the *elite* of the regent's force. They amounted to twelve thousand men-at-arms, three-fourths of whom were infantry.

" They sold their blood for foreign pay,  
The camp their home, their law the sword,  
They knew no country."\*

On the steady services of these mercenaries, Martinuzzi principally relied, and they well merited his confidence. The cardinal, as was his invariable rule, during his cam-

\* The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

paign, had cast aside his ecclesiastic habit, and his gold embossed accoutrements had little to distinguish him from the high-born magnats, who followed him to the field.

"Turascus," said Martinuzzi, in a low tone, which reached no other ears than those, for which it was intended; "I would not interrupt this business of pitching our tents, though truly, if all turn out, as I anticipate, it will be labour to little purpose."

"Wherefore, your eminence," replied Turascus in the same key, "not inform the capitannies, you intend surprising the enemy during the night."

"Even that he may indeed be taken by surprise," said Martinuzzi; "see you not, that, of these self-styled patriots, one half is false, and t'other half fickle? If we would not find Piadena drawn out in battle array, we must keep close counsel, my friend, till the moment for action. Our setting about these works, as if for a settled encampment, will blind all parties; and once get them engaged, without having previously held correspondence with yon outposts, and I'll ensure my heroes playing an honourable part, through sheer necessity. Within an hour, Quendi Ferens must have crossed, and he has engaged to hold the enemy employed, until our main army take its position, on the opposite banks of the Samos. I shall not stir, however, till I receive the despatch I look for; then, only let Raoul time well his sally from Coloswar, and, by the Holy Trinity! ere sunrise, we shall have a good account to render to Ferdinand, of his audacious ambassador."

"Every thing promises fairly," observed Turascus.

"Truly, my lord," said Martinuzzi, "unless the blow we aim be decisive, it were better never stricken. I left Mark Antoine Ferraro, the secretary of this Piadena, half persuaded of my submission to his master's will. I felt my defiance were best learned in the discomfiture of the Austrian arms. The regality he proffered, as the price

of my winking at his invasion of Transylvania, please God ! shall never be at a foreigner's disposal."

He paused, and Turascus was necessarily silent, for he feared, at the moment, to trust his voice in answer.

"If Providence," continued Martinuzzi, "will have me weigh my head with the holy crown of St. Stephen, I must wear it, Count Turascus, by virtue of the sword that accompanies it. Hungary and Transylvania, while I hold sway, shall be held in fief of no potentate in Europe." Martinuzzi's eye brightened with his theme.

"Has your eminence any intention, then?" interrogated Turascus, after a short pause, in a stifled tone.

"Stranger things have happened in Hungary, my lord," interrupted the cardinal. "The Magyari will scarcely be sorry, for they will remember our national adage."

"The crosier hath doubtless ever proved an easy sceptre, but I know no example of its having been exerted as such, save by right of office, and in conformity to the laws," said Turascus, with a brow somewhat overclouded, and with more distance of manner than before.

"Tis critical sport, trifling on the verge of fate," rejoined Martinuzzi, changing a topic, which he began to find embarrassing. "Have the pontoons been thrown across the stream, over against yon grove?"

"By incessant labour, that necessary preliminary is all but accomplished," replied Turascus. "The volunteer knight, bearing neither crest or plume on helmet, nor cognizance on shield,—our vizor'd compatriot in this expedition, has the present ordering of the work. I will now, however, with your leave, join him, and see to their completion;" and Turascus turned his horse's head, in the direction of the grove.

"I hope to ford soon after midnight, my lord," said Martinuzzi, as he reined his own courser aside. "We shall have the advantage of the moon; and Turascus—" Martinuzzi paused, till he again got his horse neck and

neck, with that of the general, when he subjoined, in a slow and significant voice—"I'd recommend your holding small speech with that nameless knight; my reasons you shall learn hereafter, when you will allow my caution was not given without cause. Now, time presses—I will detain you no longer."

The countenance of Turascus exhibited some marks of his surprise; he made no reply, however, and after an obeisance of unwonted gravity, returned with an infinitely less degree of stiffness, he gave his steed the rein, and dashed a-head like an arrow.

The character of the defender of Buda, seems to have been that of an honourable man, and a lover of his country; and although ever ready to espouse the interests of Isabella, Martinuzzi did not, on that account, hesitate to name him commander-in-chief of the Hungarian army. So that the military ability of the general, he had vanquished, proved one of the main pillars of the regent's authority.

Turascus, deeming that any further manifestation in favour of the co-ordinate sway of the queen regent, would only eventually militate against the fortunes of her daughter, had long tacitly submitted to Martinuzzi's usurped authority. Like our own Blake, a century later, he was content to do the state good service, though the existing government was one, whose title he neither acknowledged, nor approved of. In common with other Hungarian magnats, he was governed by nearly similar feelings to those, which Appian of Alexandria well describes to have favourably influenced the Roman people, towards the tyranny of Sylla; they thought it called in question their humanity (*φιλανθρωπία*), to hate that power, how tyrannical soever it were, that was joined with the public good.\*

\* See Appian, *Εμφυλίων*, the 1st book. But, indeed, this author and placeman was a sad Tory. We refer the reader to a passage, some few pages after the sentiment quoted above, beginning *καὶ μοι θαῦμα κατα-*

"So, that, which I all along misdoubted, is now too evident," communed Turascus with himself, as he bent his course towards the Samos. "This raven has *canceled* so long over the royal unicorn, \* only to ensure inevitably the destruction of his victim. But it will hardly consist with my gratitude and honour, to stand by, and witness the fell swoop. Yet what remains? Am I called upon to jeopardy the independence of my country, which only this prelate, of all *men* living, can and will uphold, in the teeth of king and kaisar, for the sake of a name; and perhaps, after all, by my interference, only precipitate his measures of violence? Am I, in fate's despite, to essay, how long the feeble grasp of feminine authority can hold the truncheon of command, whose weight, in a realm so fierce as ours, must depend entirely on the firmness and dexterity of the hand, which *sways* it? 'Tis a nice point for a sorry casuist like me. At all events, these insolent invaders must first receive their merited chastisement, and then, perhaps—"

*φαίηται*. Appian's works abound in such. Whether it be to his credit or otherwise, this deponent saith not; we state a fact, but disclaim all inference. Appian, however, be it observed, was scarcely so servile a courtier as some other writers under the empire; for instance, Dion Cassius. See the opening of that historian's 44th book.

\* In allusion to the escutcheon of Martinuzzi, wherein he aptly introduced a unicorn, the ensign of the house of Zapola, and a raven, being that of the monastery where he was educated. Itaque in scuto, says his chronicler, quo deinceps usus fuit Martinusius visitur Unicornis Zapoliurum insigne, (Wagner, *Analecta Scep.* p. 4.) et corvus imminens signum ordinis religiosi Paulinorum, cujus auctorem divum Paulum eremitum, corvi ministeris nutritum ferunt. The following verses, on the occasion of Martinuzzi's erecting some magnificent edifices, throw a light on the origin of this device. They are by a contemporary writer.

Quasivit præsul virtute Georgius ampla  
Hæc arma et titulos, natus de stirpe Croata  
Hic unicorni et corvum prebere alimenta  
Cernis, sic fide et curis vigilantibus aptus  
Assidue regi stadtuit servire Joanni,  
Et posuit impensis longuine hæc præmia fame.—MDXLII.



The irregularity of the ground soon obscured the palatine elect, from the view of the regent, as, turning his steed in a different direction, he rode slowly alongside of the Grafs Maylat and Balassi, and another capitany; who, regardless of his noble companions, was apparently amusing himself, by curbing the mettle of the animal he bestrode, so as to restrict his gamesome mood within the narrowest limits. Some such caracole of the manège, the writer confesses to have sometime played off, by dint of spur and curb, that he might catch admiring maidens' eyes, and frighten babes withal. In the present case, however, the quadruped seemed to be putting forth his paces for his proper pastime; the rider, indeed, restrained his managed steed, with that habitual skill and slight handling of the reins, and imperceptible pressure of the limbs, which betokened the experienced horseman; but the reasoning instinct of the brute came somehow to divine, that the directing mind was amissing, so he thought fit to evince his contempt for mere finger and thumb, by persisting in his prancings and curvets, when, according to all the rules of equitation, he should have obeyed the rein. The spurred and belted knight in question, was far advanced in years, and the few white hairs, which parted below the helmet, over the forehead, crowned with venerableness an aspect, which, even in other respects, was exceedingly prepossessing. This latter epithet may seem inapplicable to the physiognomy of age, but 'tis a phrase to our taste, since, barring our philanthropy, where lovely young women are in the case, all of human sympathy remaining to us, is centred (albeit not superannuated ourselves) on virtuous senility.

"Banffy," said the regent, coming close up to the bridle-rein of the venerable magnat, "I have noted, with uneasiness, thou hast kept aloof, since what time we set out on this excursion. Such is not thy wont, my friend; wherein have I offended?"

The cavalier made no answer, being, apparently, too

much occupied in watching the play of the sun-beams, on the craggy summit of the Bagartolke hills. After a minute's pause, the regent resumed.

"Why man, the gloom on thy brow will not be lightened, or refract yon brightness of the mountain top, by turning thy face to the west. Instruct me, that I may expiate my involuntary transgression."

Banffy looked graver than before, as, with a stiff, formal inclination, whose humility mingled the feather of his helmet, with his horse's mane, he replied: "It would ill beseem one of my condition, to comment on your eminence's conduct."

Maylat turned aside his head, to hide the irrepressible sneer, that stole athwart his countenance.

"Nay now, you mock us," returned the cardinal, "and 'tis clear there's more in this. My lord, does our hurried movement dislike you?"

A glow of fierce pride, overspread the countenance of the ancient chief, but he made no reply, for near a minute: "My lord cardinal," he at length exclaimed, with uncontrollable energy: "'Tis now five-and-twenty years, since Spanish hirelings, and Austrian levies, laid waste my rich possessions, pillaged my castles, and driving away my flocks and herds, left John Banffy, neither food, nor covering, and all for what, your eminence? For his inviolable attachment to his anointed king. When the good dame prayed me, on her knees, that I would heed the overtures of Ferdinand, I spurned her where she knelt, and gave her to know, I had but one wife. and one sovereign, and that my loyalty to John of Zapola, was based on an oath, as sacred, as that of my fidelity to my spouse.\* With yourself, my reverend lord, I waited on the royal exile, in the house of Jerome Lascus, and in requital, the archduke left me neither hold,

\* See Pet. de Reva, cent. vi. in script. Hung. p. 714.

nor hearth,—land, nor *exutors*, nor living thing, unrifled, unscathed, unslain, in all the broad country of my fathers. The ashes of my kindred, and my king, loudly call on me, never to desert my loyalty ; and, by the holy rood ! the brief, and only hours of happiness, I have since passed, are those, when, with harness on my back, and my true sword in my hand, I raise my battle-cry, of Banffy and revenge !”

The Counts Maylat and Balassi, turned their looks upon each other, and exchanged glances, of peculiar meaning ; and the old chieftain, after a moment, added ; “ Judge, from what I have said, how far it is likely, your sudden expedition troubles me.”

There may have been something, in the above pouring forth of the ancient capitany, that did not well attune with the feelings of him, to whom it was addressed. Banffy's delivery may have been over-vehement, and so have jarred on the regent's ear ; or worse, his allusions may have jarred on the regent's conscience. We only know, that Mártinuzzi, after labouring to conceal a movement of resentment, coldly remarked, in return :—

“ I must, then, have been under a mistake, my lord,” and, without another word, he walked his horse a little space forward.

“ Your lordship is monstrous bitter, this fine afternoon, methinks,” cried young Maylat, approaching nearer the Count Banffy.

“ How so ?” gruffly inquired Banffy.

“ Could you entertain his highness, with nought but themes of loyalty, and fidelity, and such anti-Mohachian subjects ? Know you not, they are grown out of favour, since King Lewis lost his life, and crown, by going his own gait ? You are not in the mode.”

“ 'Twas too cutting, my lord, by my faith ! to raise the memory of your meeting in Poland,” observed Balassi, who had just joined the speakers.

"And worse to allude, with such caustickness, to John of Zapola," proceeded Maylat; "whose very name is wormwood, in the ear of his eminence."

The nobles stopped, and their hearer remained silent. for some moments, ere he replied, with considerable sternness: "I neither know, nor wish to know, your meaning, gentlemen. I can imagine no ears, in which the name of Zapola, should sound more bitterly, than in his, young sir, whose father, by his traitorous deeds, brought on the last illness of that good king; or his, my lord," (turning to Balassi) "who was, himself, in open and avowed hostility, at the time of John's decease," and saying these words, the old chief, to abridge further communication, gave his steed the rein, and galloped off."

"Thank Heaven, he has left us," said Maylat; "he's like an unstrung viol, that strikes too harsh a note, and jars all ears alike. But ha! what savage fellow's this!" he suddenly exclaimed, waving his hand, with a gesture of forbiddance. "Hold to your saddle, Balassi! Stand back, horrible abortion! and fright not our horses from their paces!"

This adjuration was addressed to a wild, and hirsute object, which that instant darted into the midst, from beyond the dark boles, that, in that quarter, walled in the view. The figure was that of a man, round whose loins was wrapt a fragment of goatskin, over which flowed a loose cloak, of the same raw material. The arms, feet, and legs, were bare, and the ghastliness of his aspect might be termed sepulchral. The long, elf locks, guiltless of comb or scissors, descended, in sable flakes, about his neck and shoulders, and hanging down, around his extenuated and cadaverous visage, mingled with a beard of extravagant length. The large, black eyes rolled, with all that vague brilliancy and fire, alike akin to genius, and madness; and which almost seem proper to the temperament of such zealots, as are inclined to indulge, in the imprudent fervours of religion. His stature

was of a height, that bordered on the gigantic; and the long strides of his sprawling limbs, followed one another with such rapidity, that he measured the space between the greenwood shade, and the young count, ere Maylat had ceased speaking.

"Ha! know you not the renowned Dr. Stancari?" returned Balassi; "who would mulct the Godhead of two-thirds of his glory, although, in his single person, he incarnates the triple spirit of law, divinity, and physic. Dr. Stancari, the upholder of the divine right of 'the powers that be:'\* the army's leech, and, under favour of his eminence be it spoken, their spiritual guide and cynosure."

"His reverence's fame has spread far and wide," answered Maylat, with affected deference, while his lip scarcely curled, with an ironical smile; "but I shame to own, this is my first introduction."

"Doctor, what's in the wind," demanded Balassi; "that you burst upon us so abruptly?"

"I am emboldened herein," replied the learned Orson, "even as one, who bringeth good tidings; my feet have been urged to the uttermost, yea, they have been unto me, as the feet of Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok, and I have not slackened my speed."

"Whence comest thou in such hot haste?" again inquired Balassi.

"From the half-tribe of Manassez," answered the examinee, after a long pause.

"Speak plain, man," cried Maylat; "what tribe?"

Stancari hesitated. "I come from the strong hold of Coloswar," said he at length.

"At whose behest?" again interrogated the chief.

"At that of his excellence, even Count Raoul, the castellan of the city."

"Ha! by what stratagem didst contrive to elude the

\* Nic. Olah. Comp. Su. Æt. Chron.

vigilance of the besiegers' outposts?" exclaimed Balassi.

"That is a secret for the ears of the man of Baal."

"I wot not whom you mean," said Maylat; "there's no such town as Baal, in all Hungary."

"He stands arrayed in the gorgeous livery of Babylon," continued Stancari.

"The dog raves; there's no such person!" cried Maylat.

"Who was't wrought great deeds in times past, and even now, girdeth his loins, and hath set up a standard in the land, and will, peradventure, work out the delivery of his country, even as Judas Maccabeus, the son of Mattathias, saved Israel, of yore? Verily, he is the man I would behold."

"What does the arch-heretic prate of?" said Maylat.

"Heretic!" exclaimed the doctor, indignantly; "ay, 'tis the common term of ignominy on all, who dissent from the abominations and authority of Antichrist."

"Methinks, thou art nearer Antichrist than any here. you libellous charlatan! What warrant have you for preaching against his holiness the pope, and reviling the blessed saints?"

"My warrant is contained in the Book of Life!" answered the doctor: "verily, I say unto you, I am one, raised up to break in pieces the brazen serpent, and call it Nehushtan, and to testify against the idolatries of Bell, and point to the *integros fontes*, — shouting unto ye aloud, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.'"

"A pretty pass for the church, truly," rejoined Balassi: "if she heeded the invitation of visionaries like thee, who haunt the path of paradise, and flutter, like the bee, about its perennial blossoms, but, unlike the bee, only to extract poison from their sweets! Even John Huss, whose unbelief brought him to the stake, spake reverently of the Holy Trinity; but thou! — what arch

devil is't, that prompts thee to out-heretic the heretics, and question the Godhead of Jesus Christ?"\*

"Verily, is it not written," answered Dr. Stancari, "Unus est mediator Dei et hominum, homo Christus?"—homo—do you mark; and again——"

"Have done with thy blasphemous jargon!" interrupted Maylat, "and interpret thy tidings to us."

"That were impossible," replied Stancari, "inasmuch, as they are contained in a missive to your regent;—where shall I fall in with him?"

"Affairs of import detain his highness just now; but you may relieve yourself of your commission, and we will do your message," returned Balassi.

"Verily, I ask not your aid," said Stancari; "is not your country desolate?—your cities burned with fire?—do not strangers devour it in your presence?—is it not their overthrow? It is no small matter I am upon—I will not be delayed—I will seek the man of Belial myself."

"Do you distrust us, Italian dunghill?" hotly exclaimed Maylat.

"My lords," returned Stancari, "I am about the embassy of the state,—stay me not."

On the word, the doctor hastened forwards, leaving his noble interlocutors, for a moment, abaft and disconcerted, looking like the "two witty peers" unto whom "Johnny Trott" "taught a moral lesson," as reported among the minor effusions of one of our most delightful versifiers.†

"By heavens! this cast will make or mar us," cried Balassi, eagerly, standing on his stirrups, "the villain turns to his left;—ha! he hies him to the regent's tent. Now then, for one bold stroke! Martinuzzi, providen-

\* Is it not probable that the Unitarians in Transylvania, who, at this day, are a numerous and increasing body in that province, might trace their origin to the preachings of Dr. Stancari?

† Goldsmith.

to the snow-drifted hall: stay here. — I'll be back on the instant."

"What do you intend?" inquired Maylat, amazedly.

"This is no moment for explanation," returned Balassi. "Only keep a strict look out, after the motions of that shadowy dog. — every thing depends on that; this dog's eye will fire." So saying, Balassi galloped off, at full speed, not waiting any answer.

The young girl, though without well apprehending the import of Balassi's intentions, not the less attended the progress of the doctor, with the utmost vigilance of his eye. The wounded son had disappeared amid the grate-ful murmur of a thousand choristers, but something of his form was yet behind, and yet gilded the loftier branches of the forest, though his yellow light no longer yblent upon the snow-white earth, on whose bosom he had momentarily reposed. A few stars looked forth from the blue, new sky, in vast white long fleecy streaks, that but a while ago, conveyed their cargo of precious hues, over the dark, and dreary wild figure of Stancari mingled with the dark, and shadowy of twilight, and was seen no more. The stars shone on a solitary earth, where stood the lofty towers of the castle, rising its snowy cone, in strong relief against the blue firmament, still and silent, as a dead monument. The power breath of twilight now waled over the snow-covered and the sea and deepening woods, where Balassi remained, at the head of a small body of men, who were waiting for him.

"What time is it?" he asked impatiently, as the dog came back.

"At least half past eight," the other's purpose, indicated, as the twilight of Stancari, darkening in the snow.

"What a wretched dog!" exclaimed Balassi, as the dog approached: — "Heaven avert the evil consequences of this last wrong befall!"

The dog, having conveyed their horses to the castle, returned, and the whole body rapidly moved for-



wards, in the direction pursued by Stancari. As they were advancing into the shadows of the camp, the military made a sudden halt, and refused to introduce themselves to the inside of the tent. In vain Balassi remonstrated; they unanimously alleged their disinclination to proceed, without the regent's command.

"What perverseness!" exclaimed Maylat; "the steel of the assassin may be, even now, aimed at his eminence's life!"

"The regent's orders are imperative, that none, on any pretence, should intrude, whenever his pennon-staff is planted at the entrance of his tent," observed the spokesman of the party.

The grafts retired a few paces, and conferred together for an instant; then, bidding the men-at-arms remain where they stood, they crept beneath the canvass enclosure, and disappeared from view. The newly-pitched tenement was spacious, and the shades of night wrapt the apartment, wherein Maylat and Balassi now found themselves, in deep gloom. For a minute after they recovered their erect attitude, the chiefs paused irresolute under the canopy. They could perceive, by the aid of a lamp, whose flickering light made half transparent the veil-like partition, which divided the tent, the shade of a solitary figure, moving in the adjoining apartment. It was, probably, the man they sought, but they could not be sure, that it was not some different person.

"Keep guard here, and be still," said Balassi, to his companion, in a hushed whisper; then, on tiptoe, the count crossed to the side, which was illumined by the shadowy light, from the adjoining division. He drew his sword, and cautiously made a slight rent, by pricking the back curtain of the tent with his weapon. Placing his eye against the aperture, he gazed into the apartment. What he there beheld, apparently struck him with amazement, and he slightly started back: the involuntary movement attracted the attention of him within;

for, on Balassi again applying his orb of vision to the canvass slit, he remarked that individual standing, in a listening attitude, and the next moment, saw him step forward, and put aside, a sort of figured hanging, which served to conceal the communication between the two divisions of the pavilion.

The count would now have silently effected his retreat, but, in his first hurried movement to that end, he met with an obstruction in a quarter, where he least looked for it—he felt himself suddenly embraced, and his arms pinioned forcibly to his side. At first, the graf's idea was that he was seized by Maylat. "Fire and furies! are you mad?" he demanded in a suppressed voice. The curtain at this moment being drawn aside, the broken ray from beyond, sufficed to darkly shadow out the contending figures. Maylat, sword in hand, rushed forward to assist his friend; it was but three paces, but ere that distance could be measured, the weapon of Balassi, having been wrested from his grasp, intercepted that of the graf Maylat, against which it clashed in mortal combat.

The figure, standing within the curtained recess, remained a silent, and seemingly unmoved spectator of the inexplicable scene. Presently, a noise without, like the gathering hum of armed footsteps, is heard, and the flame of torches, flashing against the canvass walls of the tent, gradually, though still dimly, lighted up the interior,—there the confusion approaches its height,—Maylat lies prostrate on the earth, and over him stood Dr. Stancari, ready to strike.

"Forbear!" exclaimed the individual within the entrance, in a commanding tone.

The victor reverted his head, and, at that moment, Balassi, having recovered from his first surprise, seized with vigour, the doctor's extended arm, and raised his poignard to end the strife at a blow. As Stancari staggered, and fell senseless by the side of his late antagonist, that chieftain, profiting by his opportunity, raised himself

to his feet and made off, at the same entrance, by which he had introduced himself. Balassi was in the act of stepping after him, when a sealed paper, lying near the spot, where he and Dr. Stancari first struggled in the dark, caught his eye, and with a joyful exclamation, he rushed back to obtain possession of it. The individual, who had hitherto remained stationary, now, for the first time, as if interested in that sudden action, measured a few paces, and then stooped, with the apparent view of frustrating Balassi's purpose;—but the count, having secured the paper, before the other could anticipate his movement, quickly regained the same point of egress, by which Maylat effected his retreat. He lifted the canvass, beneath which he had already half thrust his body, when another person shoved aside an opposite entrance, and passing into the pavilion, commanded the count to stay. The organ tones of that voice were neither to be mistaken nor disobeyed, and Balassi remained momentarily transfixed, as by a spear.

“Quick, quick! my friend,” cried Maylat, from without, at the same time grasping the graf's wrist. Resolving on his line of conduct with the quickness of thought, Balassi slipped the missive of Stancari, into the other's extended hand, accompanying the consignment with the deep significant whisper—“Fly! attend our appointment!” Then dropping the canvass, the graf drew back into the tent, and stood, resolved and silent, in the presence of Martinuzzi.

The regent eyed him sternly for an instant, and afterwards held serious, but brief discourse, with the other tenant of the pavilion. “I deeply regret this matter, sir,” said Martinuzzi, “and, credit me, the more so, that I forbear, since it appears to be your will, alluding to the high honour, conferred by such unexampled confidence, and to my commensurate shame at this obtrusion. Would Abu Obeidah deign to signify his wishes, in re-

spect to the inexplicable occurrence of this last half-hour?"

"Your eminence commands here," replied the Emir, with a faint smile, and an obeisance even more dubious; then, after a pause he added—"You should be informed, however, that that gentleman hath obtained a letter, it may be of importance, which I rather think dropped from the girdle of the man, he hath slain."

"Francis Stancari," said Martinuzzi, casting his eyes on the bloody corpse, ever a follower of camps, with the fiendish hope of contaminating the souls of the men, by his pestilential heresies—otherwise, a faithful servant of his adopted country. I have proved that man—may the mercy of Christ yet save his immortal part! The charitable sentiment fell meekly from his lips, while a correspondent feeling spake in his gestures, and beamed in the "delight of his eye." An expression of derisive scorn traversed, like a cloud, the imperious visage of the Emir—he moved away in silence. "But what did I hear?" presently exclaimed the regent—"a missive! it must be a dispatch, I looked for by this time, from Quend Feroz—my lord Balassi, I will thank you for it."

"Your eminence must needs seek elsewhere," replied Balassi, nothing daunted; "the letter in request is beyond my power to get it."

"He is so," ejaculated Martinuzzi.

And Clonda slowly turned about, and looked fixedly at the face of the graft, who remained mute.

"Do you dare dispute our commands?" said Martinuzzi, and his voice trembled with emotion.

"Young master on herein, my lord," replied Balassi, with an appearance of perfect firmness. "is as bounden as you are to the one; for what right have you to a letter, unless you can show it to be your property? I have none to answer but the other, for that letter is not in my possession."

“ In Stamboul,”\* remarked Abu Obeida, addressing the surprised and indignant regent, “ we are more expert at determining rare differences between authority and treason. The twang of the bow-string never fails to convince those refractory slaves, whom rebel inclinations have drawn from their allegiance.”

Martinuzzi bit his lip, and was about to speak, but the impetuous chief again took up the word—“ and glad will the tyrant *Kanouny*† be, when the argument of the bow-string shall be the sole code of Erdély, and his capigee pashi, the only law-giver. Will he not, think you, sir Turk ?”

The blood of the Emir rushed into his face, and flushed his swarthy visage, while the big veins of his forehead, like corded lines, swelled beneath his green turban, almost to bursting. At first he motioned his hand, quicker than light to his weapon ; but as instantaneously withdrawing it, he stood mute and moveless, whilst the impatient curl of his lip, the heaving of his chest, the indignant breathing from the distended nostril, and the bloodshot eyes, rolling with hyena-like ferocity, belied his constrained silence.

Whatever impression the retorts of Balassi made on Abu Obeida, it could hardly parallel the confusion, which every muscle and movement of Martinuzzi betrayed. “ Bold traitor ! you give an undue licence to your tongue !” he exclaimed, in an imperative, though choaked voice,.. choaked with conflicting emotions, that he could not reconcile, nor keep down. Then turning to the Ottoman, he said in a deprecatory tone—“ You perceive how powerless I am herein, and are too magnanimous, to attribute the saucy diatribe of a factious regicide to my discredit, with the mighty sultan Solyman.”

Abu Obeida scowled upon both with eye of death—his

\* Constantinople.

† Kanouny : Solyman—so surnamed from his having introduced the use of cannon in Turkey.

slipped right foot beat nervously, against the rough dolman of the murdered preacher, and he muttered between his teeth, with contemptuous force, — “Powerless. truly!”

Martinuzzi, meanwhile, stood directly in the line of fire of both, exposed to the consequences of their reciprocal animosity.

“A factious regicide!” repeated Balassi, fiercely—“take back the discourteous charge—regicide! arrogant prelate! who most merits that appellation? He, who has at length thrown off the mask, when it has become too threadbare for use, and avows his design on the crown of Hungary! — He, who, even now, men say, is compassing how to glue that type of sovereignty to his traitor brow, in the blood of her highness, the lady Czerina, who, when a child, so mysteriously escaped the machinations of her guardian’s black confessor, in the vaults of Hermanstadt: — Is not such an one a regicide, rather than myself, who would peril my life to avert the destruction, which hangs over my queen?”

Martinuzzi was evidently much agitated; his breast heaved with convulsive throes, and his eyes wandered from the chieftain to the Emir, and then back, but whatever were his thoughts, he did not arrange them into speech, while, after a pause, Balassi again broke forth—

“Time and circumstance have all but sapped the feeble bulwark, your hypocrisy had erected round the truth. Think you, that men do not see through your purpose, in relieving Coloswar? There is the regalia! Oh, ’tis too palpable! where are now the columns of the land, who should uphold the throne of Hungary? Struck! crumbled! utterly fallen! — Where Pereny? in Vienna, the tenant of a dungeon, or a tomb,—by whose intrigues? — Where the constable Vicchy? outlawed.—Where Turascus? dreaming of the palatinate, under the reign of Martinuzzi!—Where my friend, the noble Maylat?—Where? answer thou, infidel!” He proceeded more vehe-

mently, approaching the Emir,—“decoyed by the bloody Peter, and assassinated by the Basha of Buda!—was he not? at the command of the circumcised despot of the East?—but by whose intrigue, hey, my lord cardinal?—ah! there’s the point.”

It would have been in vain to attempt to stem this tide of invective, at the flood; and the extreme passion of Abu Obeida grew every moment more decidedly irrepressible. He shook with suppressed rage, from limb to limb, and his livid features betrayed a strange mixture of wrath and menace.

Martinuzzi kept his eye fearfully upon the Emir, as he raised the canvass, and called out, in a feeble voice, “What, ho! my guard there!” At the word, a dozen men-at-arms passed into the pavilion. “Attach that gentleman,” said Martinuzzi. The soldiers closed round Balassi. “Search,” continued the regent, with some eagerness, though the tones of his voice were faint, “if there be a letter about his person.”

The order was observed, and a narrow scrip of paper was delivered into Martinuzzi’s hands. He rapidly glanced his eye over it. “*Fail not to rendezvous at midnight at the old hut in the forest glen.—Alaric Polgar.*”

Martinuzzi heaved a deep sigh, whilst a sereener, though perhaps, more mournful expression, succeeded the previous working of his wan features. With bland address, he turned to Abu Obeida, and again essayed to appease the storm, that Balassi had conjured in the Emir’s bosom. “I have arrested the libellous traitor, gracious sir,” he said, “even at the risk of giving further offence, by the obtrusion of my guard. Will you instruct me, how I can best wipe out the remembrance of this unfortunate business?”

Abu Obeida hardly stirred. At first, he only replied by that withering and bitter smile, with which he was wont to intimate his mortal resentment, and which, like the play of the lightning round some hideous monument,

only rendered more ghastly the fierce immobility of his countenance. He stood, coiled up in the folds of his still soul, from whose dark recess he sent forth his gleaming eyes, and fixed them on those of Martinuzzi. The regent started. There was a dangerous import in that wild, dark, and vindictive gaze, which his soul refused to read, and he waited, with painful forebodings, the explanation. "Regent of Hungary," answered the Emir, at length, speaking between his ground teeth, "whether this insult was planned, I cannot tell; — perhaps not — I think not; but your honour demands your conceding the utmost satisfaction in your power, and, however inadequate such atonement, I will even try to forget this night's deadly affront. I have, I see, exposed myself to opprobrium, and — but enough — you will grant me all, I have a right to demand."

"In what way can I evince my regret?" inquired Martinuzzi, in a faltering voice.

"Order yon officer, to cleave, at a stroke of his sabre, the villain's head, from off his shoulders," replied Abu Obeida, with dreadful calmness, though in that authoritative voice, that was rarely disobeyed.

Martinuzzi recoiled in person, as in spirit. Almost instantly, however, he resumed his dignified and upright attitude, and thus, with a countenance, beaming with contempt of consequences, and in tones, that gathered firmness, as he proceeded, made answer, — "That I am innocent in this matter, I hope I need not asseverate; that I most deeply regret your having been subjected to such indignity, more especially when confiding your person to my hospitality, and honour, I will not repeat. How much it is my interest, at this moment, to draw still closer the ties, between myself and the magnificent sultan, instead of weakening their force, I am scarcely ignorant; but, at the same time, — pardon me, gracious sir, — though this place privilege thee, thou hast presumed



too far. Heaven witness for me ! while I have breath to protest against the ignominy, never shall nobleman of Hungary and Transylvania, receive sentence of death at the mandate of a foreigner ; still less would I endure to be an accomplice in the deed, even though — again, pardon me, sir,” — he added, with a slow inclination of a head, that seldom bent to power, — “ the mighty Solymán himself dared insult George Martinuzzi, by such a proposition.”

The picture of baffled vengeance, that the gestures and countenance of Abu Obeida exhibited, was only the more striking, from the evident exertion of the Emir, to rein in his passion, or, at least, to prevent its excess becoming visible. Perhaps, for the first time in his life, he found himself in a situation, where his will was not paramount, and where the extreme licence of his vindictive disposition was set bounds to, by the resolute determination of another. The lesson was, at once, a memorable, and an excellent one ; but, unfortunately, it stood alone, in a long career of irresponsible selfishness, and only irritated the wild beast, the *θηρίον*\* of despotism, it was not likely to chasten or subdue. The frenzy of his intolerable rage threatened to tear him asunder, and, whilst he yet shook, in this state of nervous excitement, Balassi again addressed him.

“ So, sanguinary infidel !” he tauntingly cried, “ his eminence understands his position better, than to share his justice-seat with thee, or thy inhuman master. Transylvania is so far free, and the gallant Maylat’s murderer —”

“ Sends thee to hell, fool !” interrupted Abu Obeida, darting, like lightning, on the imprisoned chief. Seconding the word with the action, he plunged his glittering hangier, which he suddenly displayed, into the

\* Aristot. apud Julian, p. 261.

breast of the Hungarian. Balassi tottered for a moment, and then fell back into the arms of the guard, resigning them with blood.

It was the deed of an instant. The soldiers, rallying from their consternation, were in the act of laying hands on the Emir, when Martinuzzi commanded them to look to the wounded prisoner. The Emir, returning his dagger to its sheath, slowly retired to the adjoining apartment. Martinuzzi bent over the dying count. Life was not yet extinct, but the flux of blood was so great, that a speedy dissolution was inevitable.

"Have you ought to say, or any request to make?" asked the cardinal, with pitying tenderness of voice and manner.

"O yes," replied Balassi, in the feeble accents of death — "it is rumored abroad, that you intend to forget her lightness to wed the Austrian secretary, — is it true?"

"Suppose it were, can it concern you at such a moment? — think of your own immortal interests," answered Martinuzzi, raising a crucifix on high.

"Not speak to that point, I pray thee, — is it true?"

"Yes," said Martinuzzi.

"Change your purpose, then, I conjure you, by that name," exclaimed the count. — "Antoine Ferraro is —"

"Do not speak," leave me not in doubt! — why should you torment me with his lightness?"

"What is his name?"

"What name?" exclaimed Martinuzzi.

"What name?" replied the Magnat.

These were the last words he uttered. The next minute the flame of the lamp of Balassi's life was extinguished.

At the foot of the tent, wrapped in moody abstraction, the cardinal murmured, to himself, "and

it irks my very soul to permit the murderer go hence, unarraigned, unscathed ; but he is here in double trust, and I must e'en leave his punishment, where this, together with a thousand similar atrocities, are entered up for judgment. Heaven is just, and, when the measure of their crimes is full, will launch destruction on him, and on his impious line ;— till then, ye wrathful elements, be tranquil !”

## MANUSCRIPT XXII.

"I'll seek a better path."

FARNELL.

"Quare per tene tam lucam sub luce maligna  
Est iter in sylvis."

VIRGIL.

SOME hours may have elapsed, since the spirit of the gallant Balassi took its flight, when the broad circle of the moon, rising, like a sanguine shield, in the distant skies, dimly illuminated the tall form of a man, hurrying along the margin of the Samos, where one branch of the divided river broke, with a shallow murmur, over the sandy shore. The rapidity of his pace seemed to evince, that the business he was on, was more than commonly urgent, while his availing himself of every advantage of cover, which the superincumbent cliff, or jutting crags, occasionally presented, betrayed his consciousness, that it was of a nature, requiring caution and concealment. The long, black gaberdine, girdled round the waist, and the immense cocked-hat, hanging over the forehead, proclaimed, at once, the religion and the race of the wearer. His dress and appearance, bespoke the itinerant Jew trader, whom not the extreme risk of life and lucre,\*

\* The Jews were banished from Hungary for their frauds and speculations, by Louis II.—Furucz, Chron. Hung. part. iii. cap. 40. p. 106. and F. Furucz, Decad. v. l. v. p. 350.

could deter from perambulating the country, and hanging on the skirts of armies, to purchase the spoils of the soldiers.

Under pretence of carrying on their customary traffic in old iron, the Hebrew people would often draw forth from their wallets, articles of great rarity and value,—the plunder of camps and cities. The night was peculiarly calm and serene, and the quiet, starlit view, far from unpleasing. In the distance, dominated the stern towers and battlements of Coloswar; their tall, dark masses, dimly painted against the blue sky: and, without the city walls, from which, in those days, the edifice was even more completely cut off, by a branch of the Samos, the tapering spires of the venerable abbey, tipped by the grey moonlight, glanced, wan and spectral, in mid-air. The watch-fires of the imperial encampment gleamed, with obscure lustre, on the high down afar off; and the spreading roofs of the warlike tenements, which distance, and the effulgent light, turned to silver, whitened the rising grounds; while, along the opposite shore of the Samos, the bosom of the clear stream mirrored the scattered trees, that skirted irregularly its banks, amid the illumination of innumerable bonfires, that darted their glowing light, across the undulating surface of the water. These had been kindled by the peasantry, at a little distance from the course of the river, as snares for cray-fish.

We have said the night was calm; but it was redeemed from lonesomeness, by the low murmur that, rolling off from the imperial camp, floated on the air, like the expressive voice of silence. All was hushed, in unison with the still slumbering scenery, and noontide hour, save when occasionally a bird was heard, hoarsely booming among the shallows, and the sound of creeping wavelets, as they just kissed the shore, and sunk to sleep with their own fruition, fell softly on the sense, like die-away-lovers' sighs; or when, at due intervals, the monotonous chal-

lence of the sentinel along the ramparts, came mellowed by distance on the ear, returned by the single doleful howl of many a wakeful wolf-dog, from within the city, and the adjacent country. The Israelite pursued his undeviating path, for more than a mile alongside the river, when a curvature of its banks brought him within point of view of a small skiff, seemingly floating at rest on the limpid bosom of the water, within a stone's throw off the shore.

"This is most opportune," said the wayfarer to himself. "In the neighbourhood of Coloswar, on the eve of battle, and at such an hour too! However, it will save me a full league from a wetting, though the fellow standing in that bark, methinks, must have addled his wits, to loiter there, it might have been till the new moon, waiting for a fare."

Thus marvelling in his own mind, our traveller reached the point where the lesser stream was lost in the greater, and there, beneath the shadow of a conspicuous rock, the tall and erect form of the ferryman could faintly be distinguished, at the further end of the vessel.

"Ho! paddle in, Charon," shouted the Jew.

The other answered the hail, by steering his slightly-built boat to the water's edge.—"Walter, is it you! Have you struck the blow?" he demanded, with breathless articulation, as he hove up out of the gloom.

The Hebrew did not appear to catch the inquiry, but strode nearer the boat.—"What may be the rate of passage across," he asked, somewhat authoritatively.

There was a considerable pause before the waterman again spoke.—"That varies with time and circumstance, and the quality of my cargo to boot," he at length replied; raising himself upright in his frail canoe." At extra hours, like these, I waft over your *dolbatsche*\* for

\* *Dolbatsche* — infantry soldier.

a few hungarishes, \* or kreutzers ; your richter, or capitan, must come down with a hongree ; † for your infidel of the Königs-strasse, ‡ he pays part in old wares, and the rest I take out in Christian malisons, or, it may be, partly, a few dry cuffs with the reverse of my helve, by way of enforcement ; but for your *szegeny legenys*, § they go gratis, for old fellowship sake. Under which head am I to class you, sir traveller ?”

“ Under the last named, my prince of ferrymen,” cried the other, incontinently leaping into the light wherry, which shook with the impulse of his bound ; “ so a free freight, and a quick one, for I promise you, my minutes, this night, are too precious to be squandered on inaction.”

“ How !” cried the other, “ what manner of man art thou, who claimest the freedom of my bark, yet neither knowest our pass-word, nor wearest Christian clothing ? Go to—thou art but a Jew !”

“ And so shouldst thou be, by thy unbelief,” returned the traveller ; “ but behold ! what think you now ?”

On saying these words the false Jew unbuckled the girdle, that made fast his gaberdine, and threw open the dark disguisement. Immediately, the characteristic, and splendid vestures of a banditti chieftain caught, and reflected back the rays from above.

“ By Heavens ! Count Polgar !” was the irrepressible, though half-smothered ejaculation of the boatman.

“ Ha ! my *bon commorado*, we are acquainted it seems,” exclaimed the Cygani leader, for it was even he ; “ but shove off, and tell me, as we float along, when, and where you served — methinks I bear no memory of your person.”

\* Two hungarishes almost equal one penny of our money.

† Hongree—a small gold coin, value about ten shillings.

‡ Königs-strasse—the district of the Jews in the city of Buda.

§ Szegeny legenys—poor fellows, i. e. robbers.

The track of the canoe furrowed the sparkling stream, with a long line of silvered foam, that shone in the moonshine, like the floating scales of some river serpent, ere the boatman made answer.

"Nevertheless, I have lodged, of late, in your cunicular fortress, not a furlong from yon encampment."

"So lately trusted, and at large!" thought Count Ragotzy, fixing his dark eyes intently on the person of the individual, engaged in propelling the light skiff over the water.

The man was clothed in the common habiliments, which distinguished the *kanactz*, or cattle-keeper of the woods of Erdély. The sort of greasy and capacious hose, that encased his legs; the broad belt, set off with its triple row of metal buttons; the tough elm staff inserted therein, whose nether appendage of rusty iron, gifted it with something of the utility, though not the appearance of an axe; the tattered dolman of woollen cloth; the round felt hat, guiltless of a plume, and which, be-ribboned with all the colours of the rainbow, looked "like a black eye in a recent scuffle;" the leather strapped about the feet, just as the missionary Vanderkemp describes the shoes of the Caffres:—all these were points of costume peculiar to the *kanactz*, but were any thing, rather than characteristic of the garb of a ferryman of Coloswar. The front rim of the hat overshadowed the upper part of the man's face, and the cape of the mantle was contrivedly wrapt in such a manner, as to muffle his more subordinate features.

"It is not an age since you learned to feather your oars on these rapids, to judge by your vestments," said Count Ragotzy.

"My vestments," repeated the other, in an altered tone, "sooth to say, I selected them from your lordship's miscellaneous wardrobe, and, for my skill at my oar, 'twill improve by practice. To be plain with you, know, you are my first freight. I was, indeed, about to cross



on my own account, when your lordship came within hail."

"By H—ll! I should know that voice," cried Ragotzy; "and yet it cannot be."

"You are right, Lord Ragotzy," returned the other. "Fate, for once, is impartial: the renowned Egyptian and his lunatic captive, are embarked on the same bottom. Keep your seat steady, Lord Ragotzy, or, by the Holy Trinity! we both find land, where one of us, at least, would be loth to look for it."

The brigand chief mastered his first emotion, and, without speaking, occupied himself in re-buckling the broad girdle of his long black vest.

At the earnest request of his mother, Count Ragotzy had embraced Swartz's proposal to carry off Sigismund with him, to his robber-hold. Unna had since repeatedly urged on her son, that on no account, should he suffer the release of the unhappy possessor of the title of the murdered Count Rodna; she even exhorted him, rather than permit the youth's escape, to terminate his imprisonment in his blood. In conformity with these objurgations, though without at all apprehending their import, Ragotzy modelled his proceedings; and, on his having to return to Hermanstadt, with the view of compassing the abduction of Veronica, he had left the youth under the strictest surveillance of his band. Nevertheless, Sigismund contrived, during the brief absence of the Cygani leader, to give his guards the slip, and Ragotzy had remained, in ignorance of his fate, till the present encounter.

These explanations premised, we return to our story. The brigand and the young count had each his own anxious thoughts, on the subject of their meeting,—thoughts which neither cared to express in words.

"Now, in the Mano's name!" said the Cygani, internally, "what conjuration brings that youth, at such an hour before my eyes? Were it only for the interest my mother takes in him, I'll sift out his purposes, if, per-

adventure, his scattered faculties can be brought to a defined point."

"He answers me not," said Sigismund. the answer of whose thoughts, we thus would render into a connected meaning—"absent all day—so much I learned from Walter, who, I pray Heaven, miss not this opportunity through any inadvertence! But whether has the Cygani been?—doubtless, in Coloswar—his business there? and the name of his confederate? Ha! that imports my knowing; but, above all, his present ground—alone, at midnight!—I must, and will understand that, or else, after all, my long apprenticeship to dissimulation, and this last device, in hopes of meriting the gratitude of wretched Erdély, may prove a vain offering at the altar of my country. The regalia is in his possession. Oh, just Heaven! if I only knew where he had concealed the treasure, witness for me, that that fiend, in human shape, should not survive this meeting; but, however hard, I must yet dissemble; down, indignant heart! 'tis not for long."

"I would fain inquire, what you have been doing with yourself, young gentleman, since you thought fit to decamp last week?" asked Ragotzy, after a minute's rumination. "Did you dislike your reception amongst us, or deem your subterraneous lodgment less adapted to sublime and pious contemplation, than that trembling tower of Hermanstadt, where we first became acquainted?"

"Nay, for that matter, you speak in ignorance," observed Sigismund,— "I have this day learned a strange truth, Lord Ragotzy, which—but that matters not. Credit me, our first introduction occurred long before the time you name, and was attended by circumstances, that I will not now recall, lest—what have I been doing, do you ask?—roaming about, a sort of volunteer guerilla, but under orders all the while, mind me; I only changed your service for a better."

"Say you so, my captious hero," returned Ragotzy;

“and what chieftain has the happiness to enrol you, among his warriors?”

“The Richter Iwan,” replied Sigismund.

Ragotzy lowered his brows.—“Ha! the slaughterer of the brave Peter,” he cried, “and my bitterest foe!”

“Dost thou then hate him, with such good-will?” demanded Sigismund.

“Do I not?—but he will die one of these days, and you may acquaint him, that I, Count Polgar, foretell his fate.”

“’Tis a gipsy’s prediction,” replied Sigismund, “and the Richter is not a person to give faith to your people’s prophetic pretensions. Nevertheless, I’ll do your message;—shall I say Heaven is to close his mortal course?”

“Heaven!” repeated Ragotzy, with vehemence; “ay, Heaven and I will.”

Sigismund half brought into light the axe by his side, fixing an inquiring eye upon the weapon, and then transferring the look to Count Ragotzy, as if to ask his meaning. A smile of bitter acknowledgment lit up the face of the brigand.

“Oh, I understand you better,” said the youth, “you would have me bear your cartel to Iwan, so, content ye; but where is your gage? Receive this, as that of the Richter—’tis the badge of his troop, and only do you wear it on your helm, in battle, and the singular recollections connected with it, will cause him to recognise it among a thousand cognizances, and claim it of you, doubt not, though there opposed a barrier of steel betwixt you twain.” Thus saying, Sigismund placed his hand within his vest, and drew forth a fragment of tartan, which he presented to Count Ragotzy, who, in return, handed him a valuable brooch, such as was commonly used by the superior chiefs and magnats, with which to clasp a peacock’s feather, in their morion or calpac.

“Be it a challenge, though I meant it not,” answered

he might, throwing himself carelessly back upon the sand. — The Richter Iwan sport this jewel in my sight, and I will snatch it from his front, though he stood bulwarked by the closest, that now lie couched upon their arms in winter camp, or, if your chief incline to the matter, through the body-guard of Martinuzzi, hemmed in round —

There was a moment's pause, which Ragotzy broke ;

"Will you have believe to be mad?" he demanded.

"Will I would live: art not answered? 'Cause I would live," cried Sigismund.

"You will mean this!" cried the other. "How came you not to honour with gore."

"I married a Roman blood," said Sigismund, in a low and earnest voice.

"A Roman!" cried Count Ragotzy, "the Richter has gained, and I lose a treasure in you; but that many eyes have seen since the life-stream dyed the tartan."

"Now my eyes it looks as fresh as yesterday," rejoined Sigismund, with deep pathos;—"but, prithee," he said, shaking from his broad lip, with wild abruptness,

"show me a sheath thy gaberline—I'm faint to see a man's hands—in times my very soul to its own honour—I'm sick,—there, 'twas a ray of the moon. The wind is fresh, but now, God be praised! a cloud comes for you—the bonfire will better aid your devotion. No, one stroke more. We are on terra firma no more." As these last words fell from his lips,

the vessel slid on the pebbly beach.

The vessel may be distraught, as 'tis given out; though that he said such intervals is pretty evident," thought Ragotzy, as he leaped on shore. "His phantasm is after a fashion of his own, I trow, and, it is more than half presence. Well, what the devil set me?" and why should I, at such a time as this, fling my words in the vain endeavour to penetrate, respecting the reality of his madness, or his motives for deception?

I must banish these obtruding fancies, that grow upon my spirits, like a trouble; I have work on hand." Then addressing himself to Sigismund, he cried, "Thanks for your passage, follower of Iwan,—be advised and return to me—you will be welcome back to the band of Ragotzy, when your present chief shall fall by my hand."

"Assuredly we shall meet again," observed Sigismund, with careless indifference of voice.

The brigand made no reply, and Sigismund silently motioned him to depart. After remaining for more than a minute resting on his oars, our hero suddenly started to his feet, and his eyes strained after the form of the count, as it receded, like a shadow, in the pale and doubtful moonlight. "I must discover, what brings him from over the water," said the youth, in a low indrawn voice. "I risk much, though Walter may not arrive, ere I get back; but, whether or no, I must e'en follow in the trail of the serpent." Intent on this object, Sigismund drew the light fabric into a little creek, among a tall growth of flags and reeds, and there attached it by a rope, to an amphibious branch of weeping ash, which, mostly stripped of its leaves, lay half afloat upon the water—

" Ever and anon,  
When the slow lazy breeze came muttering by,  
The frail stems bowed, and dipped their long bright leaves, "  
Like hair below the water." \*

Balancing his axen staff lightly in his hand, our hero left the soft light of the moon, to pursue, slowly, and with caution, the gloomy and half-worn path, so narrow as to be almost imperceptible, which had been followed by the Cygani leader. After traversing the woods for the better part of an hour, his course led, by a devious and tangled descent of close underwood, into a lonely glen, where the waving shadows of long rank grasses swept

\* *Monterama.*

sullenly over a broad sheet of stagnant bog, feebly irradiated by the pale moon, that gleamed, and trembled on its quaking waters. Near the edge of this swamp, might be discerned, a large oak tree, blasted, and of extraordinary magnitude. Not far from thence, stood a single low hut, raised partly of stone, piles of which were lying around the whole exterior,—but it was chiefly constructed of the grouted fragments of a conventual building, situated little more than a hundred yards higher up, and which, however dilapidated, retained sufficient proof of the ancient magnificence of the structure. These ruinous materials were irregularly put together, and exhibited but small evidence of masonic skill. It was thither, making, however, a considerable detour, that Count Ragotzy held on his course.

Lonely was the spot; breathing and deep, the silence, in which it slept. The melancholy, gaunt, cold aspect of the dilapidated structure, where the hallowing light sharpened, to a more fine and ethereal radiance, the wrought edges and tracery of the time-worn pediments and friezes; the low-eaved hovel, beyond which the immemorial trees rose, apparently into the heavens; the black, close, huge, woods, environing the morass, and waving their implicated boughs, in harmony with the wind, as it swept their depths, and sighed among their precarious foliage, conspired to impress the mind of Sigmund with a feeling of deep solitude; while the desolate rustling of the withered leaves under-foot, and the absence of all appearance of animation, save that of the spectral form of Ragotzy, side by side with his tall shadow, like an aerial companion, gliding along the little woodpath to his appointment, were calculated still more to deepen such a sensation. It was so far favourable to our hero's object, that the daring man, on whose track he ventured, traced the mazes of his intricate course, without reverting his head; for frequently he diverged from the dwarf copses, composed of pale green oak, of

withered beach, and of other infant tenants of the forest, into the broad moonlight, and the blind and tangled thickets, through which, Sigismund sought his way, though they did not wholly expose his person, would hardly have hidden him from the brigand's sight, had he chanced to look behind, in the direction of his pursuer.

At length Count Ragotzy reached the ruinous hut, and stood in the door-way. He turned, and sent his eye abroad, suffering the dark orb to rest for a moment, abstractedly, on a scene, which the ghostly colouring of the still gelid moon,\* mingling with the sickly light of midnight, only rendered more dispiriting, and more desolate. The site of this sequestered spot,—the dark pool,—the deserted hut,—the eddying of the withered foliage, which broke the death-like stillness of the vast forest,—the *horror umbrarum* on every side, had something in them, impressive and awful to the imagination. Whether outward objects, or the remembrances they suggested, weaved the thick gathering clouds, which at that lonely hour, dulled the mental light of the Cygani, we cannot tell,—from whatever cause, he felt an unwonted depression darkening his mind, like the shadow of a coming evil. Striving to shake off the gloomy presentiment, he peered into the dark waveless waters of that solitary pool, whose depths had all the character of a submarine firmament. The limpid fount was spangled with mimic stars, and mirrored the moon, as she sailed along in her placid beauty. Ragotzy gazed long and thoughtfully, till the planet seemed to grow on his sight, and her broad disk bore the semblance of a human countenance,—he looked hard on the visage, with that sort of creative spell, made up of incredulity and fancy, and he could gradually trace all its lineaments, till at last, to his consternation, he recognised in the face, a likeness of himself. Appalled by his own gloomy imagination, he raised his eyes from

\* "Gelida Luna."—Boethius.

the mocking vision, to the moon in heaven, as if to certify himself of the fact, or dispel the illusion. Even as the rays from above fell directly on his dark fiery eyes, he obtained a transient view of a moving form, which a peculiarly bright glimpse of moonlight now showed him, a short way off, gliding among the shadows of a group of copse-oakwood. "Tis either the graf Maylat or the graf Balassi," he thought to himself, as without stopping to gaze further at the planet, or her terrible reflection in the sedgey quagmire, he passed beneath the low portal of the hut. He had scarcely measured three steps in the pitchy darkness, when he felt something brush, with a rustling sound, rapidly by him,—he started, and conceived, he saw the shadowy outline of a human figure, flitting between him and the open postern, the vision had already disappeared in the obscurity of the chamber, before the brigand recovered from his amazement.

"So, my lord," he exclaimed, "you are true to your appointment." No answer was returned.—"Speak, I conjure thee, my Lord Balassi. Is not thine, that form I see." The echo of his voice made the only reply;—"if not, who art thou?" continued the count. "Answer me, or take the consequence." Ragotzy loosened his Hebrew vestments, and drew his sword. "Now mind me, whatever thou art called, only hold this unseemly silence another second, and I make you mute for ever." The threat failed to elicit a response, and the brigand rushed fiercely upon the figure, that seemed to stand out to his orb of sight, in the extremity of the room. The bright steel flashed before his eyes, as he raised it to cleave, what he believed to be the person of a human being: he caught no sound of motion, but the appearance seemed to glide away, as Ragotzy struck at it, with such effect, that, lighting on the rough stone-work of the apartment, the blade of his weapon was shattered to pieces. The unexpected shock made the brigand recoil several steps, while the faint outline traced on the wall, melted into



the rude masonry, which, on looking more attentively, he became more capable of distinguishing, by means of a broken lattice on the adjacent side of the chamber. The low structure, which he now tenanted, had been erected many years since, by the Cygani leader, that he might hold unreserved communication with the magnats and chiefs, who sought his services, and required the aid of his daring band, to bring to issue any of those death-feuds, which were of such common occurrence, at the period of our story. The hovel had been inhabited only for a few days, on some rare occasion; and, as a consequence, had gradually fallen to decay. Indeed, considering the sequestered situation of the rude hut, it is probable, that few, excepting Ragotzy, and certain of his followers, were aware of its existence. The brigand knew not what to conclude. It might certainly have been merely a shade, which he had so incautiously aimed at; but, that sufficed to prove, that the ruinous precincts contained within their boundary, some individual besides himself. That he had not tilted with his own shadow, was evident, from the fact of his not having crossed the space, where the faint light of dewy midnight fell ghastfully through the interstice, upon the grey stone wall,—but then, some opaque body or other, must have obscured the feeble cold gleam, if he would not ascribe the appearance, he was certain he had witnessed, to a supernatural cause. Count Ragotzy, as we have had occasion to remark, was possessed of as daring and determined a temper as any gentleman in his line, from Nimrod down to Rob Roy; but his courage was supported by a wary discretion, which saved it from degenerating into rashness. How the reader would have acted in his case, we will not presume to say; for ourselves, we might have done as Henry Pelham, in the Rue St. Honoré, and screamed out for help.\* Count Ra-

\* See Pelham, vol. 1. page 64.



gave to view nought human, save his own martial figure, and that of his confederate, clad in the Israelitish garb.

"Your fancy must have bodied out that form, you spake of, and have played false with the materials of judgment," observed Maylat.

"It may be so," said Ragotzy, with a due affectation of indifference. Since, however, internally convinced that his imagination had no hand in the apparition, he had beheld, he yet felt it was not his part to moot a discussion on such a point. "It may be so; but what has become of my Lord Balassi?"

Maylat recounted the circumstances, which led to his detention.

"This is ill-timed," said Ragotzy, when the other had concluded; "we must not think of trusting to any aid, from the graf's men-at-arms; his followers will be looked to, and yourself, I fear, will be suspected,—but where's this missive you mentioned?" The paper of Dr. Stancari was produced, and speedily burst open.

"Damnation!" cried Ragotzy, the instant his eagle eye took in the purport of the writing: "'Tis from Quendi-Ferens! Martinuzzi has stolen a march on us."

"Yes, dolt! I might have guessed it. If the Turkish army, headed by Achamates, be not planted in the rear of Piadena! Half the Hungarian force has crossed the Samos! Before dawn, the drowsy Austrians will be cut off; so, good-bye to his excellency, Baptista Castaldo. And for you and I, my lord, we may close the map as soon as we will, and to *vesper brod*,\* an' any digestion be left us to sup withal.—There, read, read."

The epistle of Quendi Ferens briefly stated, that in endeavouring to lead his division across the *digues des etangs*, beyond Coloswar, he had been entangled among the water-courses of the valley, where every step only

\* Vesper brod: supper.

plunged him into new difficulties;—he had been obliged to order his cavalry to dismount and lead their horses back, amid splashes of mire and water, where, often, there was scarcely a foothold. He had, at length, however, nearly unravelled the mazes of the strath, but owing to what had happened, did not expect to bring his troops into action, so early, by some hours, as had been concerted. In conclusion, he mentioned, that he had that instant transmitted a courier to the Ottoman camp, to apprise Achamates of his having crossed the Samos.

“Tis most extraordinary, the Castellans were not apprised of the position of Achamates, and of this movement of Quendi Ferens, when you left Coloswar,” said Maylat, after glancing his eye over the paper.

“The regent has not hitherto opened a free communication with the city,” answered Ragotzy; “or he may suspect the faith of Mircé,—there’s no knowing. A sortie was to be made by Raoul, at a signal agreed upon; but Mircé did not anticipate its occurring before mid-day to-morrow.”

“Surely,” said Maylat, “there never was a surprise more complete than this. Piadena will be annihilated, and Mircé’s fine project of holding out the city of Coloswar, against the Castellan Raoul, on his return, must be abandoned, since it would be madness in him to defy the arms of Martinuzzi, just flushed with victory. Moreover, your making the regent prisoner, must be deferred; for the slightest movement to that end, would bring the whole Turkish army down upon us. This man becalms the land; his golden feathers stretch like sails above us, and when we stir, we flag.” He paused, and after a minute’s thought, subjoined; “Suppose, after all, we trust the Marquis of Piadena?”

“We might, perhaps, rescue *him* from the jaws of destruction,” returned Ragotzy, coldly; “but I cannot see, wherein we shall be benefited.”

“Nay, my noble leader,” said Maylat, “when the

Austrian general finds the power of the magnates of Hungary, is as great as their will, to support the Lady Czerina, on her throne, we may, probably, be able to dictate our own terms to the Italian;—more especially in the strait, to which he will find himself reduced."

"The Lady Czerina!" muttered the Cygani scornfully, between his teeth; and then, in a more audible voice, he proceeded; "What magnates mean you? Do you style me such?"—and haughty was the smile of the bandit. "Your powers will, probably, be held in check. The Count Balassi is already, according to your account, a prisoner, or worse. What magnates mean you?"

"Nine-tenths of the independent barons of the realm," replied Maylat, with animation. "Only hold out to them a vista of hope, of foiling the usurper, in his ambition, and, by the rood of St. Stephen! the deeply sworn purpose, which lies at the core of every patriot, who still owns the throb of life, will be avowed, in the face of Hungary. The will of Martinuzzi is submitted to, because, as men are led to think, there remains no other chance of averting, from the country, the horrors of a foreign yoke. Let us then point out, to their mental vision, the day-spring from on high, by making common league with Piadena, on condition of his aiding our loyal emprise. His preservation must be made contingent, to his promising his offices, at the coronation of the Lady Czerina, immediately after the capture, or death, of her tyrannical guardian.

Count Ragotzy did not, at first, reply. He revolved over in his mind, for a minute or two, the various chances, complicated in the line of policy, recommended by Maylat. He felt convinced, that if the *Seraskier*\* chose to act, an event, however, (although he did not care to state as much) of which he entertained some doubt, all warning to Piadena, must arrive too late; and that nothing,

\* Turkish general.

but an express miracle, in that general's favour, could save his army from the most complete discomfiture. In such a case, the disaffected nobles, by their treasonable "complicity," with a foreign and vanquished enemy, would only have sealed their own condemnation, whether at the hands of Martinuzzi, or Achamates, without advancing a single step, the cause of the injured lady, in defence of whose rights, they sacrificed themselves. Ragotzy had his private grounds for believing, that the worst disservice, that could happen to the Lady Czerina, would be the success of that very measure, her zealous champions were conspiring; namely, the removal of the cardinal, her guardian, from the helm of government. He saw, moreover, that the amission of the directing mind of Martinuzzi, at that particular crisis, must plunge all things into such a state of confusion, as would not fail to afford an opening to the ambition of Achamates: and that, after the defeat of Piadena, the absence of the regent would seem to incline the long nicely-balanced scale, in favour of the Ottoman domination.

Such was the ruinous condition of affairs, which Maylat's proposition, if reduced to action, appeared likely to produce. The putting of Austria, as it were, *hors de combat*;—the utter destruction of the conspiring magnates themselves, at the hands of the Turk, and, thereby, a fatal blow struck at the corporate power, and privileges, of the native aristocracy;—the ascendancy of Turkish influence, in the councils of the country, or, more probably, the incorporation of Transylvania, with the vast empire of Solymán. On the other hand, Ragotzy reflected, that the important victory, he appeared on the eve of obtaining, would fix Martinuzzi more firmly than ever on his seat, and that the chapter of accidents, might not, speedily, present such another opportunity of securing his person. The Cygani leader perceived plainly, that the affair must implicate the lives of Maylat and the confederated chiefs, without

a particle of commensurate advantage, accruing to the Lady Czerina.

“But what matters that to me?” argued the wily adventurer, with himself: “their bane must prove my mithridate. The weakness of Czerina, the failure of her partizans, constitute my strength. My interest, like that of the Corinthian of old, is to have these taller ears struck down.\* The personal freedom, and absolute will of Martinuzzi, are insuperable impediments to the Lady Veronica,—my wife, that shall be, obtaining her rightful inheritance. A dungeon *may* bring the arrogant prelate, to reason,—and he *may* capitulate to my terms; or I *may* succeed, in coming to some agreement with Solyman. Veronica’s claims, merely require an impartial hearing, for which the removal of Martinuzzi makes way. But, at the worst, I shall have only caged the lion, not speared him; and, at any time, I can strike up a sort of compromise with the regent, and let him loose upon the country, when his very roar will disperse all foreign enemies, and privy conspirators, and set the land to rights again.”

The above train of thought, has required of us not a few lines to elucidate; but, in a much shorter space of time, than the reader will have consumed in their perusal, the mind of Ragotzy leaped, as it were, the argumental process, and determined in what mode, he had best adapt his policy to circumstances.

“Why, methinks, upon reflection, my lord,” said the brigand, resuming the discourse, “that there appears some likelihood, in what thou proposest; and, I am free to confess, I do not see, as matters stand, any other

\* The enigmatical reply of Tarquin, to his son Sextus, is well known. Compare Livy, b. i. c. 54. with the fifth book of Herodotus, where, (substituting *acrayuvv* for *papaverum*) Periander and Thrasylbulus, anticipate the proceeding of the Roman princes, most circumstantially. The coincidence, however remarkable, may perhaps be accounted for, by remembering, that the Tarquins were of a Corinthian race.

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od. Internally persuaded, that it must have been the shadow of that flying form, which, previous to Maylat's rival, had occasioned him some inquietude, besides having been the cause of shivering his good sword to pieces, and entertaining, likewise, a well-grounded suspicion, that his interview, with the graf, had been witnessed, by the same prying individual, his immediate impulse was to level his carabine, at the fugitive; but a moment's consideration, suggesting the possibility of missing his aim, he determined to reserve his fire, till he had either over-taken him, or, at least, so diminished the distance, as to be tolerably sure of bringing him down.

As well as the shifting beams of the moon, that now shimmered, with a faint light, over the sylvan scene, enabled him to distinguish, the person, in whose wake he followed, with such haste, was dressed in the ordinary garb, and armed with the ordinary implements of the herdsman of the forest; but it became a matter of no small marvel to Ragotzy, after a chase of several minutes, along the winding path which skirted the wood, that he did not appear, sensibly, to gain ground, on the object of his pursuit. While he was yet, with unabated vigour, following up his game, or, more correctly speaking, straining every nerve, to exceed the rate at which the herdsman ran, he was suddenly struck, with surprise, by the outline of the figure, on which he kept his eye, becoming confounded amid a dark, living mass, composed of men-at-arms, into whose hands, an abrupt turning of the narrow wood-path, along which he directed his flight, appeared to have delivered him a prisoner. Ragotzy instantly slackened his pace, and partly guessing how matters stood, lost no time in ensconcing himself, in the rear of certain huge trunks of trees, the group of which, constituted a sort of advanced post of the interminable forest. In a minute, the whole body came up, at a rapid pace, and he heard their heavy tramp, within a few yards of the spot where he lurked. Notwithstanding his cri-

tical situation, he could not resist casting one look on the martial array, and, noiselessly shifting his position, he glanced his eye over the small corps, as they defiled, only two a-breast, before his sight. They wore the colours of Hungary; and, therefore, acknowledged the authority of the regent. More than half the troop had, already, passed forward; but, at the command of a tall cavalier, who spake as one having authority, some half-dozen made a halt, at that instant, close to Ragotzy. This person was girt in a suit of black armour, of the simplest form, and his vizor was down.

"It was even here, or I much mistake," said he, "that our eye lost sight of him, whose pursuit hurried you cattle-keeper, so blindly on our trail. Bring forward the prisoner."

The features of the speaker were, of course, hidden behind the vizor; but the voice was one, with which Ragotzy had been too long familiar, not immediately to recognise.

"Doubly-damned traitor!" he muttered between his clenched teeth; "So thou wouldst buy the pardon of thy past life, by conducting the myrmidons of the regent, to the haunts of thy sworn commander? It is well;—it is excellent;—thou wouldst betray the Bandit Polgar, wouldst thou? but he will at once wipe out old scores, and, in this very hour, which consummates thy treachery, thou shalt be made the victim of his retribution."

Saying, or rather thinking thus, Ragotzy grasped his piece more firmly, and levelled it at the vizored cavalier. He held back for a moment, however, for, in the cattle-keeper, who was now brought forward, guarded between two armed men, he was perfectly perplexed to discover the wild young noble, who had ferried him over the Samos.

Meantime, the commander spoke. "I would ask again, what cause, young man, induced you to fly with

such precipitation, and say, was it not hereabouts, your comrade, or foeman, whichever he was, made off into the wood ?”

“ I repeat,” said Sigismund, “ my demand, as you would answer for your conduct to the regent, to be, as speedily as possible, brought to ear of his eminence. I have intelligence, of no common moment, which, to be worth hearing, must be told instantly. In respect to the ruffian, from whom I fled,” — he paused, and turned his head quickly on one side, adding, — “ why, I have him *now* in my eye, — he lurks behind the trunk of the very tree, beneath whose branches we stand.”

“ Indeed !” said the commander ; “ some of you rout him out, and bring him before me ; and, regarding your wish, young man, to be conveyed before the regent, you shall obtain it, when I have executed my present duty.”

Sigismund betrayed no slight degree of impatience. “ I tell you, sir knight,” he remonstrated, “ the regent will give you small thanks for not instantly heeding my request. Those, whom you are in search of, are beyond your reach. There were two of them, the one, evidently, by your men not having, ere this, brought him before you, has effected his escape ; the other will hardly wait your coming. I pledge you my honour, the regent would be more obliged to you for my tidings, than for the caption of Count Maylat.”

The expostulation of Sigismund answered no purpose. “ The honour of a *Kanactz* !” said the cavalier, in a contemptuous tone ; “ but you named the right traitor, sure enough ; and, since you are so strangely pertinacious, and that he, whom you say you beheld, seems not likely to be speedily forthcoming, I will so far oblige you, as to delay here no longer.” And, agreeably to this resolution, which Sigismund heard with deep inquietude, though patience appeared his only resource, the troop resumed their march towards the hut, and, by taking the

circuitous route, which swept along the line of the wood, they, at length, arrived at that desolate goal.

Return we to Count Ragotzy. Surprised by the sudden command, issued for his seizure, he was diverted for the time, from his object of assassination, and, for the assurance of his own freedom, betook himself to flight. The line he followed, ran coiling among the trees, so that, although at the first start, he was but a little a-head, his knowledge of the intricacies of the wood speedily enabled him to leave his pursuers, at fault, and many minutes had not elapsed, ere the Cygani leader, breathless indeed, but free and unfettered, looked forth, from under the same broad-stemmed oak, behind whose trunk he lurked, when first Sigismund detected his proximity. By the cold, clear light of the moon, he could behold the foremost rank of the little division, falling into line in front of the hut, which they had just reached. A thousand desperate passions raged in the breast of Ragotzy. The conviction thus pressed upon him, that Martinuzzi did indeed set his malice at defiance, or he would never employ, in the face of the world, a man, whom the brigand considered a creature of his own, to betray him into the toils of justice, by indicating his most secret haunt, though it stung his brain, even like madness, was not the agony that was most *objective* (if the epithet can be allowed) in the mind of Ragotzy. No; trusting, ere the moon again clomb the heavens, to be quits with his mighty enemy, he endeavoured to bid the thought of Martinuzzi's open hostility pass away for the present, or would have transferred it to the sum of bitter feelings, which rankled, in his malignant nature, at the consciousness of his revenge having been baffled. Burning, with a sort of fiendish lust after vengeance, his eyes still remained fixed on the movements of the small party of military, and he could faintly distinguish the form of the mailed cavalier, conspicuous amongst the rest from his dark plume and glancing helmet, who

appeared to have fallen back to the rear, where the disguised young count was stationed, between two men-at-arms.

There are a sort of men, whom circumstances, or their own genius, have spoiled, who, whenever their self-will conceives any possible kind of gratification, cannot rest, till, with whatever cost, and at whatever risk, they consummate their wishes. Count Ragotzy was one of these slaves to the slightest promptings of that evil principle, which, however human nature came by it, was assuredly never meant to be humoured and pampered, till, like the rod of Aaron, it swallow up every kind of antagonist motive, in its insane violence.

The sight of the commander of the party, moving to the completion of his treachery, renewed, in Ragotzy's breast, the deep desire for retribution, which he was so near gratifying. He gazed and gazed, till, in the hot inspiration of wicked passion, the spirit of the devil moved upon his blood, and he conceived the course of action, which he determined forthwith to pursue. The low structure, where Ragotzy's eyes now involuntarily rested, was situated not many paces, from the furthest edge of that vast marshy pool, of which we before spake. The dark wall of forest, which circumscribed the natural and capacious dingle, stretched itself to a distance of several hundred yards on every side, from the stagnant waters, with the exception of that group of oak-wood, beneath which Ragotzy was planted, at which point, the forest made a sweep in the direction of the morass, and the waters of the latter stretched forth a deep, narrow arm, into the midst of the grove, as if to return the courtesy.

“ Within that melancholy grove

The tardy deep and sullen current rolls

Unwillingly : Thou might'st have sat upon

Its banks, and seen its glassy face made black,

By tall pines, which lean over it and talk,

And trees that weep into its stream ; no secret

Beneath that solitary water's wave  
 Can the bright eye discern ; — the lights in Heaven  
 See not what's done under the strict embrace  
 Of those protecting boughs." \*

Ragotzy's determination was, if possible, to regain the like favourable opportunity for snatching at revenge, which accident had momentarily afforded, but which he had weakly neglected turning to account. For that purpose, he would have awaited his victim where he then was, only he remembered, there was a more direct path leading from the hut to the regent's camp, which, it was not improbable, the party would pursue on their return. To reach the building, by the course the little detachment had followed, it would be necessary to make a long circuit, which would, probably, lead to the discovery of his approach, and, of course, defeat his best chance of succeeding in his sanguinary design. The third mode, which presented itself to his fertile brain, was to proceed, in a line proper to an arrow or a huntsman, and which might remind the punning reader of the petticoats of a Parisian grisette, being, in fact, the *steepest cut possible*. This implied the necessity of crossing the deep morass, which, while it led him directly to his purpose, Ragotzy hoped would favour his stealing unobserved, within gunshot of the hated cavalier. With this intent, he descended into the water, keeping as near as possible to the edge, where the tranquil pool was overgrown with long, rank grasses, that, in a great measure, concealed his form as he crept along. As the water varied abruptly in depth, sometimes scarce reaching unto his knees, and then again suddenly covering his shoulders, the chief difficulty which presented itself to Ragotzy, in wading through the swamp, was the having constantly to hold his fire-arms above the level of the waters, under shelter of the sedge and rushes.

\* Monteruma.

Having, at length, ensconced himself in the capacious hollow of that broad-breasted tree, we formerly described, he next applied his orb of vision to a slight fissure in the bark, to ascertain the state of things in the vicinity of the hovel. He immediately gathered, from the confusion and bustle about the threshold, that some interesting matter (though he could not discover what) was transacting within. "Surely," thought Ragotzy, Count Maylat can scarce have been so infatuated, as to wait the coming of his captors."

The next instant a scream rent the air, the men-at-arms threw back on either side the portal, and the commander issued forth, carrying in his arms, the lifeless form of a young female. "Stand off, every one of ye!" he exclaimed, in a loud, agitated tone of voice, "nor follow me." Almost at the word, having, with rapid strides, cleared the space of ground between the hut and the dark pool, he halted, within a spear's length of the withered oak; then, half kneeling on the brink of the water, he supported the pale inanimate on his knee and arm, whilst he splashed her neck and brow with the vivificative liquid, that he scooped up in his open palm. The two figures were thus disposed, beneath the serene and star-lit heavens, that broadened round them, and were defined to Ragotzy's eye, with a vivid but ghostly effect, in the solemnizing light of the hour.

A second time was the brigand, on the eve of sacrificing the vizored knight to his vengeance, but even as he lowered the muzzle of his carabine, his consternation, (for the state of his mind can be adequately expressed by no weaker term,) so overcame him, as to paralyze for a moment his power of action; but his purpose was only suspended, not abandoned. That exquisite form, set off by the dark robe, that fitted so accurately to the contour of its "winding lineaments,"—that marbly countenance, which no Parian stone, however it might emulate its whiteness, was ever taught to rival, in the immaterial and

diviner quality of expression—those long tresses of molten gold, which went streaming over her shoulders, and which “might seem to a fanciful view” to be busied embarrassing the stray beams from above, in their abundant tangles—if the encountering these well-known points of feminine loveliness, suddenly presented to his view, startled the brigand for an instant, it was owing to the extremity of his surprise, at falling in with their insensible possessor, at liberty, and under such peculiar circumstances, at the very time, he had reason to believe her personal freedom to be under circumscription, nearly a league from the spot.

Ragotry shortly recovered his self-command, and fearing any longer to procrastinate, and urged to the diabolical deed, from motives, to which a concurrence of circumstances had just lent a frightful access of force, he took a leisurely and deliberate aim, at the object of his wrath, and fired. The mailed knight staggered, and was sinking, wounded to the earth, when the assassin, who had darted forwards, snatched from his relaxed hold the light form of the half-conscious being, he had hitherto borne on his arm, and with a voice, whose dreadful accents sounded on the strings of the other's very heart, piercing the wretched man with keener agony, than did the bullet in his side, muttered—“*Remember the bridge of the Fierce*”

Vicchy, for it was even he, would have spoken—he would have struggled,—to no purpose; the next instant, even ere several of the men-at-arms had rushed to his assistance, Count Ragotry was seen with his lovely prize, darting along in the direction of the wood, with the desperate speed of one of its native denizens, when he hies to his hidden retreat, holding the evidence of his ravages in his fangs. The wounded man, as he pointed to the receding form of the human tiger, sunk, with a deep moan, senseless on the earth. Count Ragotry, meanwhile, moved swiftly in a straight line, towards the trackless cover



of the forest, trusting, if he could only gain its dark shade, to set his pursuers at defiance. Till he arrived on the very verge of the lofty line of ash, beech, hazel, and other forest trees, which skirted the dingle, he refrained from looking behind him ; there, however, he paused, and ascertained, with his own eyes, that out of nearly a score of men, who had originally instituted a pursuit, not above half a dozen had followed it up. Of these, however, three were directly at his heels. With a fresh impulse, he resumed his flight at full speed, bearing his lovely burden under his left arm, as if he felt not her weight. As he attained the narrow opening into a depth of thicket, impervious to the rays of moon and stars, one of his hunters pressed so close on him, that he heard his loud panting in his very ear, and even almost fancied he could feel his gasping breath, warm on his bare neck. Not willing to incur the risk of any one discovering the path, he meant to follow, he warily suffered the man to approach as near, as within arm's length, when, abruptly stopping short, he swung his carabine round with such force, as he wheeled suddenly about, that the butt-end, lighting on his pursuer's head, struck him to the earth. Again Ragotzy pushed forward, and shoving aside the branches of the exuberant shoots, which nearly covered the soil, he soon rested beneath the shade of implicated leaves, in all the confidence of security. Gently unclasping his arm from about his beauteous spoil, he placed her beside him, upon a seat opportunely afforded, by the felled arm of some centuried Titan of the forest. In the meantime, the lovely girl was fast recovering her animation, and consciousness, and her returning sensation was first indicated by convulsive sobs. Happening to feebly raise her head, from the broad breast on which it leant, her eyes fell on the person of her supporter. For a moment, she did not recollect him, but the next instant, a short cry of alarm broke from her lips. Her very flesh seemed to her creeping with horror, and it was with difficulty,

she avoided again going off into a swoon, at thus finding herself, in such close proximity to the detested brigand.

"Was it all deception?" she exclaimed, half audibly, starting from the blood-curdling contact. "Great God! I deluded myself, that I had found my father, and lo! I look around me, and even thou, from whose strong hold I had flattered myself, I had escaped for ever, sittest, in horrible reality, by my side! It can't be true—I dream, sure. I'll hide me in the recesses of the wood, till I awake."

Saying these words, the fair speaker rose, and made an effort to escape; but Count Ragotzy, as she turned away, laid his hand firmly on her wrist, and with gentle violence induced her to be re-seated.

"Dearest Lady Veronica," he said, "agitate not thyself to thine own mind's injury; there can no harm reach thee, when he is present, who, within these four-and-twenty hours, purposeth to secure a legal claim to thy possession, beyond the reach of fate itself to annul, by making thee his own, his wedded bride—his countess."

Veronica breathed short and quick. "Thy wedded bride, murderer!" she answered indignantly; "rather the bride of death!" With these words, she closed her eyes, and turned aside.

"Nay, my Veronica, thou wert too rare a tribute to offer up at the dark shrine of the skeleton divinity; but I love thy spirit, and will mate with thee, after the only mode one of thy proud temper should be wived;" and he bent his sinister glances on her shrinking countenance, till her eyes sunk with shame, beneath their shocking expression. "Thou art a lioness," continued the brigand, "by right and attribute; and, by my sword! I'll woo thee, lady, as the king of the forest prevails in his tender suit."

"Thou presume to compare thyself to that royal beast, who hast not a solitary noble quality in thy nature!—

thou ! with whom the very earth groans in abhorrence !” answered Veronica, in an ungovernable burst of indignation. “ Why hast thou stolen me from my peaceful home ? Why held me in captivity ? And why, having effected my escape, under the auspices of the bravest of men, darest thou again commit this wanton outrage on my liberty ? Why dost thou detain me now ? ”

“ Wilt thou deign, Lady Veronica, to explain,” said Ragotzy, in that low, serious tone, which bespoke him deeply solicitous respecting the nature of the response ; at the same time casting an oblique glance of mingled ferocity and admiration upon the damsel, “ whom thou art pleased to honour, by the style of the bravest of men ? ”

A slight tinge of added colour flitted across the cheek of the undaunted girl, as she replied, “ One whom thou wilt know, to thy cost, sooner than thou deemest ; and one, who hath for years vowed to Heaven to rid earth of a monster.”

Ragotzy bit his lip, to suppress his irritated feelings, as he made answer—“ Since his interest or fears have kept him so long forsworn, it is to be hoped your champion, like a perjured braggart, will yet kiss the vile clay from which his spirit sprang ; at least, my best endeavours shall not be wanting to that end ; for, understand, Lady Veronica, I shall institute the strictest scrutiny, as to the manner of your strange elopement.”

Veronica smiled scornfully, but returned no answer.

There followed a long deep pause, broken by the clanging toll of the abbey bell of Coloswar, which swung far over the moon-lit woodland, and, dying faintly away into a kind of booming echo, vibrated, sweet and melancholy, for several seconds, in the vault of distance.

Then Ragotzy arose, and spoke :—“ Lady,” he said, “ I would gladly allow you further rest, did circumstances admit of it ; but never, since the hour when St. Stephen annexed Transylvania to the crown of Hungary,\*

\* A. D. 1030. M. Sigleri Chron. Rer. Hung. lib. i.



the scene around him, and his fair captive, lost in melancholy reflections — traversed, for some time, the labyrinthian fastnesses of the forest, when their ears caught faintly the gurgling ripple of the neighbouring river, as it murmured in the stillness of the moonlight calm, and spent its tiny waves, with lulling measure, on the pebbly shore. Suddenly they reached a turn in the tangled path, which gave them to behold the river, glistening beneath them, and shining, far as the eye could reach, like a long rim of silver, athwart the verdant vale. At a little distance, on the further side of the stream, the venerable Abbey of Coloswar lay in the view; while, in its vicinage, half wrapped in mist, and half basking in the mellow light of the starry hour, might be defined the turrets of the city, washed and girdled by a branch of the divided Samos. Just as they were on the point of descending the broken, and scarce visible thoroughfare, by which alone, a sort of bridge, (if three loose planks which arched the water where the river became narrow, might be termed such,) was accessible, they were startled by the apparition of one, whom of all men they least expected to encounter. This was no other than our friend Sigismund, who, abruptly breaking his way, through the leaves and branches of a neighbouring thicket, planted himself right in the path of the brigand, and his fair captive, as if disposed to dispute their passage. The colour danced glowingly on the cheek of Veronica, at beholding our hero, and, with a slight ejaculation of joy, she would have rushed forward to claim his protection, but Ragotzy almost rudely held back the agitated girl, and thrust her behind him.

“What, ho! my agile cattle-keeper,” exclaimed the Cygani, tauntingly, at the same time dropping the breech of his carabine to the earth, “you have passed your apprenticeship to some purpose in these woods, and can thread their mazes with no small adroitness. I am not the first Hebrew, by half a score, I warrant me, whom,

"*Strong as thou art, thou hast knocked on the head with thy terrible axe, my merry forester; thou knowest a trick of the craft.*"

"*Thou speakest sooth, sir gipsy,*" replied Sigismund, at the like time, looking Ragotzy firmly in the eye. "*I am the huntsman in dresse of entrapping a fox, by keeping him close in his old earth, but this is no time for that. I demand that lady at your hands, when you may go your ways, for the present, in peace; at least, as your reason, as your own reflections will admit of.*"

"*But thou deem thou hast a real Jew to deal with, in the heart of the woods, that thou speakest so heroically; or wilt thou have me cudgel thy folly, which is even an excess, since what time thou hast given thy consent to it.*"

"*Thou art right,*" said Sigismund, or by whatever name he pleased that to be distinguished, "*the hour is passing between thee and me is nearer, than thou supposest; the balance may be heavier against thee, for perhaps thou wilt die; but at this moment, for the sake of a fair being, whom thou hast so inhumanly wronged, I am thy foe no more. I confess, I would willingly have surrendered the jewel. Surrender the lady, and I give thee my word, thou may'st go thy ways, in safety, as is proper to thy nature.*"

"*But were I prepared to do thy behest herein, next to nothing I demand! with what conscience canst thou have recourse to the protection of the lady? Thou art a man, a sturdy and manly—*and so equivocal a young man, canst thou be safe, or proper companion for her, in the lonely recesses of the wood. Go thy ways, for the sake of peace, as thy untidy malady will permit.*"*

"*I will exchange no further terms with thee, thou art a villain, or, what does better speak thee, a coward,*" said Sigismund—"One word to the lady Veronika, and, once she is addressing the maid, he continued to stand on, whether it was her will to proceed with

the Cygani? assuring her of his protection, in case she preferred returning to her father, whom the villain had left severely wounded.

Veronica cast upon the speaker those twin stars, set in azure, that rivalled the soft hue of the sky—"Oh! save me, save me, from that homicide, by conveying me to my father's arms!" she exclaimed.

A voice from Heaven, could hardly have made a *stronger* impression upon Sigismund, than did this thrilling entreaty of the trembling girl. "Enough," he cried, advancing with his axe uplifted, in threatening attitude, against Count Ragotzy.

"More than enough," returned the brigand, with an oath, which we spare the reader; and even as the imprecation issued from his lips, the report of his fire-arms resounded on the ear.

Sigismund, who well understood the character of the man, with whom he was about to contend, had kept a wary eye throughout the whole colloquy, on the least movement of the Cygani, anticipating from the first, what climax to his arguments, he most probably meditated. Even in the instant, that the pre-eminent villain, unnoticed, as he fancied by Sigismund, raised his carabine, our hero caught a glimpse of the threatening action, and light of foot, and quick of eye, dodged alertly aside, and having thus eluded his death, rushed with stern determination, on his opponent.

The conflict which followed, à la single-stick, might almost be called tremendous. The agility and address of both appeared pretty equally matched, and whatever trifling advantage of personal strength Ragotzy might, perhaps, have been entitled to claim, was fully counterbalanced, by the inferiority of his weapon, which was scarcely so manageable, as the more effective axen instrument of Sigismund: when, however, the strokes of both presently fell, with more discrimination and less frequently, as either party acquired a greater degree of

tone, — "Make all three prisoners; and march, with them, forwards. By Heavens! ere this we should have crossed the Sámos."

Those near prepared to obey the order of the knight. Veronica was easily secured, and Sigismund quietly surrendered himself; but it did not suit Count Ragout to have his liberty, in like manner, restricted; and as he was never accustomed to yield a jot, in any case, where overruling necessity did not compel him, he silently determined to leave a memorable token, with Banffy and his troop, to remind them of having crossed the path of the formidable brigand. But, first coming up somewhat nearer to Sigismund, he said, in a tone, which seemed to issue from the very depths of the inner man, "Young madcap! your humour, before this, would have been somewhat chastened, but for the intrusion of these gentry. I go, and till we meet again, choose to forget thy very existence. *Then*, however, mark me! will be at once my period for recollection, and my hour of vengeance; for, as sure as I live to say it, so, certainly, when we next encounter, shall our renewed acquaintance be brief and bloody." Without awaiting the reply, which was on the lip of Sigismund, the brigand eluded the two armed men, who were on the point of capturing him, and stood at the elbow of the old knight, the commander of the party. Banffy had, unwittingly, planted himself on the brink of a ravine, or yawning cleft of the earth, which was, in a great measure, covered and concealed by a mass of trees and copsewood, that, partly taught by nature, and partly, probably, instructed by art, clustered over the opening.

"I tell you what, my old cock," said the Cygani leader, in the ear of the astounded chieftain, "you threatened, awhile ago, to set my head rolling towards the river. One good turn demands another; but as I have no means of decapitation at hand, your whole body must fain accompany your head in its downward course."



Saying these words, Count Ragotzy, taking the ancient knight at unawares, compressed his powerful arms around his waist, lifting him fairly from the earth. As if gifted with the physical powers of that athlete, that Pausanias speaks of,\* the brigand clipped his captive with an iron embrace, that, from his being wholly unprepared for such an assault, baffled all resistance. Then, making a sudden plunge, which carried him and his burden into the very heart of the thicket, he threw himself adown the precipitous descent, with free but careful footsteps. In an instant, captor and captured, were lost among the underwood. Cries of "Stop the villain!" resounded from a hundred voices, and, aided by branches, bushes, &c., the whole troop scrambled, in the brigand's track, down the declivity; but, ere they had anything like thriddled the steep bye-path, which conducted to the thoroughfare, the Count reached the little rustic structure of unhewn timber, that spanned the stream at the narrow, and stood, for an instant, swinging his knightly prize, half-way over the crossing. "Take the reward of thy officiousness, old John Banffy, as thou callest thyself," cried Ragotzy, "and be more careful, henceforth, how thou ventarest to threaten the Cygani leader, Alaric Polgar." Having thus spoken, he dropped the knight headlong into the stream; and, ere the men-at-arms arrived on the bridge, to the assistance of their chief, Count Ragotzy's form was descried far away, shooting like a meteor athwart the strath. Some of the party, however, would not desist from the pursuit, but they presently returned, and reported the fact of the Cygani, having sought refuge within the imperial lines.

Meantime, by the dispersion of the guards, our hero and the fair daughter of Vicchy, found themselves unex-

\* Milo of Crotona. The strength of this man was prodigious. See Paus. lib vi. cap. 14. He would grasp a pomegranate so fast, by the mere strength of his fingers, that none could take it from him, . . . save, indeed, says Ælian, his mistress.—Æl. ii. cap. 24.

pectedly liberated, having "nobody with them at sea but themselves," in the solitude of the forest. Veronica had stood leaning against a tree during the hubbub; but not all her previous state of apprehension, had caused such an emotion, as that with which her bosom now fluttered. Never was the flush of her loveliness more dazzling. Her eyes were radiant with thankfulness, and the glow of grateful feelings shone, through the medium of her transparent features. With graceful embarrassment, having expressed her acknowledgments for the services, which Sigismund would have rendered her, she earnestly entreated him to reconduct her to her father.

The young count readily acceded to her request, observing, as they struck into the opposite path, "that the troop of Vicchy had suffered him, on his parole, to join in pursuit of the infamous Cygani, and that, however incalculably precious his freedom of action was to him, just then, he still felt himself bound to render up his person, into their hands."

Again Veronica's eyes gazed upon her preserver, with an expression, in which the most confiding dependence, and the most feminine admiration were involuntarily blended. The pair, for some time, mutually lost in the depths of tender thought, and with scarcely the exchange of a word, followed back the path, which the damsel and her ruthless captor had before trod. At length, Sigismund, while assisting his fair companion over the stepping-stones of a shallow brook, broke the embarrassing silence, by proceeding to inquire, how she came to be concealed in that lonely hut; at the same time expressing his surprise, at her having eluded the notice of the brigand, and Count Maylat, during their sojourn therein. In return, he learned, that Walter, (whom, during his short detention in the brigand's cave, our hero had gained over to his services), agreeably to the plan, which he and Sigismund had chalked out, in Veronica's presence, the day before, had safely effected her deliverance. He

had afterwards conducted her to that ruinous hovel, where Sigismund, to his no small amazement, beheld her, just as she fainted off in her father's arms : " but it was through very joy," she said, looking our hero full in the face, with a touching, and most feminine expression of interest and reliance ; " Walter told me," proceeded Veronica, " he had a deed to do, by your orders, in the cunicular fortress, which, previous to my escape from thence, he was unwilling to attempt. This deed he left me, to accomplish, promising to return to conduct me to some neighbouring village, as soon as possible. You may conceive my terror, on the Cygani's entering the ruinous tenement ; at first, mistaking that horrible man for Walter, I was on the very brink of falling into the villain's hands : then I slunk, luckily without being discovered, into the recess of the fire-place, where, with little difficulty, I contrived to place myself on a ledge, within its ample chimney ; nor did I descend, till the voice of my father seemed to me an assurance of safety. I recollect no more, till, to my indescribable horror, I found myself seated in the company of that *Feni féreg*,\* even where yonder crystal fount bubbles forth its music."

Sigismund gazed upon the lovely narrator, with an interest of a kind, he had never felt for any other human being, as he listened to her account, with respectful and absorbed attention. " Pray God !" he ejaculated, when she had finished, " that Walter have indeed succeeded in the object, whose importance, nevertheless, could hardly justify him in leaving thee alone and unprotected, in so desolate a spot." He paused, and then turning to his fair companion, said, " I may yet, by the blessing of Providence, obtain my freedom this night. Dear lady Veronica," he continued, and at the tender epithet, the damsel bent her head aside, to hide the

\* Devil-dragon.

yellow blood, which stole over her features; "If you see Walter, intimate to him what has transpired, and bid him have horses ready saddled, half a mile north-east of the regent's camp. Will you do thus much for one who —" Indeed, there may interests depend on your address herein, of no ordinary magnitude; but the nature of which, this is neither the place, nor the occasion to explain. "Dear Lady Veronica," he repeated, "may I rely on you?"

The young lady was somewhat surprised, and no less touched by the depth of feeling, with which Sigismund uttered these last words. A vague and fluttering joy stole to her heart. Mastering her emotions, however, she expressed her readiness to do his message, and at this moment the abstracted pair were surprised to find, and truth to say, the illusions which were rising fast within their bosoms, were somewhat ungratefully dissipated, that they had already threaded the distance to the forest, and at the entrance of which we leave them, to give no account of themselves to the wounded sire. He was still awaiting some sort of litter from the camp, and in the manner of the young lady's rescue, "after what do best" as seemeth meet to the gentle girl, and Sigismund deliver.

## MANUSCRIPT XXIII.

*"Non ita Di Getici faxint, manesque parentum,  
Ut mea converso relegam vestigia cursu."*

CLAUD.

THE course of our story follows, at present, the fortunes of its hero. Within an hour after having lost sight of him, at the close of the last manuscript, we find Count Rodna introduced into a small solitary tent, guarded by a few men-at-arms, who had formed part of the corps of Vicchy. He supposed, that his attendants would have at once conveyed him before Martinuzzi, but on his arrival at the Hungarian camp, he learned, to his no small chagrin, that the regent, shortly after midnight, had crossed the river with the greater part of his army. The remaining division was in their course of passage, and it was calculated, that ere dawn, not an Hungarian soldier, or straggling follower of the camp, would be left behind. These tidings were peculiarly distressing to Sigismund; and only by a powerful effort, could he control his emotion sufficiently to inquire, who was the officer immediately in command? From the reply, which he had some difficulty to elicit, he learned, that Valentinian, Count Turascus, yet remained on the hither side the Samos, superintending the embarkation of the men. Sigismund then demanded to be brought to speech of the count,

without delay. The serjeant-at-arms, to whom he appeared, surveyed our hero, with a strict eye, from head to foot, before he made answer. There was something in the commanding form, and in the air, voice, and manner of the young *hussars*, which, notwithstanding the usual and remembered generic disrepute of the class, and the unfavourable accident of his being a prisoner, filled the mind of the armed official, with a new and strong impression of awe and reverence.

He strove to divest himself of that feeling of awe, which stole over him in the presence of Sigismund, and the more he tried, in spite of every effort, his mind seemed to become down, as at the address of a person, to whom high command, and important duties were attached. Still the military habits of the man rebelled, and his superior higher instinct of his nature, which was in *harmony* of the innate dignity of the captive, was known. In consequence of this internal debate, it was a strange military hesitancy, that the serjeant at arms displayed.

"Do not stir," he said, leaning on his sword, "I am not a soldier, nor mayhap quite safe, to be so near the general, at so critical a time, about such a delicate matter, that in which he is at present engaged. But," he added, with a half smile, "I will be such that you can have to say to his excellency, that I should instantly confer with him on the subject. Suppose, my untimely importunity should be so far from being lost to the camp-marshal:—only a moment."

"I will be such," answered Sigismund: "I will be such that you can have to say to his excellency, that I should instantly confer with him on the subject. Suppose, my untimely importunity should be so far from being lost to the camp-marshal:—only a moment."

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can : if it be the general's pleasure to have you brought before him, well and good ; if not, I would, I be not made responsible for my officiousness, in drawing off his attention from the business in hand. So only think of that !”

“ My good soldier,” said Sigismund, “ you need fear nought.” Then after a pause, during which a sudden thought seemed to cross his mind, he added, “ Do you deliver this hangier to Count Turascus, and say, the son of the man, whose property it formerly was, demands an interview.” With these words, Sigismund displayed a small ornamented dirk, which he handed over to the serjeant.

“ Only to think of this !” cried the latter ; and then with a grave elongation of countenance, he added ; “ I know not whether, in undertaking this mission, I be not following those false fires, without light or heat, that lure one to one's doom ; but spite of devil and *die poltergiester*,\* I will do your bidding, These characters, be-like, on the handle, signify your father's name, unless, saving your presence, the jolly woodsman possessed himself of the weapon, after a mode somewhat obnoxious to the *varmegyetol*,† were law and justice duly administered in the land.”

“ My father obtained this little instrument at the battle of Tocaï,” said Sigismund.

“ What ! only to think of that !—Indeed ! I have heard speak of that fatal day,—but under what banner ? Ha ! take back the trophy, acquired by the disaster of my native country ! Thy father, sir kanactz,—take it back,—fought for the Austrians.”

“ No, by my soul !” exclaimed Sigismund ; “ he fought beneath the Hungarian colours, upheld by Count Turascus,‡ he played a brave part all day, and only quitted the field at night-fall, in company with King John.”

\* Earth imps, i. e. will-o'-the-wisps.

† Justices.

‡ This must be some mistake. Francis Boden, the usurper of the

"Say you so? Oh how I honour him!" cried the serjeant; "I will do your behest. — And this poignard?"

"—Was placed by Count Turascus, opportunely, within my father's hands, when the *melée* was at the hottest; and being hard pressed, it contributed to save his life," replied Sigismund.

"Only to think of that!—but I understand," said the subaltern;—"a reward of valour? I'll do your message to the count, sir kanactz,—I'll do your message; tarry here in the dark, with that assurance to light up thy loneliness. Yonder, by good luck, are two men-at-arms, whom I will post at the entrance,—more for matter of form, do you see, than anything else,—ay, ay,—only for form sake, sir kanactz; but a soldier must, above all things, mind his duty,—and the general would marvel much, on coming up, if he found my prisoner unguarded. Ave Mary! only to think of that!" With this ejaculation, after committing the person of Sigismund to the custody of the men in question, the serjeant-at-arms hied him to the banks of the Samos.

Meantime, the reflections which agitated the mind of Sigismund, were not of the most tranquil character. The cold grey of dawn already crept over the heavens, and stole insensibly on the darkness of the night; and the youth trembled to think, that unless he were speedily liberated, he would be disabled, from performing that decisive part in the bloody business of the forthcoming day, which he had long meditated, and the nature of which will more particularly appear in the sequel. He walked to and fro with an agitated frame, and impetuous but interrupted steps, within the limits of the tent, as if action were some relief to the intolerable suspense, which racked his bosom. Weighty cares pressed upon his

revenues of the bishopric of Alba-Julia, bore the Hungarian standard at the battle of Tocaï. He was taken prisoner, and (*says the historian*), *diuturnam sustinuit captivitatem, in qua et mortuus est.* Joau Zermagh, *Rer. Gest. inter Ferd. & Joan. Comment. lib. 1. s. vii.*



mind, and he stopped from time to time,—now in hopes, his ears might catch the approach of Turascus; and again, as if to arrest the ideas, which shot across the region of his brain, with trackless swiftness, and consider them with greater accuracy. He felt, that it was the crisis of his fortunes, and that a few hours would either pave the way to a brilliant destiny, or perchance, consign him to an obscure grave, unhonoured, unwept, undistinguished, and unknown. Such an apprehension fell, like an ice-bolt, on the soaring spirit of Count Rodna.

“It is not loss of life, I care for,” he said, internally; “to the equal mind of a warrior, the gory skeleton hath no terrors; but to me, he threatens more than mere extinction of breath,—he approaches, as the climax of a series of humiliation and subterfuge; he sets the seal of his fatal dart on the long cares, that have, since childhood, tainted the healthful freshness of my cheek, and stolen the very life from my heart. In his shadowy lure he shuts out those aspirations of fame, which have been my prayer and dream, during many years; — a prayer so fervent, as to have all the quality of faith, and a dream so sweet, as to fall on my soul like an oblivious antidote to grief, transforming into an airy structure of delight, the house of bondage itself. No; death comes not to me, as he comes to others. Hungary, in my fall, will lose, unknowingly, one, consecrate and set apart to her defence and service. And why, at this instant, do my thoughts revert to death? Is it not, because I feel it to be the happier alternative. Oh! better far to die, than live longer as I have lived; better, the son of my father, now he is acquainted with his rights, were laid beside him in his dark chamber, than witness the fair land of his birth bestrode by an usurper; or worse, consigned over, all clogged with foreign wars and internal dissensions, to the false and feeble sovereignty of a weak maiden!” He paused in his mental soliloquy, near the entrance of the tent to listen; then, after awhile, his

mind and body simultaneously resumed the exercise of their powers. "Yes," he said, as he strode across the tent: "my fate hath brought me at last to this most perilous and doubtful crisis, but my single chance of coming off triumphant, depends on Count Turascus. Alas! if he lag much longer, Coloswar is like to page with *Warna*,\* and with Mohacs. The Basha Achamates will scarcely make a demonstration in favour of Martinuzzi;—the correspondence of the Ottoman emperor with the Moldavian waivode, discovers his alienation from the regent's interests, and betrays a deep-rooted dread of his abilities. If Martinuzzi, as I misdoubt, rely on the co-operation of the Turk, he trusts to a rotten reed." Sigismund paused on this reflection, which, by a natural association, induced a new train of thought. His mind adverted to the conspiracy of the magnats, which comprehended the execrable design of Count Ragotzy.—"I took up my sojourn in the brigand's den," he said, "with the view of destroying, root and branch, that villain's means of laying waste the land. This sudden press of time and circumstances, will yet, belike, prove his reprieve from justice. *I would have henceforth averted these outrages from Hungary. I have done no more than insure the personal liberty of her regent for a day. So far, however, on such a day as this,—'tis well,—but these traitor magnats will certainly fall off during the engagement, from whatever various motives. when it comes to the trial, they will make it no point of honour, to fight to the death in his cause, to whose authority they are so ill inclined. And now, forewarned, fore-armed, Piadena will be drawn out in dreadful array of battle, and instead of taking the invaders by surprise, the regent will himself be surprised. "Would to God."*

\* Fought Nov. 10, A. D. 1444. The previous perjury, and its rightful punishment, in the defeat and death of Wladislaus, have bestowed a sad celebrity on the field of *Warna*.

exclaimed Sigismund, with impassioned feeling, "I were free, to avert so fatal a catastrophe from Hungary, as at this hour impendeth! Still, still, Turascus comes not. Heaven and earth! Suppose he have crossed the water! My brain's on fire,—the day cometh on apace,—oh that I were without these lines, aback of my gallant steed!" The speaker hushed his voice, and for the twentieth time within the last half-hour, abruptly arrested at once his steps and his reflections. "Another minute elapsed!" he presently said: "Another minute! when every most trifling portion of time that finds me fettered, teems with my own and country's destruction!" Again he listened for awhile, but caught not the sound his ears thirsted for. Throwing himself on his knees, he pressed both hands to his brow with energetic force,—he would have prayed, but his tongue felt parched, and his breathings were stifled in his throat,—the nervous impatience of his soul was testified by the big damp drops, that stood like beads on his brow. "Oh that I were entangled in the swift whirlwind!" he exclaimed, "so that it bore me away to —, but, hush! Do I not hear the sounds of approaching voices?"

Sigismund sprung to his feet, and, rushing to a sort of hanging, which dropped down before the entrance, bent every nerve in an attitude of listening. He could distinguish the accents of two persons, conversing in a low tone; but Sigismund's hopes fell still-born on his heart, at discovering the speakers to be the men-at-arms, who were keeping guard over him. Involuntarily, he caught a glimmering of their subject of discourse; but it appeared so little interesting to him, in his present state of morbid impatience, that, if an after-occurrence had not thrown some light on the matter, it is probable, it would have left no trace whatever on his mind.

"So," said one of the men-at-arms, "the Count Balassi's horsemen are like to roam at large over the

mind and body simultaneously their powers. "Yes," he tent: "my fate hath brought me to this perilous and doubtful coming off triumphant. Alas! if he lag much with *Warna*,\* and will scarcely make nuzzi;—the corral of the Moldavian regent's inter-

abilities. "I," said you say," observed the first operation of the regent Balassi, and the Moldavian Sigismund, each other tolerably well, or his grat-associati-ly." "belied."

advertise," was the response, "not a whit to choose prehe- them, save, indeed, that Balassi never turned "I," which, belike, will make some difference in their "present treatment. However, talking of infidels, you v- may lay this up in your mind, an' you will;—he that did the deed, will be sent to bear the soul of Balassi company ere sunrise!"

"What! Abu Obeida, the emir?—Well, I should guess as much, if you had not told me;—by the holy mass! the lances of Balassi ever loved their leader."

"I overheard," said the other interlocutor, "some half dozen devise how to waylay the Turk, on his road to the camp of the Basha Achamates, which, as I understand, lies not many leagues distant."

"Hath, then, the Emir departed?" demanded the first speaker.

"Yes; and, to judge from the scowl on his brow, in no little heat; but he'll be cooler anon;—it is not long since, he left, in company with one Halis, a captain of

\* Literally, uninhabited countries.

† An approbrious term of the day for such Hungarian military as gained their livelihood by plundering the community.

hither in the night, bearing mis-  
But stand to your arms, com-

Turascus came up, with hurried expression of countenance, which the subaltern observed. He was attended to the entrance of the palace, to keep guard on the spot, Yosa,\* he added, "I wait." Several minutes elapsed. He again showed himself, and Sigismund came into the chill, sharp twilight, of the day. He was replying to the pretended cattle-herds, when the eye of the serjeant-at-arms lit on their alarming forms. "In that, and all things else," said Turascus, in a broken tone, whilst the big tears rapidly chased one another, down the furrows of his manly cheek, "command me." And, with these words, having rebuckled the broad belt, that girt his waist, he presented it, together with the sheathed weapon by his side, with respectful courtesy, into Sigismund's hands, who, gracefully receiving it, said —

"Many thanks, my dear lord; and, please God, we may yet meet ere the day be many hours older, — but our parting here must needs be as abrupt, as our introduction. — Farewell! wave ceremony. — To the regent! Show him the peril which environs him. — Ha!" he suddenly broke off, "Good God! you will be too late! — hark to those cannon!"

Turascus' countenance fell, as he, together with the subaltern and the two men-at-arms, bent their heads aside, and hushed their breath to catch, at intervals, the booming of the martial thunder, in the neighbourhood of Coloswar. It awoke the drowsy morn, and thrilled

\* Josa; Joseph.

*pusztas*\* of Transylvania, and turn false *usarous*,† like many true men before them."

"Why, comrade," replied the other soldier, "they are invited, d'ye see, in some sort, by their very loss, to meditate, for themselves, their proper destination: though, by'r lady! in the lifetime of their chief, they were hardly better disciplined, than a band of ordinary Wallachian depredators, and conducted themselves, commonly, as riotous and as unruly as ever did Peter the Bloody's dare-devils, before that richter, they call Vilez Iwan, stopped short his career."

"There's reason in what you say," observed the first speaker, — "the Count Balassi, and the Moldavian prince, understood each other tolerably well, or his grafship is sadly belied."

"Ay, ay," was the response, "not a whit to choose between them, save, indeed, that Balassi never turned infidel, which, belike, will make some difference in their present treatment. However, talking of infidels, you may lay this up in your mind, an' you will; — he that did the deed, will be sent to bear the soul of Balassi company ere sunrise!"

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\* Literally, uninhabited countries.

† An abhorrent term of the day for such Hungarian military as gained their livelihood by plundering the community.

Janissaries, who arrived hither in the night, bearing missives from Hermanstadt. — But stand to your arms, comrade, lo ! the general !”

At that moment, Count Turascus came up, with hurried footsteps, and a bewildered expression of countenance, holding in his hand the token, which the subaltern had been directed to present to him. He was attended by that person, whom, passing within the entrance of the tent, he ordered, in a troubled voice, to keep guard on the outside. “Quit not the spot, Yosa,”\* he added, “I may require your services.” Several minutes elapsed before the count again showed himself, and Sigismund accompanied him into the chill, sharp twilight, of the new-born day. He was replying to the pretended cattle-keeper, when the eye of the serjeant-at-arms lit on their emerging forms. “In that, and all things else,” said Turascus, in a broken tone, whilst the big tears rapidly chased one another, down the furrows of his manly cheek, “command me.” And, with these words, having rebuckled the broad belt, that girt his waist, he presented it, together with the sheathed weapon by his side, with respectful courtesy, into Sigismund’s hands, who, gracefully receiving it, said —

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\* Josa ; Joseph.

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through the still air, like the pang of day-break, for the horrors, which were about to be enacted. The simultaneous prayer to Heaven, which burst, at that moment, from the lips of the half-dozen true Hungarians, might be pronounced, in more than one point of view, sublime. Sigismund first broke the entranced impression, which the sudden announcement of battle produced on each of their minds.

“Count Turascus,” he cried, “the engagement has already commenced, — haste to your post, — my mind misgives me, that the day will go against you; but, while one true patriot stands to his arms, *surrender not — fly not*. Tell the regent, only to keep his ground, at whatever cost, and Hungary may yet be saved.” The eyes of Sigismund gleamed in accordance with his gallant spirit, and his ever fine form became even more imposing, under the influence of his feelings. After reflecting for a minute, he suddenly demanded, “Who bears your colours?”

“For whom Martinuzzi reserves that important charge, I have not heard,” said Turascus.

“Well, be he who he may, bid him,” cried Sigismund, with an air and emphasis of inexpressible grandeur, “hack his spurs from his heels, and exalt the ensign on one spot, rescue or no rescue, while the current of life courses in his veins. This day shall manifest the wisdom of our country’s practice, and justify King Bela in the eyes of posterity.\* But breath and time are alike valuable. Can this man accompany me a short distance to a spot, where I look to find a steed ready saddled, to convey me —” Sigismund stopped short.

“Whither, at such a time, my noble lord,” cried Turascus, “in the name of Heaven?”

\* The custom of the ensign who carried the national standard, wearing no spurs in battle, to prevent his quitting the field, originated with King Bela I. It was the occasion of frequent disasters, and the loss of the battle of Tocai ought probably to be attributed to that cause.

"It were long to explain my destination," replied Sigismund. "Enough — we may meet ere sunset; till when, the good genius of Hungary wait upon you! — no ceremony — adieu!" Sigismund turned away, and Count Turascus bidding the subaltern assist the strange young noble to horse, gazed for a minute after him, with a countenance, in which mournful surprise, was strongly depicted, and then directed his rapid steps across the Samos, where, vaulting on his war-horse, he gave him the rein, and with impetuous speed darted by the troops, as they were forming in battle array, to where, on a more elevated part of the ground, his practised eye distinguished the regent, amid a group of chiefs and principal officers. Meanwhile return we to Count Rodna, who, at a brisk pace, measured the distance, between the regent's deserted cantonment and a certain point of the umbrageous barrier, whither he directed his steps. The subaltern followed close at his heels for a minute or two, in silence; but perceiving no likelihood of his companion addressing him, his curiosity shortly got the better even of his involuntary deference for the pretended cattle-keeper. He came up closer, and looking in the kanactz's face, with a half-furtive, half-inquiring glance, said, "If I may take the liberty, sir, I should not be greatly surprised to learn, that your profession be not the tending of cattle, after all." He stopped; but finding his observation elicited no reply, presently resumed — "A sort of masquerading, belike?" Another pause ensued, to no more purpose than the preceding. "It may be, your disguise is meant to prove of service to our beloved regent?"

Sigismund turned a look on the speaker, whose shadowy paleness deepened into something like displeasure. "Beloved!" he murmured, under his breath.

The serjeant remarked the pallid cast of his countenance, but misapprehended the cause. "You look worn, sir, from the effects of last night's want of rest," he said.

"Ay, beloved, indeed, is Martinuzzi, save by certain grandees, who envy him his genius and his virtues. I have good cause to honor him: it is not many weeks, since he promoted me to my present rank, and that," he continued, erecting his tall person, with an air of military pride, "without a breath of solicitation on my part, but merely from what he heard of my military character. Only think of that!"

This seemed a favorite topic with our subaltern; and he talked on, as if merely to gratify his loquacious humour. "There was many a grade got in our corps, when captain Hubert was sent to prison, for treasonable practices."

Sigismund looked up, and his face discovered a greater expression of interest, than his pale features, previously, exhibited.

The subaltern observed the change, and taking it for a sort of encouragement, thus continued — "Twas a sad affair, to be sure—it came like a sudden shock to all our men, the next day, although *I could have told them*,—but that is neither here nor there." Here the subaltern's communication and his march, together came to a full stop. He and Sigismund arrived beneath a group of walnut-trees, whose implicated leaves charged the thin autumnal air of morn, with delicious fragrance. Near this grove, they observed a man, dressed in a sort of military habit, leading up and down two war-horses, with appropriate furniture.

"Walter, thou art punctual, and thy being here at all, I take to be a good omen," said Sigismund.

The person addressed, after making a profound reverence, proceeded to inform the young count of his having waited, under cover of the trees, since the earliest peep of dawn. "I singled out the place of appointment," he said, "agreeably to the direction of the lady."

"We'll speak of that anon," interrupted Sigismund, as he mounted one of the gallant destriers. "My friend,"

he said, addressing the bewildered subaltern, "receive my thanks for having borne my message to Count Turascus,—thanks are all that I have now to offer; but, lest, peradventure, hereafter, my power should coincide with my will to be of service, tell me how thou art called?"

"My name is Yosa," answered the serjeant.

"My gratitude shall fasten that name on my memory," said Sigismund. "Farewell, Yosa!" And, saying these words, the young count and his attendant galloped off, cutting the waste air, as if they were the incarnate spirits of the hurricane.

For some minutes the subaltern stood gazing after them in apparent consternation, at the velocity of their progress, as the horsemen appeared and disappeared, among the trees, in the curvatures of their path, till they were wholly lost, behind the numberless boles that occupied, in dark lines, the rapidly extending space of the intermediate woodland. Then he stood for a minute as if stupified, and might have remained so still longer, if the dropping succession of distant shots, sounding like the first "big drops" of the thunder-cloud, which preceded the tempest, had not recalled him to himself. "Well, only think of that!" cried Yosa, as, collecting his astonished faculties, he retraced his steps, at a brisk pace, towards the site of the deserted camp, which again partook of the solitude, that pervaded the vast forest, with which it was, in a great measure, encompassed.

Meanwhile, as if incarnate death were in pursuit, the ground disappeared, from under the horses' hoofs of Sigismund and his companion, and they traversed the sweeping range of hills, over which their road wound, without drawing in rein; nor did they slacken their pace, till they were passing through an avenue of leafless larch and lilac trees, which made the characteristic approach to the few Transylvanian hamlets, that were dispersed over those thinly-populated cattle-farms.\*

\* Pustas; uninhabited countries.

At the entrance of a village of mud-built huts, rudely constructed as those of an Indian wigwam, they found, to their great chagrin, the causeway almost blocked up, by a concourse of persons of all ages and sexes, who were awaiting the coming forth of a devout procession of the peasantry, which at that early hour, was commencing its pilgrimage to some miraculous fount, slowly, and with difficulty, our horsemen thriddled their way, through the dense assemblage of human bodies, gay in their motley holiday attire, of yellow, green, and purple cloth, and proportionably elevated and noisy. The crowd sometimes opened in a lane, but oftener impeded the progress of the travellers with vacant recklessness. These people were arrayed, for the most part, in the national dress of Transylvania, the arrangement of which, is particularly imposing, and its almost classical effect has been compared to that of the costume of the peasantry of the Roman empire. They wore a tunic of white cloth, which, where it terminated about the knees, was finished off by a broad stripe of coloured wool—the pantaloons descended, in elaborate folds, and the goat-skin sandals were secured to the foot and ankle, by the aid of reticulated strings. The enormous calpac, in the shape of an inverted cone, lightly surmounted the head; the nape of the neck was left entirely bare, while the hair in front was worn *à la Brutus*, instead of its being plaited all round, and tied in knots, as among the Magyari.

One of these picturesque personages, after having been almost trodden down by Sigismund, owing partly to the tardiness of the man's movements, and in part to that strong impulse, in the mind of our hero, which urged him forwards to the performance of its ministry, at whatever risk, shouted after him—"Have a care, young *Kanactz*, or you may chance to be unhorsed, as happened to a certain Turk not long ago."

Sigismund gave slight heed to the speaker, and, by dint of skill and determination, at length fairly found

himself entangled, within the single long narrow street of the little village. Here he was compelled to draw up on one side, to let the procession pass. A-head, marched the curate "proudly eminent," in his long *purple canonicals*,\* with some dignity, but more difficulty, exalting a rude and massive crucifix. A lingering line of youthful acolytes, bearing a banner, where the figure of St. Helena swung lazily on the autumnal air, and shone resplendent on a field of azure, were close on his heels. After them came some half hundred young damsels, in picturesque attire, who, in a chant that filled the welkin, and ran along the whole extent of the village, lifted up their voices, in praise of the saint, to whose blessed station, they were ostentatiously carrying, in the midst, a black earthenware pitcher, moulded after some antique model. This they purposed filling with the canonised maidens' water. Two of the parochial *dorfrichters*, † supporting certain emblems of Catholic worship, and draped in waving white surplices, brought up the rear, whilst an eager curious multitude indiscriminately pressed upon either flank of "the long drawn pomp," or with little attention to order, but with more or less demonstration of delight, devoutly followed in the wake.

The thinly thatched cottage, near which Sigismund unwillingly checked his horse, stood a little detached, like every other in the village. Its gable ends rose from the roof, and, as was usual, it presented to the highway, the discoloured wall of its lateral front. It was defended by a slight enclosure or rail of wicket work, and was pierced by two deep and small embrasures. The actual front of this domicile ran back some short way, where, beneath a sort of penthouse was enchain'd, for the time, the deep-mouthed guardian of the premises, who having no "gentle Des-

\* The Hungarians delight in colours:—It is rare to see any one in black—the priests themselves being habited in purple. See Brown's *Travels in Dacia, Styria, &c.*—London, 4to. 1688.

† *Dorfrichters*, i. e. clergymen.

demonia" to reconcile him to his "circumscription and restraint," yelped loudly to obtain his customary "unhoused free condition."

"Would you wish to pass your horses within the gate, and alight, till your road be clear, sir travellers?" asked a withered crone, standing within the jagged paling, in a cracked and feeble tone of voice.

Sigismund was about to decline the invitation, but being respectfully reminded by his companion, that both steeds and riders, would be all the better able to prosecute their journey, after having taken some slight refection, he acquiesced in the arrangement, and the next minute saw our hero seated, before a pyramidical stove, in the common sod-built room of the mean-looking abode, which turned out to be one of those inferior hosteleries, mostly frequented by the lowest order of *fuhrlentes* or carriers. A refreshment, consisting of sour-cROUT, brown bread, and excellent butter, was speedily produced, and laid on the rough wooden table, which made a fixture in the middle of the apartment.

The old dame apologised, for not being provided with better entertainment, which she ascribed to her having already feasted divers parties that morning; and she lamented especially, that her last eggs had been swallowed, not long before, by some mighty grandee of a Turk, whose horse had stumbled, and thrown him on the rugged *pave*, near the threshold of her inn.

Sigismund listened, with more apparent interest, than he had previously exhibited, and inquired, whether the Turk was quite alone when he chanced to fall, and being informed, there were two journeying in company, the discourse he had overheard that morning recurred to him, and he concluded that these equestrians must have been Abu Obeida, and the captain of the Janissaries. After reflecting a moment on this information, a new train of thought suggested itself to his mind. "Abu Obeida is the accredited agent of the sultan, and, therefore,



his confidential friend," he argued internally. "If I could only prevail upon him to carry a message—no,—a verbal message will be spent on air." Sigismund turned, and addressing his hostess, requested writing materials.

That venerable body shook her head, in profound amazement, observing, that during almost half a century, that she and her dead husband before her, had kept a public, she had never heard preferred, such an unconscionable requisition.

"Are not implements for writing to be had in all Koras," (such being the name of the straggling village, where they were detained,) demanded Sigismund, with a gesture of impatience.

"Nay thee now, sir kanactz, the inhabitants, I wis, are no belated," was the rejoinder; "and yet, belike—" the old dame paused.

"Ay, my good woman; think again," said Sigismund, encouragingly; "surely some one or other, must deal in such commodities."

"La, you there now! I fear me nay," replied the hostess; "yet I partly remember me, when I have been up to confession, at Father Matthias's, to have seen something of what you mention, on his reverence's table. But, of a verity, the father is out on the pilgrimage."

"Nevertheless, would you not make the trial, whether they are not to be had in his absence?" inquired Sigismund, at the same time enforcing his request, by that clenching argument, which, in all times and countries, accommodates itself to the meanest capacity, and soon dissipates every scruple.

"Why marry, sir kanatcz," said the obliging dame, "the father's dwelling is no great step, across the field, at the back of our hamlet, and I warrant me, if my daughter Ernestine, who keeps house for his reverence, could not contrive to get at the articles in demand. At all events, I will do my best for your pieces;" and the aged dame, incontinently, hobbled off to the curate's

domicile, and was soon seen to return, to the high satisfaction of Sigismund, bearing in her hands the requisite materials.

Our hero, hastily traced a few lines, and then, having folded the paper, in the shape of a missive, superscribed and posited it about his person. Finding the procession had gone by, he prepared for departure. Whilst mounting, he observed :—

“The Turkmen you spoke of, erewhiles, good woman, were bound northward, I ween.”

The old hostess looked at Sigismund, with a peculiar expression of countenance, while shaking her lanky fingers, in a most admonitory style, she made answer :—  
“I will give you a bit of caution, in return for thy munificence, courteous sir kanactz, or whoever else thou art. for my mind misdoubts me, thou art above thy seeming : join not the company of those Turkmen, or thou may chance to fare thee worse for it.”

Extreme as was the anxiety of Sigismund, to spur onward, there was something implied, in the voice and manner of the woman, that obliged him to restrain his impatience. “In Heaven’s name !” he said ; “what doth thy speech import ?”

“Thus much,” replied the woman ; “whilst the turbaned lords, you asked about, were refreshing themselves, in my hostelry, arrives me, certain roving horsemen, who live by the sword, and call for a flask of korosian : one of them alighted, and passed into the *speise-saal*.\* On his return, I overheard him say, to his comrades, that the infidels they were pursuing, were, at that moment, carousing within ; and then, not heeding my presence, because I wot they deemed me deaf, or, at least, too good a Christian to bewray their purpose, they planned, in my hearing, to waylay the Turkmen, some miles down the road, and, (she added, in a cautionary

\* *Speise-saal*,—the common eating-room of an inn.

whisper,) and murder them, sir kanactz! So, if you would follow my counsel, an you come up with the unbelievers alive, as is not unlikely, from their slow rate of travel, you would gallop by without taking any notice; since the cutting off, in Erdély, of these Mahometans, when opportunity serves, be no more than just you wis."

On saying these last words, his prudent admonisher, sagaciously bowed her head; and Sigismund, and his attendant, were left to pursue their route, which they did, with as great celerity, as the fleet animals that bore them, could be urged to put forth.

They had measured about two leagues from Koras, when, having surmounted the gradual ascent, which, ever since they left that village, the road presented, they found the summit commanded an expanse of undulating woodland. For several miles, the eye might overlook the heavy outlines of the vast forest, broken, here and there, by the elevated crest of some giant tree, above the rest, and trace, at intervals, the higher ridges of the waving line, which they purposed following, sometimes glowing radiant, in unexpected sunshine, but oftener veiled in the grey mists of early morning.

Our hero's orb of sight, however, was not occupied afar off, in piercing through the capricious haze of distance, but paused on objects more within its scope, as well as more interesting. Half-way up a somewhat steep acclivity, that lay right in their track, our travellers could distinguish the stationary forms of armed horsemen; and as Sigismund's eye wandered to the spot, he readily apprehended, they were the followers of Balasi, awaiting the coming up of the Emir, whose person, together with that of his companion, was at present hidden in one of the intermediate hollows.

However powerful the impulse, which prompted our hero, either to forewarn the Turk of his danger, or otherwise to come in to his rescue, he found it no easy task,

to analyze his motives. He had overheard his guards discuss the manner of Balassi's death, and whatever little sympathy there might have been, between himself and that lawless magnat, he had, and could have, no feelings in common with his ruthless murderer. He acknowledged to himself, that the blood of the Turkish basha, would be justly shed, in atonement for that of the Hungarian noble; but he felt an invincible repugnance, to the mode, in which the infidel's infraction of the laws, both of nature, and of nature's origin, was to meet its punishment. "The murder of Balassi, is no justification for Balassi's avengers perpetrating another murder," he argued with himself, as instinctively, he put his horse upon his quickest paces.

Whether his recollection of the missive, which he meant Abu Obeida to transmit to Solymán, weighed anything in the nice balancing of Sigismund's mind, we cannot exactly determine. It is certain, his panting steed charged the waste air, with flakes of visible foam, as our hero impelled him headlong, down a declivity of considerable sweep, and then, after continuing at the same pace, along very little of the level in the valley, again galloped up the opposite ascent. Having surmounted the brow of the hill, overlooking a deep, wooded hollow, that terminated in a rise, proportioned to the previous descent, our hero perceived, that the objects of his kind pursuit had already traversed the sweeping vale, and were in the act of making their slow way, up the acclivity.

The horsemen he had first noticed remained stationary and were about a quarter of a mile in advance of their expected prey. Sigismund, however, animated by the hope of being yet in time to come up to their rescue, pushed on, without drawing in rein. Meantime, Abu Obeida and his companion experienced some natural misgivings, on observing the disposition of the five armed

horsemen, about the middle of the ascent, up which they were labouring.

"Halis," said Abu Obeida, "should yon Christians seek to rob and murder us, as, by Allah! seemeth to me not unlikely, we must employ our wits, if we hope to prevent them. I have nothing but my scymitar and this hangier about me; but thou—what weapon hast brought with thee?"

"My lord," replied Halis, "I regret to report, that my slight kinskal\* is all my means, defensive and offensive. Might I presume to advise, I should recommend our turning our horses' heads."

"That will I not, Halis," said Abu Obeida, "and for two reasons; one is, that as I never hitherto showed my back to a foe, (for that matter of Vienna is scarcely an exception,) so I were loath, my old age should shame my past life. My other reason is, that from the brow of the last hill, we descended, I descried in the distance a body of *acanziz*,† hastening hitherward. They have doubtless been sent by Achamates for our escort, should we require it. *Allah hereem!* God is merciful! But mark me," he continued, "the least symptom of hesitation on our parts, which yonder men discover, will bring them, if they mean hostilely, directly down upon us, and accelerate the moment of their attack. Let us, therefore, hold ourselves ready for the onset; but proceed, as if we entertained no apprehensions of its occurring."

Thus pre-admonished, Halis alternately urged and restrained his horse, and both, without obviously altering their rate of progress, maintained the most leisurely pace, consistent with the idea of an ordinary journey. But, however slowly they travelled, their steeds, at length, brought them, where their expectant foes remained drawn up across the road. "Infidel dog!"—"damned assas-

\* A curved sword, with a sharp edge on the concave side.

† A kind of volunteer cavalry among the Turks.

sin!"—"bloody villain!" were the sort of objurgations, freely showered upon the heads of the Ottomans, as the angry, but faithful adherents of the murdered Balassi pushed their steeds forward.

It happened, that three immense pyres, composed of faggots, cut down and brought thither, from an adjacent wood, had been left on one side of the road, within a short space of the ground chosen for the assault. They described three sides of a square, and formed a sort of barricade, which could only be carried in front. Abu Obeida, reconnoitring the ground, as he came near, by an expressive look, had drawn the attention of his companion to the fortilage, thus providentially provided. On the purpose of the armed horsemen being evidenced beyond a doubt, the Emir and the captain of janissaries backed their steeds, as if by a concerted plan, and ere the defensive movement could be prevented, had succeeded in entrenching themselves, within the convenient recess. Having thus guarded against being surrounded, the Ottomans prepared to repel the attack of their assailants, with the courage and determination, befitting brave men and experienced warriors. Neither party carried fire-arms;—at the time of our story, they were imperfect, and, consequently, of infrequent use.

Deeply enraged at having chosen their ground with such little foresight, as to leave room for the defensive manœuvre, they witnessed, the Hungarians spurred their steeds, with bitter and loud invectives, towards the barricade. The conflict which ensued lasted awhile, without auguring any issue either way. So long as Abu Obeida and his companion chose to act on the defensive, it was manifestly labour in vain to attempt to overcome them.

Matters were at this point, when the besiegers, as it wearied with encountering an opposition, on which they had not calculated, conferred together a few paces apart. Presently, they renewed the attack in front, whilst two

of the party, dismounting, made a reconnoissance, and ascertained there would be no difficulty in taking their enemies in the rear. Immediately they scaled the furthestmost pile of wood, and dropped themselves within the barricade. Now, indeed, the danger of the Ottomans became momentarily more imminent. The horse which Abu Obeida sat was instantly hamstrung, and as the noble animal essayed to plunge forward, the Emir felt himself dragged from the saddle, and borne away from beyond his wooden ramparts. The captain of janissaries perceiving, at once, the unfortunate turn, which the combat had taken, although hopeless of the event, resolved to make the most of their sole remaining chance for victory. As one of the captors of Abu Obeida passed under his horse's neck, grasping the sword-arm of that Emir with both hands, Halis stooped forward on his stirrup, and well aware of the temper and sharpness of his curved *kisakal*, waved it in the air, and then applied the weapon's edge so dexterously to its object, that instantaneously the head of the Hungarian rolled along the earth. Abu Obeida forthwith engaged in a close grapple with the other assailant, and the next moment both went down together. Halis, meanwhile, thrust forward, with an irresistible and crashing vigour, upon the Hungarians. This offensive movement obtained for him at first, all the advantage of a surprise; and fetching a blow at his nearest opponent, which felled him to the earth, he galloped over the prostrate body, to compel his other antagonists, to keep on the defensive. These, however, met his assault with such skill and determination, that Halis was fain to concentrate his every effort to his own preservation. One of the twain, in consequence, shot past him, and, brandishing his spear aloft, urged his charger towards where Abu Obeida rolled, gasping and struggling upon the ground, in the death-gripe of his foeman. He was undermost — his sabre lay broken in twain, some few paces off. The knee of his foeman was on the breast of the Turk, and his





troop, with the roar, at once, and the speed of an avalanche, rolled down upon the combatants. The baffled followers of the murdered magnat, did not care to abide the coming storm; they galloped off, in an opposite direction, leaving three of their comrades lifeless, on the hill-side.

Halis dismounted, and approached where the Emir half-supported himself, on the arm of Sigismund, who, immediately on the flight of the Hungarian, to whom he had been opposed, had thrown himself from his charger. "My lord," said the captain of janissaries, "Allah forefend your having received any bodily injury!"

"But for this person's gallantry, I should be now in paradise, Halis," replied Abu Obeida.

The broken voice, and gasping breath of the Emir, sufficiently attested, how greatly he had suffered, in the desperate encounter. His antagonist had proved himself to be possessed of more, than ordinary muscular power, and, though the Turk's spare frame had been much inured to toil and hardship, still the mortal wrestle with so strong a man, was almost too great an exertion for one, at the advanced period of life, which Abu Obeida had attained. The violent pressure on his chest, and the sort of strangulation, induced by the gripe, that the Hungarian, for a brief period of time, kept on his throat, contributed, no doubt, to his consequent exhaustion. And now, the troop of *Acanziz* drew up; their plumed turbans waving in the air, and their rich dresses, costly cashmeres, and superb brocades, fluttering in gay and gorgeous relief, to the precious trappings of their steeds, and the martial garniture, that lurked beneath.

With extreme salutations of respect, certain of these dismounted, and, after bowing almost to the earth, and kissing the hem of his garment, assisted the Emir, on the back of a superbly caparisoned Arabian, whose trappings and housings were of silk and velvet, and reached to the ground. Wheeling about, the gorgeous cavalcade pre-

wish the contents of this letter to be perused by his highness, without any delay that can be avoided."

"Exactly so, sir," replied Sigismund, with some haughtiness, not altogether approving the peculiar, and sinister expression of countenance, with which he could not help fancying, the Emir regarded him.

"Well, sir," observed Abu Obeida, "you must be informed, that never is any kind of document or petition considered by the sultan, without having previously fallen under the inspection of the individual by your side. You are so far fortunate—the missive is not sealed, I see—so—by your leave ——"

"Sir Emir," cried Sigismund, in manifest anger—"if such be your title—I will not permit this. That writing you hold in your hands, is of such import, that it can be submitted to no meaner eyes, than those of Solyman; therefore, if you do not think fit, to lay it before the emperor unread,—I would be obliged by your returning it into my hands."

"You are strangely captious, methinks, sir Frank,"

Sultan Selim, who hath power from God to rule all people with a bridle, and strength to break open the gates and bars of all cities and strong places, unto whose mighty hands are delivered all the ends of the world, none excepted; I, the ruler of the East from the island of Iseu unto the furthest bounds of Africa, whom God hath appointed a mighty warrior in the edge of the sword, amongst whose most mighty kingdom, the impregnable castle of Casaria is reputed for the least, and in whose hereditary dominions the kingdom or empire of Alexander the Great is accounted of as a trifle, with me is the strength of the whole world, and virtue of the firmament. For as much as thou king Ferdinand, and elected emperor of the Roman people, of Bohemia, Vandalia, Craxua, and many other countries, king and lord."

The following commencement of an epistle addressed to Henry VIII., copied from a record in the Heralds' College, is also curious. "I king of kings, and lord of lords, emperor of Babylon, steward of Hell, porter of Paradise, constable of Jerusalem, flower of the Universe, and cousin to the great God."

There is moreover cited, a speech of Solyman to John of Zapola, by Laurentius Toppeltinus, *Ortus et Occasus Transilv.* p. 174, seq. that far out-herods either of the foregoing. It is too long to insert.

returned the Emir, "I would only open your letter, as a necessary preliminary to Solyman's being speedily made acquainted with its contents. A moment ago, you desired me to use all despatch herein, and now complain of my attention to your wish: if the matter of this paper be not meant to be subjected to my perusal, why, then,"—and the Emir smiled and shrugged his shoulders; "by the tomb of Mahomet! Sultan Solyman shall and will never be cognizant of it."

"We will try that, sir," said Sigismund, with considerable dignity; "at all events, I shall seek another, if not a trustier messenger. From the latest intelligence of the sultan's movements, I am aware that, not long since, he was camped in the White City,\* thither, in the first instance, I shall forward my epistle. Restore it to me, sir Emir."

Sigismund held out his hand to receive back the folded paper; but Abu Obeida, as if totally indifferent to the action, carelessly observed, "'Tis now nearly a month, I trow, since Sultan Solyman left Belgrade—your letter cannot reach its destination more directly, than through my hands."

"But its integrity!" began Sigismund; when the Emir interrupted him, and assuming a mien and mode of address, uncommonly dignified, said, in a low deep voice, every tone of which was instinct with command, and majesty; "Enough of this, young Frank, the integrity of your letter cannot be tampered with, before it reaches the personage to whom it is superscribed; for I, who hold it, am myself Sultan Solyman."

Sigismund at once felt, that this avowal needed not corroboration, and he was only surprised at himself, that he had not before surmised the fact. He instantly made a deep reverence; but even in that obeisance of his head, sat grace and dignity,—his was the respectful acknow-

\* Belgrade.

ledgment of the body, but not the prostration of the spirit, and indicated rather the humility of an equal, than the servility of a vassal.

"Now, we hope, we may read your petition, sir stranger," said the Imperial Mussulman, with a smile. "and, mark us, Halis," he added, turning to the captain of janissaries, "after the good service which this youth hath this day rendered us, we cannot do less, we think, than accord whatever boon, he may, peradventure, seek in this little memorial, for such I take the paper to be, and, by the head of the sultan! I herewith vow, provided his request be within our competence, to grant it *par avance*,—yea, though he ask us to gift him, with every acre of territory, the victory of Mohacs subjected to our dominion." Even as these last words fell from his thin lips, Solyman (for we shall henceforth drop his *nom-de-guerre* of Abu Obeida), unfolded the letter, and immediately proceeded to acquaint himself with its contents. Slowly his eye passed to and fro across the paper, with an air of languid curiosity, which, as he read on, deepened into positive interest; he paused, and an insensible change came over the sallow features of the mighty emperor. His full dark orbs seemed to start from out their sockets, as if to meet, half way, the incredible information they were conveying to his mind. After awhile, he withdrew his eyes from the paper, and fixed them, with an earnest expression of surprise and interest upon Sigismund, who rode on, a silent, but deeply interested observer of the sultan. Anon, he returned to the consideration of the writing, which he read again, more attentively. Presently, he re-intermitted his task, and, crumbling the paper in his hand, as if in unconscious nervousness, addressed himself to Sigismund—"Sir stranger," he abruptly asked, "where—where is he, who entrusted you with this letter?—the writer, I would say?"

"I am myself the writer," replied Sigismund.

"How?" ejaculated the sultan.

Sigismund bowed.

"Dost thou mean to tell me," cried Solyman, with a gesture of impatience, "that thou art the individual, commonly called Count Rodna?"

"I have that honour, my lord," said Sigismund.

Solyman regarded our hero attentively for more than a minute's space, ere he again spoke, and then his words dropped lowly, as if, uttered unconsciously, in answer to his own thoughts. "I make no doubt of it—I perceived, from the first, his seeming was beneath his real station in life—*Allah Achbar!*—God is great!" Then, after a minute's pause, he continued, more audibly, "Have you assurance of the truth of this matter, sir count?" he said; "ample,—sufficient,—proof that will defy cavil;—evidence,—that the whole world must admit? Have you such assurance, I ask, sir?"

"It exists, and may be got at. Two points of evidence only, are still amissing, which would prove irrefragable—decisive; and these, I trust, shortly to obtain," replied Sigismund.

"And what be they, sir?" demanded Solyman.

"The one is, the testimony of Peter Count Pereny,—long supposed dead; the other —," Sigismund stopped short.

"Well, sir," repeated Solyman, "the other?"

"The crown of Hungary," said Sigismund.

"What evidence were that?" cried Solyman in a disdainful tone; "methinks the crown of Hungary were easily forthcoming, upon a lawful occasion."

"The evidence would be as a revelation from Heaven," replied Sigismund, "but it is hard to come at."

"I comprehend not your meaning, either way," said the sultan; "but I have pledged myself, even to the extent of thy request; and more, thou hast saved my life—

and more—the man whom I——” The sultan stopped his eyes glancing and fixed with a triumphant gaze on the count whose magnificent statement and there was a significance, in the very turning of his speech, which might bear some resemblance to the better and more abrupt one of Neposon, in the immortal epic—“And more,” he would have added, had he given voice to his deliberate thoughts—“I shall barely paint a theme in the side of the man, who, only last even, insulted me in a manner, never to be forgotten, or forgiven—and away accord the mode of my revenge, to the nature of its provocation.” Solyman presently resumed, “I ask you, Count Rodna,” he said, “as a man of honour, dost thou thyself, believe in the truth of that wonderful thing which thou hast herein affirmed?”

“On my honour, I entertain not the shadow of a doubt of its verity,” replied Sigismund.

“Then your hand, brother,” cried Solyman; “I read all the assurance I require in thy voice, and conduct.”

Sigismund extended his hand, and the sultan taking it within his own, grasped it firmly.

“Now, by my sword and crown!” he exclaimed, “I pledge myself to see you righted; and, from this hour, the whole resources of my empire shall be devoted to that object.”

“It will not come to such extremity, I hope,” replied Sigismund, with a smile, “though not the less I thank you; but, my lord, at the time I had the fortune to encounter you, I was journeying on a matter of life and death. I have to entreat your permission now to proceed.”

“We part soon, considering our acquaintance is not an hour old, and that our friendship promises to be as lasting, as our lives,” said Solyman; “but go thy ways, brother—go thy ways, and good fortune go along with

you." The sultan and Sigismund then interchanged mutual obeisances, and the next minute our hero and his attendant were seen outstripping the very wind, in their eagerness to redeem the time, that Sigismund had employed, in making himself known to Solyman the Magnificent.

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## MANUSCRIPT XXIV.

"The villany you teach me, I will execute : and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction."—*Shylock*.

COUNT RAGOTZY, after having outstripped the pursuit of Banffy's attendants, was not long in arriving, at the advanced outposts of the beleaguering army. He gave himself up to the first party, which he fell in with, and communicated his wish, to obtain instant access to the Marquis of Piadena.

It was not until Ragotzy's repeated assurances of the momentous nature of his tidings, and his positive refusal to declare them to any person, excepting the general-in-chief, that the officer in command was prevailed upon, to undertake the somewhat thankless office of rousing the marquis, and receiving his orders upon the matter. After a short period of suspense, the pretended Jew was conducted through the encampment, to a stately pavilion, rising above the surrounding tents, in front of which the standard of Austria rolled out its ample folds. In a few minutes he was ushered into the interior, which was fitted up with hangings of rich brocade, and decorated with fluttering pennons. He perceived, that he stood in the presence of the imperial chief, who, having hastily thrown a loose robe around his person, was now sitting on the side of his military couch.

Baptista Castaldo was one of the most redoubted captains, that Europe at that time possessed. He had been educated in the school of the celebrated Pescara, and, "if more be wanting to his fame," says the historian, "it may be added, that he enjoyed the friendship, though he hardly merited the praise, of the man, '*sans peur et sans reproche*.'" At the time of his invasion of Transylvania, he was in the meridian of his age, and of his reputation. His carriage was conspicuously military, and his classically-chiselled features, too, *prononcée* to be otherwise handsome, were military also.

"Israelite," commenced the chief, "I can tell thee thou hadst best have good warranty for breaking my slumbers at this deep hour. What hast to say to me?"

Ragotzy cast an expressive glance towards the attendants, who waited at the entrance of the pavilion.

"Retire, sirs, and remain within call," said the marquis; "and now," he continued, when the men-at-arms had withdrawn, "what is this business? What costly gem, rich shawl, or necklace of pearl, hast to dispose of?"

Ragotzy made no immediate reply, but throwing aside his outward disguise, stood before the marquis in his brigand costume.

"Ha! Alaric Polgar!" exclaimed Castaldo.

"Right, minister of Ferdinand," replied the Cygani leader; "ere now I have humbly contributed to your lordship's ends. I have come to proffer my further aid."

"After what fashion, sir?" demanded Castaldo, with some coolness.

"In the old mode, an' it please your lordship," observed the leader, with a meaning smile.

"I can dispense with your services, sir—no more need be said;" answered Castaldo.

"Nay, my lord," said Ragotzy, "you have gained some years' experience since we last met; and years, they say, bring wisdom; but my little knowledge of human

nature makes me doubt, whether, if life were lengthened out to the span of the Hebrew of old, any single earnest passion of the heart could become quite extinct, and least of all *revenge*."

"Revenge!" repeated Castaldo; "the word knells upon my memory, as of some unquiet dream. But now, sir," he continued, laying his hand on his heart, "all is at peace here, hushed as the still grave—"

"You thought you'd dug for *him*," said Ragotzy, with quickness. "Ay, I understand; but have you never heard speak of uncharnelled forms walking the upper world? *What, if your victim rose?*"

"I comprehend you not, but say on," answered Castaldo.

"When first I knew your lordship in Vienna," said the Cygani, "I was a very boy, only gifted, perhaps, with more than a boy's shrewdness; I guessed, that from the moment *the exile* aspired to the hand of the sister of the emperor, he acquired your hatred. Queen Mary was *the fair object of your ambition*, but he proffered himself; and, I need not add, that, under certain stipulations, the hand of the widow of king Lewis of Hungary, was promised him for a guerdon."

"This can answer no end," said Castaldo, haughtily; "we had best terminate our interview."

"By your leave, I would subjoin a few brief syllables," said Ragotzy.

"See they be brief, then," returned Castaldo; "nor trust too far to our indulgence."

"There was another lady," resumed Ragotzy.

"I'll hear no more," broke in Castaldo, with some heat. "Depart, sir, as you came."

"She was *the fair object of your love*," proceeded Ragotzy, without regarding the frowns of the marquis. She, the daughter of Jerome Lascus, proved your adder—cut your heart in twain—and married HIM—the EXILE."

"What is all this?" cried Castaldo; and his eyes

flashed fire as he spoke. "Are you awearied of your life? Damnation! Sirrah, curb your insolence."

"Hushed as is the grave!" said Ragotzy, with a sneer. "The dead can rise, you see."

"Another word, and I'll call for whips—fetters. Slave! I'll have thee hanged on the highest tree within our lines," cried the exasperated marquis.

"You had better not, my lord," retorted Ragotzy, "lest I proclaim the story to the whole camp."

"Incomparable scoundrel!" cried Piadena, making an involuntary movement of his hand towards his sword, which lay in the scabbard beside him.

"I am armed, too," said Ragotzy, composedly; and loosening in its leathern sheath the weapon, which he had abstracted from the belt of Banffy. "But hear me to the end, your excellency, and you may thank me for my communication."

Castaldo preserved his countenance of stern indignation, but made no reply.

"Well, my lord," proceeded Ragotzy; "Thus doubly rivalled in love and in policy, and defeated alike in both, you so inflamed the rage of Charles and Ferdinand, against the vacillating EXILE, for the dishonour put upon their imperial house, by his marriage with Lascus' daughter, at the very time, he stood engaged to their sister, that they threw him into bondage; and on his escape from thence, they consented to disseminate those seeds of murder, which —, no, never shall I forget the glow of exultation, with which you placed the proclamation in my hands, and bade me put it into execution. 'Alaric,' you said, 'faithful Alaric,—noble leader!'—spending such politic breath, that the air grew rank with your cozenage, but I smiled the while, and taking the document, pledged myself, to leave no stone unturned, till I had compassed the reward."

"And yet, for all your fine promises, he breathed his last in his bed," observed Castaldo, scornfully.

"So it was *given out*," said Ragotzy.

"Given out," repeated Castaldo; "what boots it, ripping up the graves of dead men? Pshaw! Pereny died in his bed, I say, years ago." Ragotzy made no reply, but gave Castaldo a look, which spoke volumes.—"What, did he not? in Styria? was't not of a pestilence?" demanded Castaldo, with wild earnestness.

"My lord, he lives," said Ragotzy.

"Lives! Peter Pereny lives! You lie, scoundrel! it cannot be. And I live to hear it!" exclaimed the marquis. He rose from the low couch, and rapidly paced the narrow space of the thickly carpeted pavilion. His countenance grew livid, and assumed a perfectly diabolical expression,—his teeth set, and his eyes started from their sockets. "Alive!" he proceeded, in a voice of thunder, rather accelerating his pace than otherwise, as he spoke;—"And free!—where?" He stopped as he was passing the brigand, and repeated,—"*Where*, I say?" With these words, the marquis leant his face so forward, that it almost touched that of the Cygani.

"In Hermanstadt," replied Ragotzy. Castaldo recoiled. "I saw him within these last few days. More, I spoke with him."

"You spoke with him? in his proper person?" said Castaldo.

"Why no, verily," replied Ragotzy, with a laugh; "the mighty magnat was so altered in his outward man, that the daughter of the palatine of Seradia herself would not have recognised him. He is grown familiar to a certain Father Dominick, you may have heard tell of."

"In Hermanstadt?" reiterated Castaldo.

"In Hermanstadt, my lord."

"He *there* living, and thou *here* to tell me? No—no—no. Why, the proclamation hath never been recalled; the gold is forthcoming,—and thy dagger —"

"Is at your lordship's service," broke in Ragotzy; "if you can make your assertions appear."

"Of course, I can," said Castaldo; "what do you mean?"

"You will bear in mind, my lord," said Ragotzy; "that when those proclamations were first put forth, you were the confidential minister of the archduke; and even then, with difficulty, you prevailed on the imperial brothers, to yield so far to your simulated zeal for their honour, as to suffer the circulation of those bloody instruments. Since those days, what changes have not taken place in the aspect of the world! Queen Mary is no longer the injured, and the forsaken, but reigns the governess of the Low Countries. Her favoured rival, is pale and marrowless,—whose bridal sheets are turned to winding ones; and whose once envied couch is the cold tomb." Castaldo groaned.—"Pereny has now been so long reputed dead, that if his resurrection resuscitate bitter memories, it will be without their sting. And you yourself, what influence can you have? Think you, my lord, that what you found so hard to prevail upon the emperor to authorize, in times of trust and favour, you would have now the remotest chance of accomplishing." Castaldo turned fiercely from the Cygani, and traversed the tent as before,. "You," continued Count Ragotzy, "flying to Vienna in disgrace; an ambassador, foiled in diplomacy,—a captain worsted in pitched battle; of all the hoarded reputation you brought with you against our *seven cities*\* not a particle remaining, of all the army entrusted to your command; yourself, perchance, the only living herald of its utter destruction! No, Marquis of Piadena, I would not act on the royal warrant, you spake of, which the lapse of time, and circumstances, have long annulled."

Castaldo stopped short his walk, and turned paler than before. "Merciful Heaven!" he cried, "what riddle is this you hint at? Since thou hast sketched my

\* Transylvania; so designated of old.

destiny on the wall, perchance thou canst read the writing."

"In flame, my lord, and blood," returned Ragotzy, solemnly, "I can,—hearken then;" and resuming his earnest attitude, he proceeded without further preface, briefly to unfold to the electrified marquis, the critical situation of his army; and as a confirmation of his intelligence, extended towards Castaldo, the open letter of Quendi Ferens.

The marquis eagerly seized the paper, and as his eye passed hastily over its contents, his anxious countenance rapidly deepened, into an expression of positive anguish. The paper fell from the chieftain's hold, and with distended visage, stretched palms, lips wide apart, and each particular hair on end,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

Pradena stood, like a man paralyzed. He had received despatches from Antoine Ferraro, only the day before, and from the tenor of his secretary's communication, had been lulled into the most complete security. Having never learned the full extent of Martuzzi's preparations, he felt persuaded, that the regent, with the throne in prospect, would necessarily remain an inactive spectator of the siege of Coloswar. If the marquis could have dived into the heart of the man, he hoped to captivate or to intimidate, he must have been aware of the hostile intentions of Martinuzzi, and might perhaps have anticipated the circumstance of his rapid march, in which case, the imperial outposts and the advanced guard of the regent would have come into contact, before the difficult passage of the Samos had been effected. As it was, but for one of those unlooked-for chances, which sometimes, in war, disappoint the finest calculations, the imperialists must have been totally annihilated, by the combined armies of Turkey and Transylvania. The idea of his having been circumvented by



Martinuzzi, with all the attendant consequences of ruin and loss of reputation, now darted through the brain of the marquis, seeming to whirl his sense in a most horrid vortex. But in this state he was not long suffered to continue.

"Recover your senses, my lord," said Ragotzy, "and tell me, will he not merit mighty things, who shall extricate you from your perilous situation?"

"Who can deliver me?" said Castaldo, in the accents of despair.

"Certainly not standing there inactive; but, I both can, and will," replied Ragotzy; "if you make it worth my while."

"Explain yourself farther," said Castaldo.

"First, my lord, issue orders, that your army be drawn out to receive the enemy: you may look for Quendi Ferens' assault, every moment."

"Right," said the marquis: "I will just say three words to Count Salm, and be back instantly."

"Mind, my lord, I wait not any man's pleasure, for long," said Ragotzy, as Castaldo left the tent.

After a short time, the rolling of the warning drums, disturbed the deep stillness of the hour, and the slumber of the camp was broken.

When the marquis re-entered, he appeared more composed. "Now, Alaric Polgar," he said; "in what way can you bring your services, to bear upon this strait of ours?"

"You are already answered, in part, by my giving you this timely warning," replied Ragotzy: and then he proceeded to reveal to Castaldo, the conspiracy of the Hungarian magnats, which not only included a sure execution of their own vengeance, but afforded, to the Austrian general, fresh hopes of victory. "What is more than this," concluded the Cygani; "I myself know a spell, to retard the advance of Achamates, till after the event: when, if victorious, you can easily elude his powers. This will I effect, besides bringing to your



found words. "Is it possible that you speak of yourself, sir?" he demanded.

"Most certain," said Ragotzy; "but time presses for both;—your decision, my lord?"

"How can I be sure," said the politic marquis, evasively, and after a long pause, "that I am in the predicament you state?—that an attack *is* impending, from Martinuzzi?—that these conspiring nobles *will* take part with me?—that the Turk *is* in my rear? What have you to offer, in evidence of such incredible marvels?"

"*The event!*" said Ragotzy; "the most minute segment of the cycle of your lordship's life, will witness for me. I, however, do not choose to dally away in talk, that teeming evolution. Am I to reckon on Austria's favourable countenance, in case I ever win Hungaria's queen, and come to wear Hungaria's coronet? I ask no aid,—neutrality is all I demand, in return for my gratifying at once, in an eminent degree, both your resentment, and your ambition."

"My resentment?" exclaimed Castaldo.

"Ay," said Ragotzy; "I will undertake, that the man you love so dearly, or that counterfeit African, for they are one and the same, shall cease to walk the vaults of Hermanstadt, or breathe the upper air, if his removal will incline you to favour my views."

"What, will you so?" cried Castaldo eagerly.

"Ay, verily," said Ragotzy; "only render me a memorandum, in your capacity of representative of Austria, of your recognition of the future husband of the heiress of Hungary, for king of this realm; and by the Lord who made him! Peter Pereny dies, ere this day se'ennight, if so my own life reach that term."

Castaldo pondered deeply for a moment, pacing up and down the apartment. He paused. "These Hungarian chiefs will fight to-day, on the side of Austria?" he said.

"To some purpose, or I much mistake," replied Ragotzy.

The marquis resumed his walk. "You promise you can, and will, suspend the advance of the basha?" he presently continued, again stopping short.

"You may rely on the Ottoman remaining stationary; since I guess," he added, "such to be his policy; though he'd hardly ask my concurrence, if he purposed otherwise."

This was uttered *sotto voce*. Castaldo's ear caught not the words. For the third time he made a halt, directly in front of Ragotzy.

"Valiant leader," he said, with a tone of deep and serious emphasis; "that matter of the death of Pereny, stands a part of our covenant;—thou art ready to serve me therein?"

"Oh, of course—of course!" returned his companion.

"Alaric Polgar," said Castaldo; "you *shall* have the memorandum you require;" and taking some paper from a small portefeuille, that lay convenient, the marquis proceeded to scratch the necessary instrument. Abruptly he raised his head. "I had best designate her highness by name?" he observed.

"No, no," responded Ragotzy, "the heiress of Hungary will suffice,—what matters for a name?"

"What matters, indeed!" said Castaldo internally; "Ferdinand meant to bestow that painted baby, Czerrina, on his victorious general; but true policy is pliant as wax, and changes its form, and features, according to circumstances."

Having, by this time, hastily traced one or two lines, the important writing was delivered into the hands of Ragotzy, who prepared to depart.

"Pereny dies?" interrogated Castaldo, solemnly, drawing very near to his associate, and lowering his voice, almost to a whisper.

"*Pereny dies!*" replied the Cygani leader more au-

dibly, and accompanying the affirmation with most significant gesture. He said, and quitted the tent.

Having got beyond the Austrian lines, he darted over hill and dale, at such a round pace, as soon brought him to the troglodyte hold of his formidable band. He let himself down, through the same yawning crevice of the earth, by which he introduced Vicchy to his rifted territory, as related in an earlier manuscript. Within the cave, all was pitchy dark. The brigand passed on, with unpausing step, through this gloomy vestibule of his subterranean habitation, saying to himself, "How is this? No order—no observance—no outpost! Now, what the foul fiend! imports this negligence?"

He entered a smaller chamber;—all there was still: he turned away, and directed his hurried steps, along a winding passage, leading to the dormitory of his men. He had proceeded but a few paces, when the sound of a human voice, deep and hollow, suddenly knelled on his ear.

"Alaric, come hither," it said.

He diverged into a deep recess. No ray of light, found its way to this "obscure sojourn,"—the dank, palpable atmosphere was black as ink. He stood in the midst.

"Forbear!" said the voice; "go not to witness a sight, that will drive you frantic with amaze; remain in ignorance, till to-morrow."

"Mother, what hath chanced?" said Ragotzy: "Why do I find you here? Why alone, and in darkness?"

"In this chamber," answered Unna, "during many hours, have I lain in wait, against your return, to save your eyes a prospect, more blinding than the utter gloom, that shrouds the spot where we stand."

"Ha! what am I to augur from your words?" said Ragotzy; "All so still—no watch—no movement—is this cavern evacuated? Is the band of Alaric Polgar fled?"

"One man only, of all your troop is absent," replied Unna; "the rest lie lapped under their sparry roof,—in sleep."

"The rascals!" cried Ragotzy; "I will but rouse them, and return."

"Nay, stay, Alaric," cried Unna earnestly.

"I cannot loiter," said the leader; "I have work to put them to, and every minute is precious."

"Yet go not hence, till you hear."

"I will be back, I tell you," answered the brigand impatiently.

"Leave me not, I implore you," shrieked Unna; "'tis to no end; your men are——"

"What?" eagerly demanded Ragotzy. "Why do you stop short? Nay, if you will not answer, let me go myself, and witness with my own eyes."

"A sight to blast them!" said Unna. "Away then, but be prepared for horrors dire, and of unheard of moment. Go! and return."

Ragotzy rushed out of the cell, and the next instant, passed into the common sleeping-room. It was a lofty, and a spacious chamber, dimly lighted up by a cresset, that hung suspended from the roof. The whole band lay stretched in their ordinary dress, upon the floor; and for a few seconds, Ragotzy could discern nothing, that might tend to explain the dismal, and uncertain intimation of evil, with which his mother had deemed it expedient to forewarn his soul. The low, nasal, and inharmonious chorus, proper to the hour and the apartment, pervaded the dormitory, and Ragotzy was about to scare them from their slumber, by the thunder of his voice, when a ghastly and multitudinous spectacle, pierced his sight;—he stood transfixed, for at his feet was spread a *tumulose heap of gory human hands*. He gasped for breath, as his eye ranged distractedly, from the pile of amputated members, to the dreaming forms of his bandit followers;—and who can judge the emotions of the

leader, at beholding the maimed right arm, of one and all of the sleepers, terminate in a bandaged stump? \* The yell he set up was infernal, and it reverberated through the vaults, like the agonized expression of a fiend. Loud, however, as it was discordant, it failed to startle, from his heavy trance, a single individual, of all that crippled banditti; and, but for their troubled breathing, it would have seemed, that only the summoning trump, at the last day, would rouse them from so deep and unnatural a slumber. For another instant, Ragotzy bore to gaze around him, and then rushed, like one possessed, from the fatal chamber, to that dark recess, where he had left his mother, Unna. Neither spoke, for some minutes.

"I have looked upon the bloody vision," said Ragotzy, at length, with forced calmness, from between his clenched teeth, — "I have looked, — I have gazed my fill, — and I come for explanation. Whosoever compassed this deed, is he liable, think you, to human modes of vengeance? — *has he hands himself*, feet, head, heart? Can he be reached, tortured, — *tortured like me*, — and racked to atomies? — Has he," proceeded the maddened leader, and his constrained enunciation heightened into a harsh scream, — "has he flesh and blood? Oh, tell me, only tell me, he is of mortal mould?"

"He is," answered Unna, "and vulnerable, most vulnerable."

"Well, well," said Ragotzy, with gasping breath, "and his name, good mother? Oh, be speedy! give me something to curse."

"Your late prisoner; he I bade you so emphatically hold in secure durance; — he, you weakly let escape you."

"The lunatic?" cried Ragotzy, in the deep guttural tones of irrepressible amazement, — "was't he did it?"

\* Founded on a fact of the times in Transylvania.

"The lunatic!" repeated Unna, mockingly; — "tush, son! he you call so, is as sane, as formidable."

"Formidable!" echoed Ragotzy; "would he were, to meet the might of vengeance! — but how know you it was he?"

"He was the primal cause," said Unna; "his agent and confederate in the horrid act, was one of your own men, named Walter. I met the slave without the cave, as he came reeking from the slaughter; — he dared boast to me, how he had first drugged, and then maimed his comrades."

"Did the infernal traitor assign a motive?" demanded Ragotzy.

"He did; — that, the other day, you felled him in your heat, that youth being by. You quitted the spot instantly, when he, Sigismund, politicly raised the false knave from the earth, and offered him a command in the troop of Iwan, if he would renounce the profession of a bandit. His weighty promises struck, nicely-timed, on the heated soul of Walter; to that sudden league, you owe this massacre, and more, — the escape of Sigismund and Veronica. To him — to *Sigismund* — the daughter of Vicchy whispered, how Alaric Polgar killed his reputed grandsire, for, by some means, that night she penetrated your disguisement."

The bandit grasped the hilt of his dagger, and gnashed his teeth in fury. "Death! and hell! and ——"

"Nay, hear further," interrupted Unna; "Walter told me, in mocking defiance, he overheard all this; and added somewhat, that I will not mention, of the youth's vows of vengeance; moreover he, the traitor, jeeringly bade me tell my son, how he well knew, from their frequent colloquies, that Count Rodna would shortly obtain the lady's hand, and *that*, without dragging her, a reluctant victim, to the altar. Had I had a weapon, Alaric, I would have answered him; but, unarmed, I was fain to endure the insulter's taunts, in silence."



"Hell! it is! — I'll clutch him yet; — but hell it is," cried Ragotzy, "to think the wretch can die but once!" He paused, and his hands clenched, and unclenched, with nervous irritation. "How said you?" he presently resumed, — "Sigismund wed the heiress of Baron Walstein, mother! An exquisite bed-fellow, i' faith, he'll find her, or I err; — 'tis a *shrewd wench!*" and the brigand laughed bitterly. "But no more of that — the match must be prevented; — the crown of Hungary is at stake!"

"The crown of Hungary!" echoed Unna, with an ineffable scornfulness of accent.

"Ay, mother, is it not?" cried Ragotzy, almost breathless.

"Alaric! Alaric!" returned his mother, in a most deep and solemn tone of voice, "that Sigismund hath no need to wed the daughter of Vicchy, to compass the crown of Hungary, he being himself the son of —; but, lest the tell-tale air catch the sound, hark to an unmatched secret in thine ear," — *she whispered.*

The brigand started back. "Now, by my soul!" he exclaimed, as the truth began to dawn upon him, "I feel a stern gladness stirring within me, — the youth will prove no ignoble sacrifice. Formerly, from being so much with Peter, Count Pereny, at Count Rodna's, I deemed him his son by Lascus's daughter, and, as such, agreeably to the imperial will, would have cut him off with his father, on that night, you wot off; but doth he know as much?"

"I doubt it not," said Unna; "Luke Swartz hath assuredly acquainted him with his origin. And that reminds me, I have an account to settle with that false keeper. I have him safe, and, may this right hand fail me, an' he be not safer this night! Do you purpose joining the battle, that to-day impendeth."

"I did, to the regent's ruin, — but that is over now," said Ragotzy.

“ Mark me, Alaric ! if you ever touch but a hair of that man’s head, woe ! woe ! temporal and eternal woe be on thee ! ”

“ I will not stay to hear thee,” said Ragotzy, — “ I must arm me for vengeance. Sigismund may be in the night.”

“ For him,” said Unna, “ spare him not ; *but Martinuzzi’s person is sacred*. Will you visit, to-morrow, the village of Mount Hielen ? — I would speak further with you touching these matters. Shall I await you there ? ”

“ You may,” said Ragotzy.

“ For certain ? ” demanded Unna.

“ As sure as that I breathe.”

“ Farewell, then, my dear son ! ”

“ Farewell, dear mother ! ”

They parted. Oh ! how sweet, how ineffably sweet, is the affection of such close connection ! and, even in the depths of the hardest heart, how triumphant doth it rise over the consciousness of crime ! The sins of Unna were mighty, and, we believe, we have somewhere said, that those of Ragotzy were without redemption, — perhaps we erred ; — for, oh ! these partners in iniquity loved one another, and what hell will not such love convert, at times, to heaven ?

END OF VOL. II.

THE  
MANUSCRIPTS OF ERDÉLY.

*A Romance.*

BY  
GEORGE STEPHENS.

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"A scholar's fancy,  
A quab, 'tis nothing else — a very quab."  
FORD.

==  
IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE  
MANUSCRIPTS OF ERDÉLY.

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MANUSCRIPT XXV.

*" Anne ego terrigenas potius mirabor in ipsis  
Procubuisse satis, vitæ quibus attulit idem  
Principium finemque dies, quam cæsa Getarum  
Agmina, quos tantis aluit Bellona tropæis,  
Totaque sub galeis Mavortia canuit ætas ?"*  
DE BELLO GETICO.

" It is the duty of him that holds the standard to die upon  
the place."—SOUTH.

" They linger yet  
Avengers of their native land."  
GRAY.

THE object of the regent of Hungary in professing to accept the crown, tendered to him by the envoy of King Ferdinand, even at the time, he meditated inflicting a most signal chastisement on the imperial force, under the Marquis Piadena, will be explained in the sequel. It may suffice in this place to observe, that Martinuzzi was not of a disposition patiently to endure dictation, because the conduct prescribed, happened to concur with his own views. He foresaw, clearly, that in the event of the city of Coloswar falling, and Ferdinand's obtaining forcible possession of the regalia, but one of two alternatives would be left open to him. He would either be

driven to accept the crown, as the fief of Austria, according to the proposition of Antoine Ferraro, or he must submit to the sacred treasure being transmitted to Vienna, as a legitimate spoil of war. To raise the siege of this important fortress, therefore, and at the same time to strike a blow, which should make Austria rue her insolent aggression, were motives, which determined the regent to take the field.

For weeks before the insidious proffer of the Austrian envoy, Martinuzzi's attention had been drawn to the forced marches of Castaldo, and the visit of Sultan Solyman to Hermanstadt, under the pseudonyme of Abu Obeida, had partly related to the same matter. Secretly, Martinuzzi concentrated his forces in the vicinage of the capital, and concerted his measures with the august Turk, for the relief of Coloswar. It was determined, that the Turkish Basha Achamates should conduct his army from Belgrade, by a circuitous route towards the point of attack most to be guarded against, but since the surprise which was contemplated, required to be executed, not only with celerity, but with secrecy and caution, it was not till the eve of his own departure from Hermanstadt, that Martinuzzi despatched the bloody glaive through the province, to summon all, who held their possessions by military tenure, to meet him, and join the standard of their respective chiefs, as they marched towards Coloswar.\* He preferred commencing operations with a force numerically inferior to what he might have collected, by transmitting his sanguinary summons a few days sooner, to risking the betrayal of the mine he was about to spring, ere the enemy learnt its existence in the instant of explosion. "*Nuntiosque periculi victoria præcederet.*"† Owing to this cause, many of the more devoted of the regent's partizans whose feudal estates, lay remote from the scene of action, had not rendezvoused near the Samos by the time, that the Hungarian army

\* M. Bocuet, *æter est.*

† Velleius Paterculus, lib. i. c. 29.

reached its banks. Martinuzzi had previously detached ten thousand of his choicest horsemen, under command of Quendi Ferens, in whose zeal and ability he confided, with orders to cross some leagues below Coloswar, and then, by means of a slight detour, to make a demonstration on the left wing of the imperial army. He expected so to time his own passage, as to be in a position to engage the Austrians in front, just as the hostile lines of Quendi Ferens and Castaldo, came into conflict. If Castaldo should be forced to retire from the field—by that most dispiriting of all movements, a running fight with a superior enemy, he would be precipitated upon the lines of Achamates, (to whose army the inequalities of the ground, and the vast tracks of forest afforded a present cover,) and thus placed between three fires, his utter destruction would appear to be inevitable. This scheme, however felicitously conceived, was impeded in the working by an accident, that it was impossible Martinuzzi should forecast. We allude to the sudden coldness, which sprung up during the past night between the regent and his sublime guest, consequent on the latter's assassination of the Count Balassi. Though no word passed on either side, pointing to that intent, Martinuzzi suspected, that he would do wrong to rely on any co-operation of the Turk, in the engagement which impended. The hope and confidence, with which he had taken the field, were thus to a certain degree abated; and to add to his state of dubiety in respect to the issue, his principal officers had discovered a much greater lukewarmness, and disinclination to his cause, than he could have apprehended, though he still had reason to fear, he was not cognizant of the disaffection to its whole extent. Now, however, such considerations presented themselves too late. A portion of his best troops had already pushed forward beyond recall, and, if he would not leave his finest *corps d'armée* to be cut off by the army of Castaldo, it became unavoidable to make the passage he originally

proposed, and, at all hazards, to operate a diversion in Quendi Ferens' favour.

Long before the grey light of the earliest dawn was mellowed by the sun's rays, the Hungarians were gradually formed in array of battle. As fast, as each feudal captain successively gained the opposite banks of the river, he marshalled his respective followers. They got into position on an irregular chain of hillocks, which extended from within a quarter of a mile of the Abbey of Coloswar,—where their right wing rested part against the river, part in air,—to a deep wood, which protected the extremity of their left flank. In front, the ground fell away rather precipitately, and at their rear flowed the river Samos, which also formed an angle with their extreme right. The abbey, peninsula'd, and connected by an isthmus of eminences with the imperial position, was distant about half a mile from Coloswar; and held as an advanced post of the beleaguering force. The space betwixt the city walls and the sacred edifice was of a broken, marshy, and impracticable character, traversed on those days by a narrow branch of the Samos, that occupying in its course a deep ravine, was still left feathered by a few larch and other pine trees. This brook covered the advanced lines of the Austrians, and extended by a semi-circular sweep, as far as the extremity of their left wing.—its two wooden bridges had been broken down, at the commencement of the siege, by order of Count Raoul, one of the Castellans of the fortress. On an opposite chain of heights, running off in an oblique direction from the Abbey of Coloswar, was posted the greater half of the imperial army, which presented the appearance of several detached segments of a convex circle. The easy slopes declining into the vale, that winded between the opposing armies, rapidly diverged from their nearest proximity, not far from the abbey, till at what may be called their base, namely, the distance between the extreme right of Castaldo, and the extreme



left of the Hungarian army; the marshy level intervened for an interval of more than three miles. So that this almost continuous sweep of men-at-arms, suggested rather the idea of the battle array of a single army, than of its being the hostile order of two distinct and adverse forces. In the rear of the imperialists extended a slight range of undulating ground, richly, though irregularly wooded. Their advanced position, as we have said, curved forward, so far as the venerable abbey, which it occupied. Their one flank inclined towards the rising wood; their left had been thrown to some distance from their centre, and was in a great measure hidden from the view of the Hungarians, by the interposing buttresses of Coloswar. It was at this point, that Quendi Ferens first came in contact with the enemy. There was little disparity, in respect to numerical force between the two armies. Each might consist of about fifty thousand men,—in addition to which, Martinuzzi reckoned on the diversion of some five thousand troops engarrisoned in Coloswar; and on such co-operation, as might be expected from the fierce and undisciplined bands of peasantry, which in great numbers had flocked to his assistance, from all parts of the country. He, moreover, had originally relied, in case of need, on being supported by the army of Massanates, which, to the amount of near a hundred thousand men, lay encamped at about five or six leagues distance, on the actual base of the beleaguering force. The clock of the abbey knelled three hours after midnight, as the regent touched land. He instantly mounted on his Anatolian charger, and rode to a gentle eminence, which commanded a view of the battle field, now veiled in the dim indistinct twilight of the waning stars. He had no difficulty, however, in tracing the enemy's position on the opposite bank, by the pale glimmer of their watch light.

“My lords and copatriots,” said the regent, addressing himself to his chiefs and principal officers, who

now congregated round him, to learn the order of battle, and receive his last commands ; “ this day the insulting spoiler must either bite the dust, or Hungary bid adieu henceforth for ever to that independence of a foreign yoke, which, for centuries, it has been the glory of her sons to preserve inviolate. For such as outlive this day, there is no middle condition between slavery and triumph. Is there a man of ye, but who would call upon his native soil to cover him, rather than be daily and hourly held in subjection, by German laws and German lawgivers ? Is there one who would not prefer, that the source of life failed, as becoms a hero and a patriot, in the field of carnage, than, for the sake of a wretched remnant of existence, to have the tide at one eternal ebb, indignant at the heart, and feel, ay, witheringly feel, the honest crimson mantling his manly brow in humble shame, before whom ? — his God ? — no, his fellow creature ! but not his fellow countryman ; before the *Nemet*\* viceroy and the *Nemet* waivode, to know, like the despoiled and enslaved Bohemian, that his country’s vars and cities have Austrian governors ; to see his own allodial estates, the castles and manors of his fathers, possessed by Austrians of the meanest birth, and lowest station, and to be loaded, like the citizens of Prague, so late his fellow-subjects, with new and exorbitant imposts, to defray the expense of his coercion. To know, — ay, mark this, my friends ! and let it nerve your arms, and make steady your hearts, in the hour of battle, — to know, I say, that that crown, which he, who annexed Erdély to the territory of the Magyars, and who now, a blessed saint in heaven, looks down on this day’s great question, received, as a symbol at once, and an evidence of Hungaria’s sovereignty, — that this crown, fabricated by angels, that erst circled the head of Constantine himself, — this crown, the gift of Rome, is worn by a petty prince

\* *Nemet*, i. e. German.

of Germany,..by one, to whom our laws are unknown, and our customs contemned, and who, without scruple, will abrogate the one, and abolish the other; to whom our beautiful tongue is a dead letter, and the classic language of our constitution, that which Cicero spake, and which hath clothed our coronation oath, with I know not what of sanctity, for many a century of freedom, — that language, ay, by Heavens! the very words, by virtue of which Ferdinand will wear your crown, are a blank to the barbarian! — *Will wear your crown, did I say?* — indeed, you need not hope for such an honour; no, by one act, your conqueror means to deprive you of the favour of Heaven, which the possession of St. Stephen's diadem typifies, and assures to Transylvania, and to despoil you of all honour among the nations, by bearing away the ornament of your kings, — *whither?* — to Vienna. Infamous plunder! eternal ignominy! Shall we suffer the *Fóltos Némét*\* to rob our dear country of Heaven's countenance and earth's respect? — never be it said! There, fellow-countrymen, bivouac the ravishers, who, with professions of amity, and in the time of peace, have marched into the heart of the land. *There!* and *there* the crown of your ancestors, that they have come to purloin you of, and *here* is my good sword, which now I draw, not to be again laid in rest, while one of yonder host remains unslain or unfettered. Oh, my countrymen! every victorious inspiration is on our side.† God and man alike bear witness to the justice of our cause. But, be the event what it may, my part is taken; — if I must not live to serve the land I love, I can, at least, die for her. Yonder turrets, that contain the holy relic, we all venerate, look down on the result. I stand to my charge. Behold! if the oriflamb of Hungary, that I now

\* *Fóltos Némét*, spotted German, is, in Hungary, a common opprobrious appellation.

† “*Omnia victoriæ incitamenta pro nobis sunt.*” — Tacitus. Agric. cap. 32.

UNWILLING TO BE DECEIVED TO WAVE OVER US. A VICTORY  
MUST BE WRENCHED FROM YOUR REGENT'S GRIP BY US.  
THE MEANS OF VICTORY," he added, "knocking his fist  
down and throwing them aside. — not less it obdure  
IN THE LEAVES THAT IN ACCORDANCE WITH MY SENSES.  
THIS IS THE SIGN OF ALL, CAST FROM ME. HURRAH  
YOUR SINGING-BEATERS ONLY CLING THE FIELD AS A CORPSE  
AS A CONQUEROR!"

THE LOUDEST ACCLAMATIONS FOLLOWED THIS HARANGUE, EN-  
GAGED WITH THE CLANGOR OF BUCKBARS AND THE CLASHING  
SWORDS OR — SOUNDING SHIELDS," WHILE TEN THOUSAND ARMS  
WERE FLOURISHED IN THE AIR. AT A LITTLE SPACE APART, SE-  
VERAL CHIEFS AND MAGNATES MIGHT BE OBSERVED, CONFER-  
RING TOGETHER WITH IMPASSIONED GESTURES, BUT IN UNDER-  
TAKING A GREATER NUMBER THROUGED ROUND THE REGENT, AND  
EXPRESSIONS INDICATIVE OF THEIR DETERMINATION TO COMPEL  
OR DIE.

"A word respecting the order of battle," resumed MUR-  
MURZEL, AFTER A MOMENT'S PAUSE. "MY LORD ZIRINI, HERE  
ARE YOUR ORDERS: YOU WILL FIND I COMMIT THE LEFT WING TO  
YOUR COMMAND. YOUR GALLANT SON BALTHAZAR, I SHALL  
RETAIN, BY YOUR LEAVE, ALONG WITH MY NEPHEW PERCIVAL,  
NEAR MY PERSON. YOUR POST, NOBLE HORWITH, IS TO HEAD  
THE RIGHT WING; GEORGE, COUNT TURK, AND STEPHANUS,  
COUNT DOBUS, ARE APPOINTED TO THE RESERVE. AND FOR THE  
VANGUARD, MY LORDS—"

"AY, THE VANGUARD!" INTERPEALED SEVERAL VOICES, "WHO  
LEADS THE VANGUARD?"

"THINK NOT," CRIED COUNT NADASTIS, IN AN INSOLENT  
TONE, "THAT WARRIORS LIKE US, SOME WITH BLOOD-ROYAL IN  
THEIR VEINS, AND MANY OF WHOM CAN TRACE THEIR DESCENT  
BEYOND THAT EPOCH, YOU JUST REMINDED US OF, WILL SUBMIT  
TO BE LED BY A GOWNSMAN! NOBLES ARE IN THE FIELD, WHOSE

\* "Hanc ego vel victor cedam, vel morte tenebo  
Victus humum."

Speech of the King of the Geta in Claudian.

e of ancestry enrolls a hundred sires,—let one of such appointed to the vanguard.”

He stopped, and another voice broke in :—“ The crown

St. Stephen, if not on Ferdinand's, on whose brow do you mean it to descend ? Peers of Hungary, we have a greater enemy to bustle with than Ferdinand, if we durst not front him. — Speak out, lord cardinal, and tell us for whom we are to spill our blood, or we stir not from this spot.”

“ He intends to make himself king, and we are to perish, to pave the way for his ambitious projects,” cried another.

“ He conspires to dethrone the Lady Czerina,” exclaimed a former voice.

“ To dethrone her,” repeated Count Nadastis ; “ say, to murder her ! Soldiers ! the life of your sovereign is not safe. All join to rescue the Lady Czerina—the *Rex Hungariæ*\*,—and let this ambitious churchman learn to tremble at our union.”

Immediately, a cry of “ *CZERINA !* ” was raised by some score of voices. The insurgent chiefs who were near, took up the word ; it was caught by those further removed, and then reverberated along the ranks. The origin of the interpellation not being understood some paces off, many probably supposed, it had been given forth by the commander, for a war-cry. Like a *feu-de-joie*, from voice to voice, the name of *CZERINA* was wafted up to the heavens, in one long peal, by the whole army.

Some very painful thoughts, mingled, not unlikely, with feelings not altogether so, struggled in the breast of the cardinal ; he averted his head, as if desirous of hiding his emotion, and for a minute there was silence upon the ground—deep, and difficult—the silence of suspense. It was broken by Martinuzzi.

\* For the origin of the Hungarians styling their female sovereigns *Rex*, see *Pet. de Rewa*, cent. iii.

"Is this just? Is this honourable? Is this your patriotism, valiant capitannies?" he demanded, in a voice, that rang from the embattled plain up to the clear and placid sky. "I show you," he proceeded, pointing at the same time with his hand, in the direction of the adverse armament — "I show you the road to renown, or, I should say, the only road to safety, and you turn on your deliverer — on the very man, who (pardon me, Heaven! the boast wrung from me by ingratitude,) who, again and again, in the field, and at the council-board, has proved your salvation. I bring you in front of the invader, and at the point of battle, ay, at that very time, when I am about to cast my life in a common stake with your own, you take the advantage of my defencelessness, to put this outrage on me — ME! to whom one and all owe their properties, their lives, their liberties, and their having a country to fight for. For shame, lords! no more of this! rather let our deeds, on this day, evince who best loves Hungaria. You, my brave capitannies, who purpose to adhere to her cause, put yourselves at the head of your several commands; let all others withdraw from the field. My part, gentlemen, is taken; stand by me who list. Here am I rooted, and not the assault of yon host, nor the unjust clamour of men, false to themselves and duty, shall shake me; if I am forced, single and unaided, to do battle, so be it. Let Castaldo, with Tarquin strides, come on, and conspiracy do its worst, by this ensign, the regent of Hungary is pledged to stand or fall."

This brief address, which probably owed, at least as much to the earnestness of the regent's manner, and the warm tone, in which it was delivered, as to the words themselves, imparted to most of the hearers a portion of the fire, which glowed in the bosom of the speaker. The majority of those present, hasted at once to their allotted posts, and even such magnats as were most disinclined to the regent's government, were impressed by the honest

fervor of his speech. They came to reflect, that the present was not the hour or the arena for settling their differences. However, some few loitered, "frustrate of their will," and still seeking a cause of quarrel.

"You have not yet told us, who is to lead the vanguard," cried Count Nadastis. "If we must have a gownsman for our king, we at least need not submit to his rule in battle."

"Ay, surely 'tis contrary to law," exclaimed another.

In the midst of these treasonable cries, repeated from mouth to mouth, another chieftain, with flushed cheek and impassioned gesture, appeared on the scene; he was on foot, and walked up to the regent: it was Count Maylat.—"I demand to know," he said, "who leads the vanguard?"

Martinuzzi looked at him, sternly, and was about to reply, when a firing beyond the city walls, passed off in thundering echoes along the distant woods. Loud shouts, the din of drums, and the reports of arquebuses, gave note that the battle had begun. Then it was known that Quendi Ferens, in spite of the state of the roads, and other impediments, had, at length, moved round, and commenced the work of destruction.

"Balthazar," said the regent, "speed to your father, and bid him push forward with all his force.—Where," he murmured to himself, "where, in the name of God! loiters Turascus? Trumpeter, sound a charge!—to arms! to arms!" rang along the lines, like the shrill summons of fate, and the long roll of the drums, and the flourishing accompaniment of the trumpets, shook the air with their martial music.

As that wild point of war sunk upon the wind, Maylat broke in upon the pause,—“Who leads the vanguard?” he persisted, keeping close beside the regent.

The charger of Martinuzzi reared and plunged violently; but the attention of the horseman was appa-

quickly directed to the city walls. Presently, the gates were thrown open, and line after line of men-at-arms began to appear through the portcullis.

"Lord Marmuzi, who leads the vanguard, I again demand of you," cried Maylat, in a menacing voice, "halt! making the ensign's staff, in his eagerness to encounter the regent's attention.

He then turned to his saddle, and, like lightning, was gone, leaving the spot down upon the daring magnat.

"Now," he shouted forth, in a voice, that sounded like the blast of a war-trumpet, and at the word, he turned to the left, and instantaneously the graf's arm was severed, the tendons of his wrist reeked with blood. "Lord Maylat, I lay you under oath," he cried, "look to it;" and, almost immediately, the mangled and bleeding graf was borne away, by the men-at-arms, commanded by Maximilian Pereny.

The presence of the regent was productive of present success, though expected only to be temporary. The insubordinate nobles were back, almost to a man. It was at this moment, that Count Turascus arrived upon the field.

"I," said Marmuzi, "we have waited for you, my lord, but your absence has caused some hot question to arise, to say the least of it: you are aware, my lord, of the distinction of generalissimo, and, since you, my dear lord, have assumed the duties of that office, I herewith commend you your marchers. Gentlemen, noble knights, lords of Hungary! Valentinian Count Turascus, nephew of a king of a hundred sires, leads the vanguard of our army."

Turascus bowed, and then, in an under tone, addressed a few words to the regent.

A sense of something like anxiety passed across the countenance of Marmuzi, like a darkening cloud,—but, as the day did not go so hard with us," he said; "we have to the van!—and, perhaps, it were better you



detached some of yon mal-contents with their clans, to reconnoiter. We must avoid, if possible, their being left unemployed, — inaction, at such a time, were the father of conspiracy. See, if Count Zrinii have not half-traversed the morass, and already threatens the right flank of the enemy ! Go, and prepare to support him, — nay, courage, Turascus, *we must conquer or perish !*"

The discharge of musketry from the opposite heights bore a tremendous burthen to his words, and, in truth, the position of both armies, at that moment, was not a little critical. It seemed impossible, but that defeat must prove destruction to the party, which should sustain it. Martinuzzi, if routed, was precluded, by the river in his rear, from accomplishing his retreat ; besides that, in a moral and political point of view, the consequences of his failure, in this bold enterprise, were incalculable. Thus much seemed certain, the independent existence of Transylvania, and all chance of the resuscitation of Hungary were alike at stake. On the other hand, if Castaldo were worsted, he would have to encounter the army of Massanates in his line of retreat.

Meantime, the garrison of Coloswar, commanded by Raoul, had sallied from the fortress in strength, and proceeding across the impracticable ground and morass before-mentioned, commenced a series of attacks, on the advanced post of the abbey. The assailants were received with "the iron sleet of arrowy shower," mingled with musketry. Three times did Raoul advance to dislodge the enemy from this formidable position, and, as often was his sortie unsuccessful, and he driven back across the swamp, under cover of the city defences.

Martinuzzi saw, that the gaining this point would be attended with considerable results, since, from its being on a level with the table-land of the Austrian lines, he could make it the basis of his operations, instead of having to ascend to the range of acclivity, along which they were drawn up. Therefore, seizing the occasion of

the Austrian officer having so incautiously followed up his success. Martinuzzi detached two thousand of his guard to man the bridge. The diminished garrison left to defend that post of vantage, was wholly inadequate to withstand this fresh attack—the place was forced, and occupied, while the victorious detachment pushed on to the attack of the imperialists, now in the act of reforming the intersecting masses. Thus, taken in front and in the rear, the Austrians were broken with great slaughter; the limited Simos ran red with blood, and was encumbered with dead bodies. An ensign, and more than five hundred men, were made prisoners, and instantly sent off to Colosvár. But now the regent began to be anxious, respecting his communication with Quendi Ferens, which, as matters stood, was effectually cut off. He feared, lest Castaldo might overpower his Lieutenant-General, before he were able to form a junction with him. Raoul, therefore, received orders to push forwards, at the head of ten thousand men, to make a grand attack on the left of the Austrian centre. The troops defiled, under the eye of Martinuzzi, along the ridge of the embankment or causeway, commanded by the abbey. The foremost ranks, amounting to one-fourth, consisted chiefly of archers and slingers; behind these was a large mass of cavalry, partly to protect either flank, and partly with the object of debouching through the intervals, and harassing the enemy. At this moment, the sun burst through his dense pavilion with extreme brilliancy. The mists drew aside like a curtain, and discovered this glittering cloud of gallant soldiers, with floating plumes and pennons, sweeping forwards in compact order to the onset,—their glancing casques, and twinkling spears, flashing forth like vivid lightning from its deep bosom,—

“ Their gilt coats showed like dragon’s scales,  
Their march like a rough tumbling storm.”

“ Your eminence,” said Pereny, riding up to his

uncle; "will not refuse my accompanying Lord Raoul on the charge."

"Be advised, Maximilian," said Martinuzzi; "and remain by my side."

"Nay," replied Maximilian; "my hereditary claims are, to say the least, as weighty as those of Turascus. I looked for the vanguard,—however, if I may not bear a command in this battle, the flag of Pereny waves not in the wind. I shall withdraw with my handful of cavalry, into Coloswar."

"Well, have thy will, my son; and pray Heaven, my forebodings prove ill-founded," said Martinuzzi.

Maximilian, with an affected smile, and an internal contempt for the regent's admonitory expression of countenance, dashed his steed after the column of Count Raoul, and thus parted the uncle and nephew, *never to meet again in this world*. The Marquis of Piadena's disposition on that memorable day was as follows:—

His army, like that of Hungary, was divided into three bodies. The centre was commanded by himself, in person. The right column was entrusted to Baron Roecan, and the left, which had been so inauspiciously elongated from the main body, and which was the first division, opposed to the assault of Quendi Ferens, had been placed under the valiant leading of Count Salm. In a great measure taken by surprise, the Austrian general, after three hours hard fighting, gave way to the repeated onsets of Hungarian cavalry. By the rout of the left wing, the centre was left uncovered; and just as the Counts Raoul and Pereny, poured down in front, with the whole momentum of their powerful detachment, the squadrons of Quendi Ferens rolled on, like the ocean at full flood, upon the flank. But the pupil of Pescara proved himself, on this occasion, as well as on many others, profoundly skilled in the tactics of his school. Placing his men in more compact order, he caused a heavy body of horse to wheel round, and outflank the

**संस्कृत-प्रश्नोत्तर**

The manoeuvre. to face about. the impetuous assault of regarding the feeble in advance, the have their battle the advancing enemy.

"Lance involved  
 sword and  
 arrows hissed,  
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 combat.  
 "Hasten for Hungary!  
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... "Lovers" against him: - Marie Polgar.

and his band, are not in the field. What can that mean?"

"They will make their presence manifest shortly, I make no doubt," replied Nadastis. "Remember, however, in any event, whether he thunder at your gates in triumph, or fly to them for refuge, Coloswar must be closed to Martinuzzi."

"I have Queen Isabella's instructions for that," replied Mircè, as he turned away; "trust me, I know my cue."

The tide of battle was, by this time, on the turn. Castaldo's design, of driving back his assailants, had failed, and, like a spent wave, the baffled imperialists recoiled upon the surging armament, whence they issued.

Meanwhile, Maximilian Pereny, having taken the command, led forward his troops, against the serried lines of the enemy, with irresistible effect; and the violence of the shock, might be compared to the irruption of some rapid and swollen stream, that, suddenly finding a vent, carries away, in its rushing course, the very mounds, and sluices, that were intended to contain and imprison its volume. Castaldo, despite his utmost efforts, saw himself obliged to give ground, and, before Count Nadastis, who, early in the action, had had his horse shot under him, could be remounted, and come up to remorate the progress of Pereny, the impetuosity of the Hungarian charge, had fairly broken through the imperial files. It was at this juncture, that Quendi Ferens bore down the Spanish horse, which had been opposed to him, and thundering forward, effected a union with the main body. Castaldo sent orders to Count Salm, to bring up his remaining force; while he, by a gradual change of position, difficult to accomplish in the heat of a conflict, that every moment told more and more against him, did his utmost, to insure this last reserve coming into the battle, with due effect.

It was at this interesting crisis, just as the imperial

**SECRET**

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IN JUNE 1964

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*[The following page contains extremely faint, illegible horizontal bands of text.]*

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1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

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up his pursuit of the imperialists. Castaldo, who occupied the superior ground, marked the sudden halt and disarray, of the Hungarians, at the moment that victory so unequivocally inclined to their standard, but could not divine the cause. At this crisis, Count Salm chanced to be near his commander.

"One desperate experiment, my gallant friend," said the latter; "and yet the day may be retrieved: ride down, like a storm, upon yon staggering mass, who seem disordered by their very success, and sweep them before you into the valley."

In obedience to this order, Count Salm, rallying the light cavalry, and Spanish auxiliaries, whom Quendi Ferens had put to flight, rushed forward, and charged the Hungarians, with the violence, at once, and the celerity, of a whirlwind. The moment, in which he timed his assault, was so critically favourable, that ere he came within lance's length of the enemy's line of battle, it presented one inextricable scene of terror and confusion.

To explain this state of things, we should premise, that from the circumstance of the men-at-arms, who had sallied from Coloswar, having been either Count Raoul's own immediate serf-men, or having long served under him, they experienced in his favour, that personal attachment, incident to the feudal relation of lords and vassals. Never pausing to consider the improbability of Count Nadastis' imputation, with electric facility, as is the use of persons in that class of life, more especially when influenced by that strong corporate spirit, which is commonly so adverse to truth and justice, they credited the fatal averment. To a man, they laid their lances in rest, or otherwise ordered their arms; while voices on voices, vociferated, "We'll shed our blood no more, to please the regent, who has caused Count Raoul to be basely slain."

Maximilian, whose mortification at the imposition of

EXTRACTS OF ERELY.

A single firmament, may be much better  
than the many. Turning to his troop, conjured  
as leaders then, not to desert him, their general, in  
the midst of victory. His expostulations and com-  
mands were heard in vain.

"Assassin!" was the only replication  
which resounded in many thousand voices; and  
with a more exasperating, the word was taken up,  
and the general, in the hostile ranks, and pro-  
pelled forward, the weapon hung through the welkin.

He fell, the other nearly in madness, and fa-  
ltering, he was striking his carbine.  
The enemy then presented it at the head of

"I am not a murderer," I warn you, an-  
other voice was heard, your slanderous  
accusation is false."

"You are a murderer," the other replied, "I  
am not a murderer, I am a murderer, whose  
name is known to all his countrymen, who

has been the cause of the death of his people, but  
I am not a murderer, I am a murderer, who  
has been the cause of the death of his people."

"You are a murderer," the other replied, "I  
am not a murderer, I am a murderer, whose  
name is known to all his countrymen, who  
has been the cause of the death of his people."

"You are a murderer," the other replied, "I  
am not a murderer, I am a murderer, whose  
name is known to all his countrymen, who  
has been the cause of the death of his people."

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name is known to all his countrymen, who  
has been the cause of the death of his people."



very eye turned to this new ostent, and every eye  
mild. The apparition was, indeed, one, which might,  
a moment, well appal the stoutest heart. What  
ned its shape, presented the grim and loathly likeness  
the king of terrors. The armed image looked less  
: a living warrior, than some sculptured type or per-  
ification of battle. His panoply, from helm to heel,  
I been wrought to represent the osseous characteris-  
s, and the gaping interstices of the gaunt skeleton :  
ree sable ostrich plumes hung over from the glittering  
sque, like funeral pennons.

"Leave me to deal with him," thundered the dreadful  
ice of the intruder, as he sprang beside the fiery barb  
Maximilian. Seizing, with a giant's grasp, the bridle-  
rein, and raising his iron hand aloft, he reared and backed  
the snorting animal. Startled by the abrupt and spectral  
appearance, dismayed, probably, by its violent gesture and  
the threatening intonation of its voice, and thrown back on  
his haunches, by an arm of resistless power, the mettled  
steed plunged desperately, while his rider, taken by sur-  
prise, lost his usual arrogant self-possession, as an un-  
wonted tremor made itself felt, through every nerve and  
fibre, and obtained the mastery over his spirit. Be the  
cause what it may, fear, rage, amazement, or the mingled  
influence of all, Maximilian, in his nervous helplessness,  
let slip the moment of safety, and was violently precipi-  
tated upon the plain.

"To thy dunghill earth, whelp of a wolf-dog!" cried  
the invincible destroyer.

A shout of acclamation, that rent the vault of Heaven,  
resounded from the ranks, while thrice over the prostrate  
body the trampling hoofs were made to pass, with mur-  
derous aim and effect.

"Holy Mary!" gasped forth the expiring graf. "In  
these discompleioned garments, disfigured too with wide  
unfashionable slashes,—with this gory aspect, and no lit-  
tle curious device to propitiate thine eyes, no choice

[illegible]

countered the father instead of the son ; but Peter Pereny's honors are dated." Nadastis rode up to Castaldo, at a gallop, " My lord," he said, with a smile, " thus do we, the confederated barons, keep our promise—the Lady Czerina —"

" I am now too busy, sir, to hear what you would say," broke in Castaldo, haughtily, and turning away, to order the prisoners to the rear of his position. " Does the devil think," he muttered to himself, as he rode forward, to rid himself of the presence of the horrified Hungarian, " that Austria has nothing else to do, than to conquer kingdoms, for the sake of giving them back again ?"

It was now, that Quendi Ferens re-entered on the scene of action. He saw, at a glance, that the waves of victory were spent, and, like some powerful spring-tide, were receding from the side of Hungary. The troops of the murdered Raoul were dispersed, governed by various fortunes, all equally ruinous. A part were descending into the valley, under the auspices of the spectral cavalier ; the remainder were either being cut to pieces, or hurried away prisoners, by Count Salm's division. Still the Hungarian general hesitated not an instant, in ordering a charge — but the spirit of desertion was electric — the greater number stood undecided, and such as obeyed, wavered, before they advanced a hundred yards. Count Salm, having wheeled about and attacked them in flank, this gallant body of horse were broken with great slaughter. It was in vain that Quendi Ferens called upon them to stand to the combat, he had the inexpressible grief of beholding his victorious cavalry sink under the shock, as if touched by a spell.

Meantime, the battle was fiercely contested, on Castaldo's right. Baron Roccan found the utmost difficulty in keeping his ground, since, besides having to hold Count Zrinii's force at bay, his flank was exposed to the hostile operations of some thousands of the peasantry, who, armed with clubs, hatchets, scythes, and other rus-

*[The page contains extremely faint, illegible markings that appear to be bleed-through from the reverse side of the document.]*

as he was  
in the  
intermediate  
of the time.  
The history  
the of political  
the world was  
it was evident to us  
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the various events and  
one of course in a future  
the light of the world and the  
the world was very  
very. History and American  
passed down into the world, of  
the of civilization, and civilization in  
the world.

The name of God in the world of the world  
element, made a separate element, made a  
yet marvellous and in the world of the world  
the world, he suddenly became a world  
at full speed, up the world. The world was  
in to be some world-of-the-world, and the world was  
communication, started the world forward in the world  
distance between them. They met—the officer was  
the world, who, however, and passing for a world  
it could not speak—in the world was the world and  
the world, and staggering with fatigue and the world was the world  
in his hand, he held a sword, and the world was the world—  
was a Spanish weapon, and the world was the world. The world looked at the world and the world was the world  
with fearful foreboding, and the world reflected the world.  
“Where, my lord, are your sword and those of my  
father?” demanded the world; “I am here to fight  
them.”

“To reclaim them.”

"Ay, where is my father?"

"In the full heat of pursuit," replied Turascus; "far ere this, from the annoyance of the enemy, or the support of Martinuzzi."

"Then," said Balthazar, "the game is up."

"Heavens!" returned Turascus, "what am I to augur from your words? How goes the field?"

"Irretrievably lost."

"Ha! and counts Raoul and Pereny, where are they?"

"The one in Heaven — the other — but that matters not: such of their followers as are not left lifeless on a field of victory, or prisoners to a *vanquished* enemy, — are forcing the battle of the regent."

"Balthazar, I implore you to speak intelligibly and in few words."

"In one word, my Lord Turascus, TREASON. By treason have the Counts Raoul and Pereny been done to death. Not a man of the squadron is left to rally, — the stay of our army, the cavalry of Quendi Ferens is cut to pieces."

"And yonder column of Hungarians?" said Turascus.

"Are under the orders of that fiend incarnate, who killed Pereny," answered Balthazar.

"Fatal hearing!" cried Turascus; "but hasten, Balthazar, to recall your father — the body-guard of Martinuzzi, must yet be whole, and it is not impossible the day may be redeemed."

The young Zrinii sped on his mission.

"Oh, Hungaria! Hungaria!" said Turascus, internally, as he directed his way (necessarily circuitous) towards the ground that Martinuzzi occupied. "Ever a prey to the cankerworm of thine own dissensions, ruined by thy very triumphs! — at once thine enemies' terror, and their victim!"

Return we to another part of the field, where the regent, pale, but calm and composed, awaited the event.

Breathless aides-de-camp came galloping fast with their disastrous tidings. The discomfiture and utter rout of the left wing,—Count Raoul down,—the disorder of Castaldo's centre,—the murder of his nephew,—the slander,—the treason,—all these pieces of intelligence successively pierced the attentive ear of Martinuzzi. He saw that success was wrested out of his hands, by the treachery of some few lords, and the easy credulity of his troops; still he relied on what Quendi Ferens would accomplish, whose cavalry was flushed with victory. The total disappointment of his hopes, in that regard, caused him a most painful emotion at the heart. He cast his far-seeing eye towards the scene of smoke and slaughter. "They come on apace," he said, internally, "carrying dismay and death in their train; and I make small doubt that Zrinii and Turascus, by this time, are far on their way to the borders." At this thought, an expression of impatience escaped him.

"Did your eminence speak?" said Balthazar. Zrinii, who, just returned from the thickest of the fray, now stood by the regent's side.

"Balthazar, prithee speed to my lord, your father, and Count Turascus; tell them, as they love the cause of Hungary, to hie hither with the utmost despatch."

"Be assured," replied the gallant youth, "if I live, my father's troops shall be brought into action within two hours." He kept his word at the cost of his life.

Tury and Dobus were then ordered to bring up their reserves, and occupy the fortified position of the abbey. These troops, together with his own body-guard (the élite of the army), and a portion of the wing of Count Horwith, that had not hitherto been engaged, might amount to, perhaps, ten thousand men, and made the entirety of the force left to Martinuzzi, wherewith to oppose the fierce onset of the imperialists, who, now, in their turn, were assuming the offensive. They came on, indeed, in dreadful array, and terrible was the shock. Fifty falconets

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"Hail and comets Raoul and Pereny, where are they?"

"The one in Heaven—the other—but that matters not: such of their followers as are not left lifeless on a field of victory, or prisoners to a victorious enemy,—are fleeing to the battle of the regent."

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"THEY HAVE BEEN HERE" was the first thing  
that I heard when I stepped out of the car  
and saw the "old man" who had been  
in the "old man" house.

- ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~. THIS MESSAGE IS NOT FOR YOUR EYES AND  
 EAR. IT IS FOR THE EYES AND EARS OF THE DIRECTOR OF  
 THE FBI ONLY. TO BE HANDLED WITH THE HIGHEST SECURITY

The Committee against the Economic Boon of 1945  
 by the United States and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development  
 of the United States. The Committee is composed of the following members:

The same is true with the respect to the way in which the various agencies of the Federal Government are organized. The Federal Government is organized with the President at the head of the Executive branch, the Congress at the head of the Legislative branch, and the Supreme Court at the head of the Judicial branch. The Federal Government is organized with the President at the head of the Executive branch, the Congress at the head of the Legislative branch, and the Supreme Court at the head of the Judicial branch. The Federal Government is organized with the President at the head of the Executive branch, the Congress at the head of the Legislative branch, and the Supreme Court at the head of the Judicial branch.

and other pieces of ordnance, which Castaldo, owing to the sudden and unexpected attack of the Hungarians, had been unable, before, to bring into the field, were now turned upon Martinuzzi's position, with tremendous effect. Count Salm poured onwards, with his thousands upon thousands, along the higher chain of ground, that Rinal had before traversed, so fatally for himself and followers. The fortifications of the abbey were assaulted, by horse and foot, in the same instant. The slaughter was dreadful, and extended far and wide. The ground abutting on the banks of the divided Samos, deep dented with the tramp of man and steed, became plashed and slippery with gore; while the lazy tide, ensanguined from the oozing wounds of drowning warriors, washed the walls of the beleaguered city, with its blood-stained wires. The Counts Dobos, Tury, and Horwith, fought with desperate, but unavailing heroism; holding out the consecrated building, as if in very despite of fate. They had planted a body of archers, on the abbey roof, who poured a continual shower of missiles, on the heads of the assailants. But the irresistible strength of Count Salm, could not be longer withstood. The Hungarians were driven in, the portals forced, and then, under his very roof, the Dacian might behold men, madly violating his sanctuaries, and defacing his image.

And now, the spectral knight, raging like a whirlwind, in the van of the insurgents, and supported by a body of Spanish horse, having scaled, and carried the whole length of heights, that fronted the Hungarian position, hurled himself, with an impetuous impulse, and loud shouts of anticipated triumph, on the firm and compact battalion of Martinuzzi. The rebel ranks rolled on, with the roar and violence of ocean, dashing its thousand waves on the invulnerable rock. Fellow-subjects shed each other's blood, in the name of their sovereign; and the nature of the adverse weapons, and the skill and courage of those who wielded them, was equal on both

sides. The phantom warrior, at their head, wrought prodigies of valour, mowing a path with his battle-axe, which, on the Spanish horse endeavouring to follow up, they would find the gap reclose, when the assailing force, like a spent wave, would recoil upon the plain. And now the archers, and slingers, who occupied the roof of that sacred post, so often referred to, were cut to pieces, and their places filled, by an Austrian force of like description.

Count Horwith was left for dead, and of the gallant defenders, only two hundred survived, who endeavoured to force their way, with Counts Dobus and Tury, towards the impregnable plateau, where Martinuzzi had established his phalanx. But every effort of the conquerors was exerted to force that last and formidable post. Fire-balls were discharged into the midst, and volley after volley of musketry poured on the thick mass; while missiles of every description, showered down from the abbey battlements, like aerial monsters, unintermittedly stooped upon their prey.

The repeated onsets of the volunteer knight caused terrible havoc, and in addition to this calamitous state of things, Castaldo and Count Salm had formed their battle anew, and now defiled, in terrific force, under cover of the hillocks, and broken ground, which skirted the Samos, to take the regent in the rear. The spirits of the imperialists had been raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by their commander, who told them, that the enemy no longer fought for honour or victory, but for the forlorn chance of retreat and safety. But not in that hour, when, returning from his series of victorious fields, he was met by the suppliant ambassadors of Ferdinand and of Solyman, who, acknowledging his authority with flattering professions, courted his alliance and solicited his friendship, did Martinuzzi appear more calm, decided, and collected than now, in this apparent extremity of his fortunes. Amid this earthquake scene of confusion and

streamed through every pore of his hacked harness, and whose horse's flank and pommel were struck through with arrows, was observed, darting towards the spot with amazing velocity, and he only drew in bridle, as the last spring of his reeling steed placed him by the side of the regent.

"Your father?—his squadron?—where is the left wing?" demanded Turascus, with breathless eagerness.

"Deserted, to a man!" faintly replied Balthazar Zrini, — for it was he. "My father is made prisoner; *mi!*" — The gallant and martyred messenger sunk senseless on the earth.

"Count Turascus," observed Martinuzzi, in a calm voice, and with that slight, but resolved smile, which bespoke the soul collected in itself. "when men can do no more, they must needs yield to fate. I would fain, if possible, accomplish a retreat on Coloswar, while still these few remaining gallant fellows are left to me; but, so contagious appears this fatal spirit of defection, that I even question, whether the madness have not reached the fortress. Besides, Mirce, the surviving castellan, is the creature of —; no matter. Count Turascus, I were loath to risk the ensign I carry, by stirring from this post, unless I were assured, the beleaguered fortress, which I have vainly striven to relieve, presented a place of refuge."

"Allow me, your eminence, to do your errand," said Turascus.

"Ever daring as thou art honourable!" cried Martinuzzi, — "with thanks I accept your proffer."

The count, putting his horse into motion, bowed. Martinuzzi observed him turn pale and totter; a bullet, at that instant, had struck him mortally; he dropped from his horse. "Hungaria!" inarticulately murmured on the lip of the patriot, and his last draught of vital air was drawn in the effort.

"Death, this day, is holding his revels," half spoke,

half thought, Martinuzzi. "Prithee," he said, addressing himself to one of his aides-de-camp, "try to ride down to the gates of Coloswar, and ascertain their disposition within the walls, — you understand me?"

The young officer signified his comprehension and obedience, and rode furiously off in the direction of the city. The patriots still stood their last rallying ground, like so many lions at bay. A fierce, and impenetrable front, did this impacted body of devoted men present, to the repeated charges of the imperialists, while, what was most painful to the feelings of Martinuzzi, the insurgent Hungarians closed, with shouts of defiance, on their countrymen.

"Strange! that angel should with angel war,  
And in fierce hostings meet."\*

And now, the squadrons of Castaldo and Count Salm, having wheeled round the brow of the hill, assailed his iron ranks in the rear. Corps after corps did the marquis bring up, in person, to support his furious and repeated attacks, which, like the successive billows of a tempestuous ocean, at length breached the bulwark of the Hungarian phalanx. Martinuzzi threw himself among the broken troops; he was warmly seconded by Count Dobus, and, animated by the exhortations and example of their leaders, the brave defenders of their country were nerved with triple vigour. The imperialists were beaten back; but, in the impetuous heat of the fight, Martinuzzi had involved himself in the adverse ranks, and was surrounded. Never, since the standard of Hungary first heavily oped and closed its silken volumes, had it been in such danger, as at this moment. Many a lance was directed against the regent, and many an arm was stretched forth to clutch the stave of that banner, whose ample folds now drooped to the ground. Martinuzzi backed his horse in the midst of this threatening

\* Milton.

[illegible]

ranks of his opponents, trampling on the living, the dying, and the dead, with like indifference; nor did he draw in rein, till the noble animal he bestrode, leaping forwards four yards at a bound, fairly planted him alongside of the royal standard. "Turn thee, cardinal!" he shouted, in a voice louder than the loud battle,—"turn and meet thy fate!"

Martinuzzi fronted the challenger, and beheld that image of death, swinging around his head, his dreadful battle-axe; in person unwounded, and unscathed, but having his coat-of-mail dyed, in one hue incarnadine, from plume to spur. For the first time during that terrible fight, the countenance of Martinuzzi lost the entire tranquillity, which all along, till then, had sat upon it. His brow slightly flushed, and he hastily raised his arm, as if to accept the challenge, but, in a moment, seeming to recollect himself, he lowered his weapon again, saying, in a low, deep, and almost melancholy tone, "Count Ragotzy, tempt me not, — you may not meet your death from my hand, nor I, mine from *thine*!"

With these words, and casting on his challenger a transitory glance of indescribable emotion, he turned away; and, at that moment, Count Dobus again threw himself across the brigand's path, and attacked him hand to hand. Brief was the combat; the Hungarian was prostrated, by a deep wound on the skull, and the thickening throng of battle bore the victor onward. Dealing death on all sides, he himself escaped from every effort against his life; so that he seemed, as was fabled of certain of the *Dii indigetes*\* of old, to be cased or circumfused in some invulnerable armature. Many a gallant spirit his prowess hurried to bliss or bane, and the Counts Horwith and Tury, who had singled him out,

\* *Dii indigetes*.—What rank should be allotted to these amphibious immortals, is still, we believe, a question. Cicero (lib. ii. de Legib.) enumerates three orders of the gods, and places the above along with the Semi-dii.

in hopes that their combined strength might stop his desolating career, were both, nearly at the same instant, prostrated from their seats, and left for dead by their invincible adversary. The affrighted ranks staggered, or drew aside, wherever the stream of victorious battle chanced to bear the spectral cavalier, and soon an obscure and terrible rumour spread through the horrified battalion. The belief arose, and grew, and gathered on all sides, that no mortal arm wielded that clotted battle-axe; but that the emblematic panoply shrouded some departed warrior, upon whose impassable front, blade and bullet were spent in vain.

"I know that chap too well," remarked a serjeant of the body-guard, in a hushed whisper, to his nearest comrade,—"let's turn our swords on vulnerable stuff. Such as he, without flesh and blood, is no safe subject for cold iron. Stand on one side,—these ghosts ever keep to a right line, for all the world, like a mad wolf-dog."

"You know him?" repeated the other,—"how can that be?"

"I mean," replied the serjeant, grasping the shoulder of the man with a convulsive strength, that contributed not a little to impress his fellow-comrade, with the like superstitious terror, which had obtained the mastery over his own bosom; "I have set eyes on him before;—he's one of the familiar spirits of Father Dominick; there be three of them. Many a night, and oft, I've seen them hold communion without the walls, when I have kept guard on the ramparts of Hermanstadt,—only think of that!"

The man did think of it, and speak of it too, and the wild report went shuddering through the ranks, that Father Dominick, or some spirit incarnate, linked and mated with him in unutterable league, was in the field. What fire and sword failed to accomplish, this petrifying persuasion wrought in an instant. Men, whom no mortal odds could terrify, felt their hearts collapse at the apprehension of having to encounter this single intrenchant enemy.



The panic, that followed, became universal, and made the climax of the day's reverses. An electric chill ran through the hearts of all; the men fled not indeed, because, on every side, they were encompassed; nor did they offer to surrender, partly, for that the phantom knight had set up his cry of "*Point-de-quartier!*" and partly, because they were a brave and well-disciplined body of men, to whom the idea of yielding was worse than death; but they fought on to little purpose;—their moral courage was prostrated, and they suffered themselves to be slaughtered, like a flock of sheep. The common soldiers stood inactive, and waited the repeated charges of the imperial cavalry, in sullen and silent despair, while many of the first nobility of Hungary became so many voluntary sacrifices, and, with dreadful yell, precipitated themselves on the protended lances of their foes, "as eager to anticipate their grave."

In this general ruin, *one* man at least stood firm, and what skill and valour could accomplish, to arrest the flood of victory, was put forth by Martinuzzi, on this memorable day,—his presence was in all parts of the field, and he communicated his spirit in a voice, that outrang the fierce elements of battle, rising audibly over the thunders of war, and the sustained and redoubled shouts of the assailing force—his flag waved its volumes over his few and last adherents, like some precious talisman. Fainting with fatigue and wounds, the Hungarian patriot would murmur cheers and blessings, as Martinuzzi passed, and even the sunken eyes of such, as lay gasping in the last agony, would seek out, through the film of death, that consecrated banner. They viewed it, as the type of hope and consolation, bearing the assurance to their departing spirits, that, however they had lived, they at least had fallen holily, and had spilt their blood, not vainly, presenting, in the manner of their death, the most sacred spectacle to Heaven that earth can exhibit;—*that of patriots perishing together, in God's name, in defence of their country.* The regent of Hungary was vaulting

## CHAPTER IV.

It was a day when he had that day bestrode,  
With the sun in his hand and the moon in his intellect intelligence,  
The day of the day.

It was a day when he had that day bestrode,  
With the sun in his hand and the moon in his intellect intelligence,  
The day of the day.

It was a day when he had that day bestrode,  
With the sun in his hand and the moon in his intellect intelligence,  
The day of the day.

It was a day when he had that day bestrode,  
With the sun in his hand and the moon in his intellect intelligence,  
The day of the day.

It was a day when he had that day bestrode,  
With the sun in his hand and the moon in his intellect intelligence,  
The day of the day.

At this moment, he was again confronted by the Cygni  
—he frowned, and waving his hand in wrath,  
would have turned his horse's head in another direction.  
but Count Ragutzy persisted in accosting him.

"My lord cardinal," he hissed in the regent's ear,  
"hearken to me—even in this hour of apparent ruin," he

proceeded, in a breathless whisper, "I can avert your fate. On one condition, I will bear you and your followers from the field, in safety, if not in triumph. A word of mine, that I *could* speak to these Hungarians, who have turned upon you, would make them return to their allegiance. Shall I speak *that* word?"

"*Thou!*—no! Ingrate! and yet name your condition!"

"That you will exert all the authority hereafter vested in you, whether as regent or king, to hunt down the false madman, who calls himself Count Rodna, to death—mark me—to death!"

Martinuzzi was strangely struck. After a minute's pause, he replied, "I reject safety on such terms."

Count Ragotzy bit his lip.—"Well then, cardinal," he said, "come with me; I will bear you and the standard of Hungary, through the fray unharmed."

"And these my gallant soldiers?"

"Let them perish in their obstinacy," replied Ragotzy.

"That thou wert brave, I knew," said Martinuzzi with indignant vehemence, "but I guessed not till this moment, how daring.—Propose such terms to me! Out of my sight, audacious ——!"

"Thou art doomed, cardinal," muttered Count Ragotzy, through his clenched teeth. "Thy last chance thrown away, nor heaven, earth, nor hell, can save thee now." He turned away to his deluded troops—"Charge! followers of Raoul!" he exclaimed, "and wrest your standard from the grasp of the tyrant!"

The incendiary Hungarians charged anew, seconded by a final assault of the imperialists; who, at the same time, however, solicited their enemies to accept of quarter. In the mêlée, Martinuzzi's horse sunk under him. He was instantly raised, and assisted by the officers of his staff to another steed, and the rent "evolvments" of the standard of Hungary again swung over this little body of devoted men, . . . but its silken folds were now envermeiled with the regent's blood; and his voice grew fainter, and his spear waved languidly; as he was remounting,—he had

## CHAPTER IV.

—in his eager-  
but soon afterwards,  
feebler.  
day seemed ap-  
sacrifice of life.  
the result would be  
married. the whole  
Coloswar  
Castaldo.  
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acquisition of  
on his lips.  
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Weak as he  
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trophy.  
and com-  
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passed  
his helmet was up.  
of high thoughts.  
young, and on  
was stamped the  
intelligence. This  
Castaldo, with the  
not a superior.  
after a slight  
“your army,  
save a needless  
you will send orders that your troops  
—for yourself, my lord, you are my

Castaldo gazed on the noble shape,—the well proportioned limbs, and splendid accoutrements of his visitor vacantly, like one stunned. “What mean you?—I understand you not. Who, in the name of God, are you, sir?” he exclaimed, with some incoherency, turning pale, and in the very excess of consternation.

“I have no time to spare for words,” answered the chieftain:—“Enough, my lord; your auxiliaries, under Don Leon, have already yielded to superior numbers. Count Zrinii and Quendi Ferens are freed, and, at the head of their liberated countrymen, are charging down the hill,—Count Nadastis, and those who went over to you with him, have declared against you, and will shortly recover the Abbey of Coloswar. I have ten thousand brave fellows under my individual command,—my lord, I say,—enough. Will you send orders to your forces to surrender?”

Castaldo would have expostulated,—“If I understand; allow me time,” he began in breathless anxiety.

“Take your own time, my lord,—mine is too precious to waste with you, in further emparlance. I must break this conference short. The imperialists may receive quarter, what time they choose to ask for it,—but no honours of war, *guns, baggage, colours, military stores,—all must be delivered over into my possession. Every man must yield himself prisoner of war.* These are the terms of capitulation, which you may accept, when you think proper. You have my last word,—*adieu,—au revoir.*”

The unknown officer quitted the tent. The high ground without was covered with men-at-arms, formed in battle array.

“My brave friends and followers!” cried the young knight, addressing himself to these; “the kingdom of Hungary has been basely betrayed, and is in danger of destruction. Will you accompany me to her deliverance!” A loud shout of acquiescence was the answer. “Many among you,” continued the cavalier; “were born in this province,—many themselves are sons of Hungary

I, your Richter, first saw the light in Buda. I swear that Austria, with my consent, shall never swallow up my native country. Such is my will. Is it your determination also?" Another shout of acclamation made the required response. "Then, forward, my gallant followers to the rescue!—the national ensign yet waves on high. Blessed be the hand that upholds that stave!—ay," he murmured to himself; "though the hand should be *his*,—upon them! while that flag is still unfurled. Advance banner!—forward!—and voice aloud the war-cry, whose acclaim hath never yet been followed by defea-  
ture,—send the word through the ranks,—the Richter Iwan! Iwan, and victory!"

The whole troop gave back the terrible thunder of those sounds, and dashing adown the valley in a compact mass, the shout was wafted by a thousand voices on the wind to heaven,—"**THE VILEZ IWAN TO THE RESCUE!—IWAN FOR HUNGARY!—IWAN AND VICTORY!**"

Wounded and faint, Martinuzzi with difficulty sat his horse, with difficulty he held the standard aloft, but however exhausted, he *did* uphold it. His men fought no longer for victory or safety; but for honourable death. The battle relaxed on all sides,—the imperialists seemed weary of slaying; and the Hungarians, though they would not yield, scarcely offered any resistance. Suddenly, the regent's eye was attracted by an unusual appearance beyond the brow of the hill, where the Austrians had been posted in the beginning of the action. Columns of vast power, and apparently extensive depth, appeared partially visible among the interstices of the wooded country, in the distance. Whilst nearer, living masses of men, to be counted apparently by thousands, were seen emerging from the defiles of the undulating ground. The countenance of Martinuzzi instantly became radiant, as that of an angel.

"Do my senses deceive me?" he said, addressing himself to Count Barcotius, who, observing his weakness, had just vainly proffered his aid, to relieve him of the

banner; "or does not yonder apparition, on the hill-edge, take the form of armed men? And, among them, do I not descry the troop of Zrinii, hastening to our assistance?"

"It seems so, indeed, your eminence," replied Barcotius; "what miracle can this be?"

"Here is one who may perhaps explain," said Martinuzzi, as an aide-de-camp, who had fought his way to their side, came up.

"If your highness can stand your ground for many minutes longer," said the officer; "Count Zrinii will operate a diversion in your favour,—his battle is re-ordered,—*the Moldavian Richter is in the field*,—and the day is your own."

Martinuzzi bowed his head. "Glory to God," he said, with affecting solemnity, and turned his horse away, to conceal his emotion.

"The Moldavian Richter," repeated Barcotius; "who, or what is he?"

"Iwan, whom the people surname, the Vilez,—*et alter Mars ut isti volunt*,"\* replied the messenger; "he comes on in formidable array. The imperialists must be annihilated."

He augured truly. Already wearied with their long and obstinate struggle, and surrounded, as by miracle, by an enemy, they had looked upon as vanquished; considerably reduced in numbers,—their Spanish allies admitted to quarter, . . the second in command fallen, . . Castaldo a prisoner. And deprived of their principal officers, who could alone inspirit them to prolong the fight,—there now appeared no other resource to the imperialists, than surrender.

As matters stood, the liberated corps d'armée of Zrinii, Quendi Ferens, and Nadastis, would have amply redeemed

\* The reader will please to remember, that the Latin tongue is, and was familiarly spoken in the principality where our scene is laid. The officer's quoting the appellation which Livy applied to his favourite, Scipio Africanus, must have been accidental.

ed the day, without the accession of Richter Iwan's force. "fresh, vigorous, and invincible." \* The imperialists threw down their arms, by hundreds and by thousands, and the whole face of the field was utterly reversed. Here and there, indeed, a few isolated bodies of men were seen, obstinately contending against overwhelming odds; and the insurgent Hungarians, either through repugnance, or the sense of their having taken an irretrievable step, persevered in their resistance; but, with these exceptions, the battle came to a pause.

The representations of the Hungarian magnats had speedily excited the inhabitants of Coloswar, to take up arms against their castellan. He was cast into prison, and the city portals were thrown open, to receive the long file of prisoners of war, and the wounded, and the dying of both armies.

Till now, Martinuzzi had borne up manfully against his increasing exhaustion; but when the fortune of war, after all her vicissitudes, seemed to pronounce so unequivocally in his favour, the energy, which had hitherto supported him, failed. On the brink of insensibility, he sank upon his saddle. At that moment, certain principal captains of the Moldavians rode up. One, a little ahead of the others, moved his horse forwards, that he might where the regent of the standard. Martinuzzi felt himself waving sensibly weaker, but only held the colours nearer to him, and with a firmer grasp.

"Where," said the regent, "is Barcotius? Where Horvath? Where ——" His voice was lost in faintness.

"Your eminence," said the vizored captain, "entrust me with the royal ensign, and I will uphold it for the honour of Hungary."

"Hail! what voice is that?" said Martinuzzi. "Where are my officers? Who art thou, sir?"

"I am the Moldavian Richter—my name is Iwan," answered the chief, slightly inclining his head, and making a motion to receive the banner.

\* Gibbon.



"Would I were stronger, to express my thanks, noble r, for this hour's deliverance," said Martinuzzi; "but or the standard, though its charge were short of your eservings, I can transfer it to no hands, not owing allegiance to Hungary; and thou, I trow, dost not lay claim o be a subject of these realms?"

"A subject?—*not a subject*," replied Iwan.

"To our sorrow, most gallant gentleman; thy splendid reputation knolls in the ear o' the land, and the highest rank in Hungary shall be thine. The diet, doubtless, will not be backward to confer on you the rights of citizenship; \* and we hope, but not now—Barcotius, take thou the ensign, for I am sick with the loss of blood, and bear me to Coloswar, and——"

Too spent to utter more, Martinuzzi resigned the flag-staff into the hands of Count Barcotius, and was carried off the ground, almost in a state of unconsciousness.

Meanwhile, the rebel Hungarians fought like men, who were conscious, that the mortal blight of rebellion stained their cause. The Cygani leader, who seemed to multiply himself by the rapidity of his movements, soon carried the like awe into the breasts of his fresh antagonists, as that, with which he had inspired the troops of Martinuzzi. He had exchanged his former weapon for a falchion, which flamed in the van of his own battle, and in the dense ranks of the enemy, like the trenchant sword of the destroying angel. The same wild report, that had before paralyzed men's arms, and drank up their courage, got wind, and sat like an electric spell on the whole Moldavian army. Ably seconded by his insurgent force, he produced such an impression on the enemy's ranks, that at length they were compelled to yield ground. None dared stand to encounter inevitable death, and since the celerity of the knight's movements endowed him with all

\* C'est dans l'assemblée des états qu'on accorde droit de Bourgeoisie aux étrangers qui le recherchent. Quand le roi crée quelqu'un noble de Hongrie, le nouveau noble n'acquiert pas pour cela droit de Bourgeoisie.—Bibliothèque Raisonnée.

... of nobility, panic and  
... in the Moldavian ranks,  
... and dismay behind  
... in his invulnera-  
... of slaughter, smiting.  
... under his horse's

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 NATIONAL  
 BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

... that his presence ... that from the all ... he deemed already ... the demand of one of his ... had entered the ... an important matter, ... as are necessary to be

I have seen him witness his terrible  
 death, and the smoke of the smoking tee. Two  
 of the warriors of the Kiowians had suc-  
 ceeded in the act of rallying their  
 men, and he was encouraging his men  
 to fight. He placed himself, right in  
 the center, as if ambitious of en-  
 gaging the enemy in the smoke of the smoking tee.

The first thing he did was to get the enemy's position anew, and  
 then he went on to the rear of the line of the vizored  
 men and he was the first to fill the gap of battle.  
 He was the first to see the enemy's position :

“Do not think we are the men a bad example, but let them make up as they best may, and do thou take the same. With me I shall not spare thee for thy youthfulness, nor I have vowed this day my sword to embroe in the blood of all who oppose my passage, thy lack of beard

• The Lady of the Lake.

is no saving clause, look to it, and let thy horse's hoofs manifest thy wit."

"I cannot, courteous ruffian, take thy counsel," returned the knight; "you wear a cognizance, in your helmet, that sets my heart on fire, and which I am bound to challenge,—*that gory tartan!*"

"Ha!" exclaimed Ragotzy, "then thou art——"

The noble form of the knight, seemed to dilate into majesty. "I am called," he said, in a fierce, and somewhat proud tone, and griping his sword firmly, "the Richter Iwan, and there's thy glove! Villain! more murderous and inhuman, than tongue can proclaim thee, take, from this arm, the hoarded vengeance of a life. Stand to thy guard!"

Count Ragotzy backed his horse some paces, and then cried out, after a laugh of derision; "By the souls of the slain! I am in luck to-day. Yet, prithee, a last word, ere your tongue wag less fiercely. There is among your followers, a flighty *kanactz*,—the same, I mean, who bore you my gage. I have sought him in the field, in vain. Where is that man?"

"I deign not to parley with thee, homicide," replied Iwan, again spurring his steed forward.

"Oh, well!" said Ragotzy; "since thy blood is so fiery, I'll cool it for thee; and when thou meetest the shade of the heroic Peter, say to him, that Alaric Polgar thus avenged his fall."

Uttering these words, the Cygani leader couched his lance, and plunging the rowels in his charger, precipitated himself on the richter with such sudden impetuosity, as to bear down horse and rider in the shock. He had been met, however, as fiercely; his own steed was overthrown, and he lay rolling on the greensward. Instantaneously, as it were, these two bold and untamed spirits were seen, foot to foot, on the blood-strewn plain. There they stood, fronting one another, in rigid and unyielding attitude, both animated with the same resolu-



thrust at Iwan, and, yielding rather to his passion, than taking counsel from his judgment, instead of retiring, on its being parried, he closed upon the richter, whose spear impierced his coat of mail —

“The griding sword, with discontinuous wound,  
Passed through him.” \*

Count Ragotzy sunk upon the plain, and the life-blood, which gushed from between the joints of his armour, was not this time that of a foeman. The Richter Iwan, toil-spent with the contest, approached, and leaned on his spear over the prostrate leader, whose mortal life, apparently, had gone forth in that gushing tide. Some near, unclasped the rivets of his gorget, and threw open his vizor. The fresh air, blowing upon his stony countenance, recovered him to a transitory consciousness. His dark eye rested on the crimsoned luminary, then just in the final act of dipping into the black, thick, volume of congregated vapour, that rolled along the level west, like the visible exhalation of some volcanic abyss. What dread auguries lie often, half-disclosed, in the changeful colour, shape, and motion of the meteors of the air; the fleeting combinations of that magnificent system of material signs, which we inhabit! typifying, with most miraculous organ, the lot of humanity.

Count Ragotzy might, perhaps, have read, in the skiey influences of that hour, at once an omen and a type of his own destiny. Wherever dwelt his thoughts, whither, on the untrod futurity, his adventurous soul was about to explore, or, trammelled by the clinging interests of time, they found refuge, like the son of Odis, on some bright floating isle † in the deep sea of remembrance, where

\* Milton.

† Floating isle.—There are (or have been) some things on earth, that are dreamt of in men's philosophy, now-a-days. The evidence for these “*latus terra*” would seem to rest on good authority. See *Poetry* below.



ible, discordant,—announced the hastened approaches of leath. “You overheard, — you! The regalia! — ha! ha! ha!”

“Ay, tell me, I implore you! where is the crown of Hungary?”

“Oh, ’tis excellent! And thou, also, lovest and wouldst wed her, you rescued from me erewhiles, — Veronica of Eissenburg? — hey? is’t not so?” As he thus spoke, an indescribable emotion played upon the countenance of the expiring brigand.

“Where,” again demanded Sigismund, — “where have you hidden the diadem of St. Stephen? — speak! for God’s sake, ere too late!”

“Oh, mother, — Unna!” resumed Ragotzy, without heeding the inquiry, “what a prophetess art thou! and I never to believe in thee till now! — ’tis long since thou foretoldst, that I should fall by the hand of the man, whom, ere he was conscious of his property in them, I had forestalled of his two dearest rights. I never recked thy augury before, but now I call it to mind; — ’twas perfect! excellent!”

“The regalia?” cried Sigismund.

“True, the regalia!” repeated Ragotzy, contending, in broken syllables, with the ensanguined tide, that choked his utterance; — “’Tis thine by right, I trow; and — and — well, if that is not, after all, a sweet legacy of vengeance!”

His head sank; his nether-jaw dropped; he strove again to look up, — in vain; but still a bright, mysterious smile of fiendish exultation, flashed athwart his face, as the fierce and turbid spirit of the wicked Cygani sought the sphere of its nativity, . . . *where?* Like Beaufort, “he died and made no sign.”\* But let us repeat the aspiration of that prelate’s death-bed witnesses, — “Oh, God, forgive him!”

\* Second part of K. Henry VI., Act 3. Scene 3.

*[The page contains extremely faint, illegible horizontal lines of text.]*



## MANUSCRIPT 106.

\* Q-2.1 FOR DISTANCE MEASUREMENTS OF FLAME IN BURNING MATERIALS.

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"I believe the above facts are sufficient to establish the above proposition and further, that the same is in the public interest and the welfare of the community. That the above facts are sufficient to establish the above proposition."

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding addresses. The names are listed in a column on the left, and the addresses are listed in a column on the right. The names are: John Doe, Jane Smith, Robert Brown, Mary White, and David Black. The addresses are: 123 Main St, 456 Elm St, 789 Oak St, 101 Pine St, and 202 Cedar St.

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10. The tenth part of the document is a table with two columns. The first column is labeled "Name" and the second column is labeled "Address". The table contains the same data as the first part of the document.

ing and life, . . . to all the genial comelness proper to the  
 y of existence. Suddenly the face of the heavens  
 changed—a terrible squall came on, and the little vessel  
 rack against a rock,—the young wavered swim to shore  
 th his sister, the princess, and made good his landing.  
 Martinuzzi, meanwhile, stemmed the fierce torrent, clasp-  
 ing Alicia on his arm. The foaming equerry accom-  
 panying to the sinking raft; the waters rushed on with irre-  
 sistible rapidity; and soon, upon the raging billows, be  
 breathed a life, to which each second threatened a doom—  
 envily they rolled over him, the whirling waves, as he  
 sank; then came the gurgles, the clankings, and the last  
 convulsive grasp of the part breath, that scarce was the  
 storm for utterance,—the cry reached the ears of Martin-  
 uzzuzi, who, consigning Alicia to the arms of her attend-  
 ants, plunged, fearlessly, back into the sea, and again  
 buffeted the tempestuous waves. Just as the breaking  
 surge spake instant death, in the strong summer sun  
 beneath the foaming surface of the water, and having  
 gripped the equerry by his clothes, soon rose again, bear-  
 ing him, helpless and unconscious, to the shore.

This vision of the past rose to Swartz's sleeping facul-  
 ties, with a depth and gradation of apprehension truly  
 terrific. Then, in regular order of time, he and the in-  
 amiable Alicia, poured forth, before their meek and accom-  
 minded preserver, their warm acknowledgments for the  
 debt of existence. Oh! how vivid was the sleeping  
 man's recollection of that scene! The mute demonstra-  
 tions of thankfulness on the part of his sleeping sister,  
 —his own louder protestations of bodily gratitude, and  
 Martinuzzi, looking on the while, with his usual benevo-  
 lent countenance, beaming his usual sweet, but somewhat pensive  
 smile, which, the emanation of his own kind heart, fell  
 softly, like sunshine from the level west, on the hearts of  
 all about him. Yes, there was the self-same being, who,  
 disclaiming all merit, breathed his gentle accents of self-  
 depreciation, in their ears, whom he had lately rescued.

There shone the same open piety, the same unhesitating "trustingness," the same unflinching faith. Not a shadow of distrust was there. In his own integrity, he was incapable of suspecting any suspicion against others. When the moment came when he consecrated the energies of his noble existence in aid of the man, who, in the eyes of Martinuzzi, looked like a volume of his scriptures, without a particle of hypocrisy, his features grew indistinct; his eyes were turned away; and, like the fresh light of day, the shadow changed to the brightness of the sun. Years must have intervened, for the man who was become the brightest of warriors, and distinguished into that warrior's ranks, whose heads were emulous to those of their friends. Again his noble features were the same of the night, and he looked on with the same calm and steadfastly, but not as before with the same benignity and good will, but in the same stern and just world.

"You have," cried the lord regent, whom he had just captured, and he was looking over him, a naked and trembling man, "false, and treacherous! Is this the man who has no regrets? Did you suffer me for years to be in the hands of Sigismund's personal freedom, and to be in the hands of Rothenthorn,\* when, whenever times he was not in Hermanstadt, he was always the voice of fire to trumpet his renown,—was I mistaken, and am I able one? Was not the subterfuge of marriage a conspiracy between ye? And hast thou not in case revealed to the Richter Iwan who was his son?—Thou hast! thy professions in the chateau of the Countess Scorpas, were false: thus then, I expiate for

\* Rothenthorn; the Red Tower.

thee, thy perjury;" and Martinuzzi seemed to the dreamer, to raise his arm to strike him to the earth.

Swartz, in vain endeavoured to voice his contrition and excuse.

"Die, thankless traitor!" cried the regent! "for thou canst offer not a word in palliation."

"Indeed—I—I can,—*Alicia!*" screamed Swartz, stretching out his arm. Struggling in his agony of pleading to express himself more fully, the effort burst the charm of sleep; and the conscience-visited slumberer started from his shivering dream. Half raising himself, he looked round the cavern, and his senses were almost immediately assailed by circumstances, not less appalling, than the visions from which he had just freed himself,—but there was no second escape,—no re-awaking; and he might not shun that visitation, which presently unnerved his frame. The ground on which he reclined, palpably heaved beneath him, like the billows of the deep; low and minatory reverberations, like thunder, rumbled within the entrails of the earth.

"Ecce repens mugire fragor, configere terras,  
Vibratis radicibus."

Every object around seemed in motion, while a sort of blue and supernatural light quivered fitfully, and wild; animating with fantastic glare, the grunstein, or species of basaltic rock, of which the walls and roof of the dungeon were composed. It was not difficult for Swartz to divine, that the district must be visited, by one of those earthquakes, so frequent in Hungary, during the century, to which our tale refers; he started to his feet, and the apprehension of perishing in his remote prison, suddenly welled to his throat, like a molten tide of agony. In that age and country, personal courage was deemed indispensable, and men were so continually under the necessity of attesting "the mettle of their pasture," that not, as in an elder day, could valour arrogate a common appellative with virtue. It was too universal an attribute, pro-

perly to merit so honourable a distinction. The case was inferent with the ancients, who, whether of Greece or Rome, as Cicero admits,\* were only relatively courageous. Their barbarous enemies were vanquished, and oppressed, by their own fears: we recommend the reader who may be inclined to dissent from our opinion, to turn to Herodotus' account of the irresolution of the Lacedæmonians (certainly not the least warlike of the Greeks), for days previous to the battle of Platæa.

True to say, these lauded heroes of the old age, could achieve great things, on the spur of the moment, but they were deficient in that invariable principle of endurance, which characterises the modern soldier, and which the Romans must have esteemed of high desert, when they distinguished it by the name of *virtus*. We have our doubts, whether the conqueror of Pharsalia would have liked to contest the palm, with either the victors or the vanquished, who fought at Waterloo. To return.—Among the very few exceptions to be met with of the bravery of the age, we might instance, the wretched inmate in the cave of the Cyganis,—weak and sickly from his youth upwards, Swartz was distinguished by a certain constitutional timidity of character.

“ A puny insect trembling at a breeze.”

The peril in which he now stood, shot cold thrills, through his feeble frame; his blood receded to his heart, and large and agonizing dews forced their way to his forehead. Perhaps, after all, the best recipe a man can be provided with, if he would meet death with equanimity, when thus, at unawares, his soul is caught hovering in the last moments of its separation, is the soothing consideration of his having used the opportunities of life, with temperance and moderation —

“ They that have  
Their virtues to wait on them, bravely mock

\* Imbecillitate aliorum, non nostra virtute valeamus.—Cicero.

The rugged storms, that so much fright them here ;  
 When their soul 's launched by death, into a sea  
 That's ever calm."\*

Even the sect of old, who deemed

" This barren world sufficient bliss—"†

that of Epicurus, however wedded in joyless union to our present mouldering and dunghill state of being, was yet deeply impressed with the policy of such a preparation for—the *gulf of eternal dissolution*. How much more reason then have we, of this generation, to entertain a like opinion, who know, that in our flesh we shall see God :—from whose vision the film is removed ; who can pierce, through the shadows and darkness, that hang over the tomb, and compass, beyond a doubt, that immortality, which the wisest Pagan only dimly apprehended in his most sanguine dream ; who, " by the demonstrations of Newton, can overturn the absurd doctrine of blind chance,"‡ or fortuitous concourse of atoms, and can recognise, in the heathen's mechanical necessity,.. the first cause of his cheerless creed,—that greater Deity, who, in revealing Himself unto us, has promised, that the mortifying our appetites in the flesh will be rewarded, with an eternal inheritance of bliss, in the life to come.

Well might the Bishop of Clermont affirm, "*La religion rassure l'ame et on craint bien moins la mort, quand on est tranquille sur les suites.*"§ Swartz was not pre-armed, with this best *orvietan* against the apprehension of death : "*Contra mortis timorem et contra metum religionis.*"\* Resolving, however, not to lose existence without a struggle, he instinctively rushed to the low, and narrow entrance of the rocky cave. Loudly, but to no purpose, did he implore some one to throw open the door of his prison, and afford him a chance for life.

\* Shirley.

† Campbell.

‡ Dr. Brinkley's *Elements of Astronomy*, c. 19.

§ Masillon.

¶ Cicero, *De Fin.*

from a watery grave. There shone the same open physiognomy, where all spake unhesitating "trustingness," and clear uncalculating faith. Not a shadow of distrust was there. Pure in his own integrity, he was incapable of entertaining any suspicion, against others. When the equerry loudly proclaimed, that he consecrated the energies of all to come of existence, in aid of the man, who had saved his life, the mild blue eyes of Martinuzzi, looked forth his acceptance of his services, without a particle of misdoubting. Presently, his features grew indistinct: their outline dim, they melted away; and, like the fresh reflection of a magic lantern, the shadow changed to the Tour Rouge; and eventful years must have intervened, for the romantic and pious boy, was become the brightest of the conclave, and metamorphosed into that warrior and statesman, whom crowned heads were emulous to enlist in the number of their friends. Again his noble form uprose in the phantasmagoria of the night, and he gazed upon Swartz, long and steadfastly, but not as before, with eyes of benignity and good will, but in the sternness of indignant wrath.

"Double-dyed villain!" cried the lord regent, whom the dreamer imagined to be uplifting over him, a naked scymetar; "ungrateful, false, and treacherous! Is this your return for all my benefits? Did you suffer me for years to delude myself, that Sigismund's personal freedom was restricted to the defile of Rothenthorn,\* when, whatsoever times he was not in Hermanstadt, he was compelling the voice of fame to trumpet his renown,—as a captain, and an able one? Was not the subterfuge of madness, a conspiracy between ye? And hast thou not, in base requital of all the favours I have showered upon thee, revealed to the Richter Iwan who was his sire?—Thou hast! thy professions in the chateau of the Countess Scœpas, were false: thus then, I expiate for

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§ Masillon.

¶ Cicero, *De fin.*



as he stood paralyzed, in the apprehension of instant death ; and the next movement of the gipsy would have sealed his fate for ever, in this world, when, on a sudden, the earth again trembled beneath their feet, and ere the sharp and accelerated steel touched the shrinking flesh, the mass of rock, already riven, tottering, and loosened from its foundations, heaved its fragments into the air, with a convulsive force, that resounded like the pealing of many thunders. In burst, through a number of chasms, the foaming and overflowing billows of the neighbouring river. The crags and ridges of the disparted roof, were intermixed with the blood-streaked skies ; and there was heard the deepening rush of waters, which became tinted with the glare of hell, from the flaming atmosphere above. The elements of earth, fire, and water, lay confusedly mingled together ; “ Chaos is come again ! ” The murderess, and her destined victim, were separated, in the concussion, by a distance of several yards ;—each was thrown on the opposite edge of a vast abyss, whose darkness and depth, the eye might vainly seek to measure. The breath, and recollection of both failed them simultaneously.

For some days, the history of Swartz presents a blank ; and afterwards, during his narcosis, either the torrent, or another convulsion of the earth, had borne him far from Mount Hielen. He was discovered by some Slowark peasantry, near the Marosh, lying on his face,—his eyes fixed,—his lips wide apart,—and, together with his tongue, parched and arid. But although apparently in the act of expiring, life was not yet extinct ; so they conveyed him, in company with other sufferers, mostly Cyganis, from the scene of the earthquake.

It was on opening his eyelids, after a deep sleep, that Swartz first surveyed the objects around him, with apprehensive observation. His consciousness slowly returned, combined with a sense of great exhaustion ; and

he ascertained, from certain symptoms in his difficult respiration, that his reviviscence would indeed be transient. The darkened lamp of existence, seemed suddenly brightened up, as if on purpose to receive a more sacred dismissal; during which holy *viaticum*, in the course of the day, the extinguisher of death descended to quench the last vital spark, that flickered within.

"Art thou, in truth, Walter?" inquired the dying man, in faltering accents, raising his heavy eyes to the person of his attendant: "Where am I?—how came I here?—is your lord,—is Count Rodna, within call?"

From the other's reply, Swartz learned much, that surprised, and not a little, that interested him. It appeared that Sigismund had fallen in with the sad procession of carts, and other lumbering vehicles; and his eye happening to distinguish, among the number of sufferers, the person of his pseudo-keeper, he had directed Walter to return to Coloswar with the wretched martyr, and render him every possible assistance. From this person's account of the late battle, Swartz perceived how greatly the victory was attributable to the opportune arrival on the field, of the richter, who, it seemed, had caused his force to evacuate the neighbourhood, the day after the battle. Swartz was informed, moreover, that the dowager Isabella, and the young queen, had repaired to Coloswar, confessedly with the view of the latter solemnly transferring to the lord regent, before the diet, her crown, with all the rights thereunto appertaining; but that ceremony had been necessarily deferred, for, to the extreme consternation of every soul, the room, where the regalia was used to be deposited, had been despoiled of its treasure. It was discovered empty of all things whatsoever, save what was least expected to be found in such a place, namely a gory, mouldering, human skeleton, which lay stretched upon the floor.

The terrible sensation, produced throughout the country, at the disappearance of the diadem of St. Stephen,

under circumstances, so big with mystery and horror, was single and unexampled. The queen and Czerina had thereupon taken their departure, and Martinuzzi, a few hours afterwards, quitted Coloswar for the capital. The chief nobility, and the army, had followed, bearing along with them the Marquis of Piadena, and other Austrian prisoners of distinction. Of all the Hungarian magnats, who lately thronged that city, for the purpose of attending the parliament of Transylvania,\* the constable Vicchy, whose attainder had been reversed, and who had been appointed one of the castellans, alone remained.

Swartz, who had preserved deep silence throughout the above communication, here hastily broke in, "How say you? — is Vicchy now in the fortress?"

"In the fortress? — in the house," replied Walter. "He was dangerously wounded by the Cygani leader, but is at present, thanks to the careful attendance of the Lady Veronica, nearly convalescent."

"Prithee, Walter," cried Swartz, rising on his couch, and with considerable eagerness of manner, "bear the message of a dying man to Vicchy. Tell him, I have an important matter to reveal, which concerns his own daughter's interests; — bid him hie hither to receive back the letter of Alicia."

Walter left the room, and, shortly after, the Duke of Eissenburg opened the door. He hesitated, and Swartz beckoned him to approach. There was mutual silence for an instant, and the dying man seemed collecting his ideas, with the purpose of addressing Vicchy, when the latter spoke.

"Agent of Iwan," he said, "let me spare you, in your present state, making a superfluous communication. I already know all you would tell me, having had an interview with the true heir, whose rightful claims I am

\* P. de Rewa, c. vi.

ready to admit, and, if needs be, to maintain with my sword. I have, I fear me, lived in a dream for many years, — but that Boszorkany fooled me. Alas! my beloved daughter is never fated to wear a crown."

"Stop there!" cried Swartz; "the devil, for such she surely is, perchance spake truth therein. In one sense,\* the Lady Veronica will, by your leave, yet reign in Hungary."

"I understand you; but learn, that *he*, who alone can accomplish thus much, hath offered my child to share with him his throne, and ——"

The couch of Swartz faced the west, and the rays of the evening sun streamed through the casement, on the upward countenance of the dying man. The softening light shed on it a peculiar animation, as, interrupting Vicchy, he exclaimed, though with feeble articulation, "And been rejected? — Sigismund rejected? — oh no, impossible!"

"Not rejected," replied Vicchy; "although the beams he throws upon my daughter shine coldly, as in water, it seems there is some insuperable obstacle."

"Ha! my prophetic brain! I divined as much," murmured Swartz, starting up on his couch, — "that man would scruple no extremities which — umph! Say," he cried, turning to Vicchy, while an expression of wild inquiry irradiated his ghastly visage, "has it not relation to Alaric Polgar?"

"Alaric Polgar!" repeated Vicchy, with an involuntary shudder, — "what relation can aught belonging to that man, bear to Veronica Eissenburg? No, sir, my daughter avows her predilection, for him, who rescued her from the Cygani's thralldom; but, nevertheless, affirms

\* "And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to the ear,  
And break it to our hope."—*Macbeth*.

See also motto to this manuscript, from Claudian.



that an insuperable obstacle has arisen to her entertaining his suit."

"Has the young lady never let drop any intimation of the nature of this barrier?" inquired Swartz.

"None, save what is wrapt in hideous, inexplicable hints," replied Vicchy.

Swartz threw himself back on his pillow, and, half burying his face in the bed-clothes, ruminated for several minutes in silence. When again he addressed himself to Vicchy; his countenance had anticipated the cadaverous hue of death. "I feel the source of life rapidly receding at my heart," he said; "Time and I must shortly shake hands for ever; but, of all sublunary concerns, the prospects of that boy lie nearest my heart,—why it should be, I know not, unless my having saved his life in babyhood, though done in the spirit of hatred and revenge to another, makes him dear to me; 'tis human to love what we have long cherished. He, my dead sister, and one other, were the sole things in all this world I ever cared for, and he now catches and entangles the feeble wings of the soul, which vainly essay their freedom. Duke of Eissenburg, the happiness of the noble Sigismund rests with the Lady Veronica—his happiness; and will that lady, who surely cannot but return his love, consign, both him and herself to unavailing and livelong sorrow, on account of some sick dream—some formless phantasy? I've heard you laud the strong masculine sense of your daughter; she, like Iwan, is of that new faith, which none can adopt, without having, even by their very apostasy, attested the vigour of their understanding. For Sigismund's sake—for your daughter's, I must speak to her, and make the appeal of a man, who, on the verge of the grave, views the phantasmas of this world, not according to the factitious lights of mortality; but, in the transparency of a holier medium. I think I can show her, that that expressionless objection, which hardly apprehends itself, ought not to interpose, between

ebbing rapidly ; he lifted up his face as they entered, and signed with his hand, for the anxious father and his attendant, Walter, to retire. Veronica waited until they had withdrawn, and then placed herself, pale and trembling by the dying man's bed-side. Swartz, taking her hand in his, and leaning his wan transparent face towards her, spoke a few low words in the ear of the agitated girl, whose clear complexion, as she sunk upon a chair, became charged, or rather overcharged, to the very roots of her hair, with a rich red tint. " On that night—so—as I feared," said Swartz. Veronica covered her face within her robe, and her delicate form seemed to shrink within itself.

It is not our intention ever to enter upon the particulars of this private and solemn colloquy, though thereby we might assuredly illustrate a curious chapter of the human heart: for fear, however, of any misapprehension we forbear. It is sufficient, perhaps here to inform the reader, that the dying accents of Swartz, instilled themselves gently, like the wholesome dews of Heaven, upon the heart of our protestant heroine, who, at length, consented to forego that feminine, but unimaginable scruple, which her sensitive delicacy had conjured up, like some ghost shrouded in its own formless horror. In fine, she promised to bestow " her hand with her heart in it,"\* on our hero. 'Tis ten to one, under the same temptation,—my simpering dear!—but you had acted similarly.

Turn we from the death-bed of Swartz, to the gorge of the Bargartolke, on the frontier of the principality, where the curious gaze of any chance wayfarers was attracted, by the unusual appearance of a close chariot, winding its slow way along the mountain pass ; now, as it descended the precipitous cliff, presenting a strong outline against the lurid sky, and presently, toiling up the deep and opposite chasm below them. These gazed, indeed, but if not their cupidity, at least all their hopes

\* Rogers' Italy ; and the Tempest.

of obtaining booty, must have been at once dispelled, on descriing the formidable appearance of the escort. It consisted of some score or two of horsemen, whose snowy plumes and gilded spurs bespake their honourable rank, while the ever-ready carbine, slung at their saddle-bows, gave note and warning to the banded dolbatches, or the solitary kanactz, of the travellers' preparation against attack. Half of these, with lances in rest, and pennons displayed, preceded the chariot, as an advanced guard; the remainder brought up the rear. With difficulty, but obviously with as much speed as the nature of the ground permitted, the cavalcade we are describing passed through the cragged defile, and entered upon the scarce-trod regions beyond. The roads, before rugged and broken up, here became almost impracticable. The land was left untilled—the instruments of husbandry were destroyed, or abandoned, and even such few plots of cultivation, scattered amidst this frightful waste, as were not converted into almost impenetrable thickets, were fertilized, or rather made rank, with human manure. On all sides, such was the richness of the soil, the height of the grass was sufficient to conceal deserted cottages from sight; \* war and rapine had suspended the labours of man's industry, and no erections of his ingenuity, or trace of his existence, met the eye. The mills had been thrown down, the very rivers were choked up, the sites of thriving villages, now solely indicated by charred heaps of ruins, were passed at intervals, so that for miles, on all sides, what should have been a smiling scene of health and plenty, possessed the character of some vast and deserted charnel-house.

Such were the evils, that interminable and senseless contests inflicted on this part of Transylvania, and which

\* I have given this singular fact on the authority of Busbequius, p. 112. See likewise Browne's *Travels*, in Harris's Collection, vol. ii. p. 762.



and ruinous districts, as we have described above, when, at the point of time, we again solicit the reader's kind attention, the sun's disk became obscured, and magnified in cloud and vapour. A thick mist overspread the face of the earth ; and now a wilder, and more desolate prospect opened before our travellers ; for, on emerging from the ravine, they entered the long and mountainous tract of the Eckerlebanya, whose horizon, the lowering clouds presently covered with one uniform tint. A tremendous storm visited the country ; the thunder reverberated along the distant hills, and the vast sheets of blinding lightning struck man and horse with like affright. Many of the latter began to plunge and rear, to the imminent danger of their riders. After having, for above an hour, breasted the elemental strife, the party arrived before a vast chasm, or rent of the mountain, which, from the apparent contiguity of the opposite crags, would seem to have been the operation of some earthquake. Here, the fierce gusts of wind drifted like a hurricane along the rocky ledge, that formed their path, and several of the escort were suddenly unhorsed, as if struck by magic. Isabella ordered the cavalcade to halt, and straightwise, within the rifted mountain, find place of refuge, from the pitiless pelting of the tempest. In obedience to these commands, the royal chariot was drawn under a huge arch of the projecting cleft, while most of the escort, dismounting, led their frightened steeds deep within the same natural rift of granite.

There is an incident recorded of Isabella, on this occasion, which, long preserved by popular tradition, we are unwilling to pass over in silence, since history, whilst relieving her details by the affecting episode, appears to have dropped her usual calm and inflexible tone, appealing to the human heart, in such deep and melancholy accents, as are more proper to the sister muse.

The queen-mother—so runs the relation—drew back the curtain of her chariot, while the fury of the elements was

# LITERATURE IS DEAD.

... of her devoted  
... were enveloped.  
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... Putting  
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... and a broken  
... stretched far  
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its bald expanse; not a blade was visible;—save this solitary tree, all was black and barren. It rose near the margin of a lake, the gleaming of whose waves was just discernible, through the mist, as they swelled high beneath the shrill and piercing wind.

Here, says the historian,\* taking her poignard, she engraved on the bark of the tree, in the Latin language, these words, from Isaiah: “I went into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks, for the glory of the majesty of the Lord, when he ariseth, to shake terribly the earth.” She paused in her occupation, and her eye fell coldly on the inky bosom of the lake, now rapidly melting into the deep gloom, and becoming blended with the massy cliff, by which it was half-environed. Suddenly, she thought it would be sweet

“To sleep amid the music of the storm,”

and, since the land cast her forth, to make her sacred sepulchre, where living man in vengeance came not:

“Apparelled in her costly robe of empire,  
To go to lie in pageantry below,  
And flush those waters, with her gorgeous scarlet.”†

But the idea of her hoarded vengeance unappeased, crushed the rising inclination. Then, pondering on the cruelty of her destiny, in being compelled to fly the realm, over which she deemed herself entitled to rule; all outward things seemed to her, at that moment, to bear a wonderful similitude to her fortunes. Every thing about that wild, bleak, melancholy waste, was severe and sterile, but the spirit of the tempest spake not, unto her, the language of Heaven’s wrath; His voice came not to her, like sounds of chiding, but from its very

\* Peter de Reva. Thuanus, l. ix.; and more at large in Hilarion de Caste. “Eloges des Dames illustres.”

† The Vampire, a tragedy.

seemed to attest the sympathy of inanimate nature, even the personal indignities to which she had been subjected. This terminating, she again drew forth her magnificent veil, while all earth and sky were blent in solemn communion, she deliberately subscribed, on the folds of the tissue, that sad memorial of her forlorn condition. A cold and gloomy audience, comprehended a world of suffering and bitter emotions. "*Sic fata volunt, Isabella!*" "So fate will! So fate will! Alas! rejected by the arms of the man, into whom, in her womanly devotion, she had surrendered all: no more a queen, her dead—her inheritance, if not seated on her husband's throne, yet winning nothing of the realities of regal power, while she herself, condemned to wander forth a homeless exile, apprehensive of recapture, with all its attendant annoyances; encompassed by difficulties on every side—she herself, the ever-haughty daughter of the Duke, exposed to all the rigour of storm and tempest... *Sic fata volunt!*" she repeated to herself, a hundred times. "Nothing was left to her,—save hatred and revenge."

Well might she, reduced to such extremity, lament her sad destiny,—the once all-powerful "*Regina*" "*Queen!*" Well might she, in imagination, fill her ears with the anthem and the dirge, and take an everlasting farewell of her departed greatness.

Hitherto, perhaps, in some measure, rendered tolerable this gloomy scene, with the inspiring appearance of universal nature, but now, and too vividly recalled, by the unburdening of her overcharged spirit, on that stricken and desolate shore, Isabella arose, with the view of leaving that place of seclusion, when, as she lifted up her eyes, she was somewhat startled to perceive a young, erect, and splendid form, suddenly spring, like a rocket, from the extremity of a platform of rock, which jutted out the lake. His proximity, her disturbed state

\* See *et Occas. Times*, & L. Toppitt & Medyses, p. 217.



of mind, and intentness of occupation, had, previously, prevented her observing. The mailed unknown no sooner lighted, just in front of her, than he threw himself gracefully on one knee, before Isabella, who gazed on the beautiful apparition, in silent astonishment. She might almost have supposed, that the genius of that lonely spot, instructed in her history, and compassionating her distress, had suddenly revealed himself to her entranced senses, putting on the shape and vesture of mortality, that he might hear and do her bidding.

"Unhoped for opportunity!" cried the youth. "Royal lady," he proceeded, "pardon a stranger, for accosting you thus abruptly. I learnt from one of your noble attendants, whom I ventured to question, that you had wandered from their guardianship. I followed you hither, and am only too happy to obtain this interview."

"Rise, fair sir," answered Isabella, "and say, what is your object?"

The unknown quitted his kneeling posture, and, after a moment's consideration, made answer: "To gratify the yearning of my heart, in some measure, but chiefly your advantage, madam."

"The yearning of your heart, sir;—my advantage," repeated Isabella, with some surprise; "you speak riddles."

"This is no time for long explanations," returned the stranger; "but the lonely situation in which I find you,—the increasing darkness,—your ignorance, alike of me, and of the motives of my obtrusion, all bid me not hesitate an instant in announcing myself; and, as far as I am justified at present, in declaring my purpose. He is the Richter Iwan, who has the honour to address you, madam, and who obtests of you to rely on his word, that you would act contrary to your true interests, were you to prosecute your journey further, and quit the land of Transylvania, for that of your birth."

depth, seemed to attest the .arum of his name,  
 with the personal ind<sup>ist</sup> I have yet to learn  
 subjected. Thus rumi<sup>on</sup> of the interests of the  
 safeguard, and, while how her movements can any  
 commotion, , my lord, I must own, there is,  
 presence, that uth, prevailing in your voice and  
 gains me, by an irresistible impulse, to  
 and his ances —; but pray instruct me, to  
 indebted for this meeting; how knew the  
 of the he might encounter the unhappy Isabella.  
 of her daughter's kingdom."

— "I derived my information from one, whom I have  
 confirmed a friend," replied Iwan, "Count  
 but it was Count Thomas Nadastis, in your  
 present retinue, who acquainted me with your  
 chariot, to traverse these savage  
 To behold you thus alone, and unattended.

conscious of the many perils of this hour,—and for the  
 time —," the Richter stopped abruptly.

and covered his face with his hand, but almost instantly  
 more calmly, but with an indescribable agita-  
 and a manner, while his voice gradually lowered, till it  
 almost ceased to be heard. — "Oh, madam! could you un-  
 derstand the nature of the feelings which now swell my  
 heart, almost beyond endurance, you would not only  
 sympathize with my agitation, but I  
 would without hesitation, to  
 serving to repress that tumult of  
 feeling which your presence became more apparent.

— "Whatever be the  
 I feel, God only  
 moved by  
 in the case of  
 I am  
 and a great  
 with

impulse, which obliges  
 , and give up my in-  
 . I make no doubt, you  
 our request, and more, are  
 m. Will you favour me, till I  
 my friends, with your protecting

ella, well aware of the ability, power,  
 of the Richter, and willing to attach him  
 sts. But policy was not her only induce-  
 unto. In saying to Iwan, that she implicitly  
 d in his assertions, Isabella stated the simple fact.  
 The clear brow of the youthful hero, high honour sat  
 throned, as on a pedestal, and every syllable he uttered  
 came gushing from the font of truth, and bore the im-  
 press of verity and intelligence. Isabella felt the ascen-  
 dancy of his character, and the very mystery of his mo-  
 tives excited expectations of no ordinary sort. As she  
 called to mind the wonderful tales of his achievements,  
 there arose a commotion in her soul, the cause of which  
 she could not comprehend, and which still remained as  
 powerful and as inexplicable as ever, long after she, and  
 the surprised, though delighted Czerina had reached Her-  
 manstadt, and were again lodged in their royal resi-  
 dence.

## MANUSCRIPT XXVII.

"*Munus species amor est.*"

OVID, *Art. Am.* l. 11. v. 233.

"*Nam tua presentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.*"

Epig. 6. MILTON.

THE relative position of Transylvania, in regard to neighbouring powers, was to all appearance little affected, by the recent aggression on her independence. On the same day that Martinuzzi ascertained, beyond a doubt, the treasonable projects of the Hungarian barons, he was destined to witness their utter failure. Though the faith of treaties and the obligation of honour and duty, had been hitherto relied upon in vain, it was certain, the arch-duke was now precluded from hostile measures, by weakness and disability. His arms had received a blow at Csongrad, from which they were not likely soon to recover. The state, therefore, really enjoyed the same secure relations with that potentate, as were confidently believed to exist previous to his unjust invasion.

Affairs indeed, seemed to take their course, as if the national independence had not been placed, in such imminent peril. But, however fair the aspect of the political sphere, the attention of Martinuzzi was fixed on more than one small cloud, just visible in the horizon. Storms, brooding more and more, from moment to moment, however unmarked of all besides, seemed to his

prophetic soul, at once the vehicle of the thunderbolt, and prognostic of the storm.

Though Solyman had withdrawn his army from the principality, he had not hitherto returned to his own capital, and his uncertain absence offered small grounds of satisfaction, while known to be hovering on the frontiers, at the head of such immense forces. The Richter Iwan, in like manner, had retired beyond the borders, but his troops were not yet disbanded; and Martinuzzi, on many accounts, still more distrusted his purposes, than even those of the sultan. His interposition at Coloswar, had unquestionably proved the salvation of Hungary, but his subsequent proceedings had been most mysterious, and were characterised by such cold formality, as to verge upon disrespect to Martinuzzi, with whom, he had only in a single instance, held personal communication. On that occasion the richter declined to uncover his face, and Martinuzzi, after a brief and embarrassing colloquy, had seen him depart with mixed feelings, in which, however, involuntary but irrepressible pain was most objective. But momentous events now ensued in quick succession, all of which had, for the mind of Martinuzzi, more or less interest. The death of the Cygani bandit, from circumstances which must be shortly unfolded, touched him more deeply, than the reader might suppose. That of his nephew, Maximilian, also, though in a less degree, affected him. Where the regalia had flown, became a subject of painful meditation; and during his absence from Hermanstadt, an event had there taken place, which was truly distressing to the sensitive heart of Martinuzzi. But in addition to these absorbing sources of interest, other most important occurrences had evolved which were calculated to influence the regent's fortunes. What these were, will appear in the sequel.

It was early one morning, shortly after Martinuzzi's return to Hermanstadt, that we reintroduce that personage to the reader, seated before a table, whereon several



etary, demanded whether the Duke of Eissenburg were yet gone from Coloswar?

"He is in Hermanstadt, my lord," answered Emeric.

"Vicchy here?—that is sudden;—did he ask to see us?"

"He came back last night," was the reply. "Your highness bade me tell him, it was your pleasure to be alone."

"I was disturbed," returned Martinuzzi; "I should not have said that else—it was not well—so—what spoke we of just now?"

"Your eminence pointed to this order," replied the secretary.

"I did," said the regent; "it is the warrant for instant execution of the late castellan of Coloswar, Mircé, in whose behalf the widow of the good King John doth strive to blunt the edge of justice; the state hath looked again into his crime, and doth not find the lack of evidence or lenity of guilt, which might justify remission of his sentence. For Counts Maylat and Nadastis, they are banished, and their estates are confiscate to the nation. See to this,—a merciless compassion would overrun the innocent land with traitors. Go now, and if the castellan seek again an audience—why——" Martinuzzi broke off.

"Your highness?" inquired Emeric.

"Certainly, as you say, he——" Martinuzzi again broke off.

"Your highness?" reiterated Emeric.

"I say, if he seek an audience," repeated Martinuzzi, with more composure; "of course you will admit him, sir. Leave me,—but be in reach, if my voice summon you. Why do you start and change colour?—what is't you stare at?"

"My lord," said Emeric, in fluttering accents, at the same time making a deep reverence, "your eminence's confessor."

Martinuzzi, reverting his head, beheld Father Domi-

monk, standing a few paces behind his seat,—he waved his hand for his secretary to leave the room, who very gladly availed himself of the permission.

“Benedicite! my good lord,” said the holy father, adding, after a pause, “your grace is up betimes to-day.” With this observation, the monk seated himself on a near chair, to which Martinuzzi, with a gracious inclination of his person, motioned him.

“Father, your early visit is mistimed; what, my lord, am I to augur from it?” returned the regent, without making a more direct reply.

“Vicchy’s in Hermanstadt,” said the father.

“I learnt as much erewhiles,” said Martinuzzi, with a blanched cheek, but unchanging voice.

“Have you, then, ordered his arrest?” asked the father.

“He has received a free pardon for all past offences. Why should we order his arrest? He is now castellan of Coloswar.”

“He liked not the post, since, without leave, he hath abandoned it,” observed the confessor.

“Leave,” repeated Martinuzzi, “what need of leave?—Are men grown slaves?—Are we the Ottoman?”

“I’ve news for you, my lord,” said the confessor, “which may well make you ponder deeply, ere you let Vicchy remain at large.” He paused for a moment, and then, with marked emphasis added, “The venal and injurious tongue of him, who spoilt your sleep, is *mute* for evermore.”

“What is’t you tell me?” asked the regent, in feeble accents.

“Luke Swartz, my lord, hath reached the term, appointed to all men living.”

Martinuzzi started from his seat, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of his companion.

“Hath the earthquake?” he cried, looking wistfully beneath the cowl of the confessor.

“Even so,” said the monk, filling the interval of Mar-



tinuzzi's agitation; "the fell destroyer's scythe hath anticipated the headsman's axe. Luke Swartz lies in his grave."

"Then," exclaimed Martinuzzi, with irrepressible emotion, "my fears lie with him there! — Be the seal of the tomb on both! — and I am free once more,—free as the universal wind — firm as the earth's centre,—master of a providence, will make my fate my own! Henceforth, and for ever, I am what I was meant to be,—my proper destiny."

"Restrain your exultation for awhile," said the monk, "and hear further."

"The rest matters not," answered Martinuzzi; "Luke Swartz is dead, and that thought outweighs a whole host of ordinary calamities — all circumstance hath lost its sting — fate can touch me no more,—yet, say on."

"His death-bed was attended," resumed the confessor.

"Death-bed! — wast not the earthquake killed him, at Mount Hielen?" broke in the regent.

"Still, my lord, he died in his bed at Coloswar," returned the monk, "and the Duke of Eissenburg was his confessor."

"I am on the rack again — Eissenburg!"

"Ay," replied the monk, "to Eissenburg's house he was borne; and that castellan, doubtless, caught his last *accusing* accents. So I am advised —."

"Accusing!—how mean you?—but I'll have him apprehended forthwith. Vicchy," he added, in a lower tone, "knew too much already. What, ho! who waits?—Are you confirmed in what you tell me?—Who waits, I say? Here, Emeric," he continued, to his secretary, who at this moment made his appearance, "see this warrant executed on the person of the Duke of Eissenburg,—attach him of high treason — to prison with him — be speedy, sir, and bring me word. — Was that state-traitor's death your business with me thus early, my lord?" inquired Marti-



of any benefit to me; whether mine is destined to avail our highness, remains to be seen; but this is foreign to my present purpose. The Lady Czerina, it seems, is denied to Marc Antoine. I come to inquire, why you violate our compact? — Her highness is kept a close prisoner in the palace: by whose orders is this incarceration?"

"By whose should they be? — by mine, of course, my lord," answered Martinuzzi. "What then?"

"Does your highness avouch it?" said the monk.

"Why do you debar the Lady Czerina having intercourse with her affianced husband?"

"I do not intend that Marc Antoine Ferraro should espouse the Lady Czerina," replied Martinuzzi.

The cowl fell from the monk's head, as shaken off by some spasm.

"Do my ears deceive me?" he cried. "Dare you say as much to my face?"

"No more of this, my lord," said Martinuzzi, with some heat. "*Dare!* But hear my reasons."

"My lord cardinal, you'll drive me mad!" exclaimed Father Dominick, throwing his cowl still further from his neck. "By the Great God in Heaven! our agreement shall stand good, or you shall rue the day."

Martinuzzi was about to make some reply, apparently with considerable warmth, when the secretary re-appeared. The drapery which served to conceal the monk's person, and which, in his emotion, he had neglected, was now hastily resumed.

"My lord," said the secretary, making a low obeisance at the entrance of the chamber, "the Duke of Eisenburg, within this instant, was in the act of crossing the castle court."

"He is arrested?" interrupted Martinuzzi eagerly.

"As your highness gave orders," replied the youth.

"Let him be committed to close custody."

"He adjured your eminence, on every consideration,

to grant him an audience before imprisoning him," said the secretary.

"To close custody, sir," authoritatively repeated the regent. "That missive to the Richter—despatch it forthwith. Leave us.—And now, my friend, will you hearken to my explanation?" proceeded Martinuzzi, turning to his confessor.

"Some subterfuge!" cried the monk, disdainfully. "You seem all danger buried in the dungeon of Eissenburg—you may find yourself mistaken."

"Miss Anne is unworthy of the hand of the Lady Gertrude," said Martinuzzi.

"Who dares to say so?" cried the monk. "What new light has broke in upon you? What lay you to his charge?"

"That he is the paramour of Queen Isabella," said the regent.

"And if he be?" began the monk.

"And if he be?" interrupted Martinuzzi haughtily;

"then, you, my lord, he is. The shame was hinted at by the living Baliss. I have since verified his words. Anne must seek a wife elsewhere; you, my lord, will have the power to match him worthily:—at all events, he shall never wed the Queen of Hungary."

"This is your determination, lord cardinal?"

"It is my fixed determination," answered Martinuzzi.

"Have you weighed the possible consequence?" inquired the monk, with marked and significant expression.

"Consequence?" repeated Martinuzzi, proudly, "in this case there is no more to me than the split waves, that dash against the vessel's side, but alter not her course."

"No lord cardinal, I take my leave," said the holy man, moving slowly towards the door; "I shall return, but in another guise. I perceive, then, dearest thyself is dangerous; not, however, harmed in on every side, thy life, however, may yet be stormed. Then know—

**est** not, at present, how I am armed ; when next we **speak**, I will display my strength. If, then, like a mad-man, you persist in opposing this alliance, the prospect of which hath for so long been our mutual cement—if you deny our contract, your doom is sealed, proud prelate !”—Thus having spoken, Father Dominick made the regent a haughty reverence, and withdrew.

The eyes of Martinuzzi remained fixed on the door, through which he had passed. “Arrogant noble !” he said, as closing, it shut out the minatory language, and gloomy and displeased aspect of the monk ; “I would not, for the world, thou wert acquainted with half what Hubert Vicchy hath cognition of ; then, indeed, were my state pitiable. Yet he hinted at something—no, that’s clearly impossible ; only Swartz knew, and the seal is on his lip, and living, he divined not *who* lurked beneath the robe of Father Dominick, or else —. Well, he is dead, God pardon him !—and me, for my unnatural exultation. What kindred thought hath such strange fascination over me ? Is not the spectre laid in the cold tomb ? Then why this suggestion of evil, which yet I loath as hell, and loathing, cling to ? Eissenburg is in prison, in my power—Eissenburg ! that, from the ashes of my deadly terror, hath sprung new fanged. Well, I surely would not.” Martinuzzi crossed the chamber with agitated tread. “Oh ! mighty fiend !” he inly ejaculated, striking with his right hand that aching spot, where his heart collapsed, and with the other clasping his forehead, where his brain seemed to him to swell beyond its continent—“Oh ! mighty fiend ! avaunt ! begone !” He paused, and then resumed, in a lower tone—“Kind Jesus ! I pray thee, by thy passion, interpose. Quell this thought, this tempting thought ; let it pass from me, now,—now, and for ever !” Saying these words, as if to lay the demon that possessed him, Martinuzzi crossed himself, and sunk down upon the floor before the crucifix, where, wrapt in solemn communings, we leave him for the present.



rm. I have much to say to you; we will proceed to our usual place of rendezvous." The two men moved silently onward, and took shelter under the ruinous archway, of which we made mention in an earlier manuscript.

The black first broke silence. "You have received despatches from Vienna, I doubt not, since we lately spoke?" he said.

"Yes; from my honoured grandsire," replied Marc Antoine; "and I have likewise to inform you, that subsequent to our last conference, I have again vainly solicited speech of my adored Czerina."

"We'll talk, sir, of that anon," said the African, with some coldness; "and what said the palatine? for in my eyes, the venerable Jerome Lascus is still palatine of Serradia."

"Oh, my friend!" cried Antoine, "he has revealed to me my parentage,—he has told me ——"

"Hath he sir?" interrupted the African, in a low, deep, and stern tone of voice; "and canst thou have learned, that thou art the lineal descendant of the time-honoured line of Pereny?—a house, the noblest in all the land, that hath, ere this, given kings to Hungary and Bohemia. Canst thou have learned, thy father liveth, eager to embrace his sole surviving son, and have room in thy breast for any other emotions, than those of exulting pride and filial aspirations? Canst thou couple with this intelligence of thy grandsire, an expression of aught resembling discontent, because, forsooth, the portals of this palace are closed to thee?"

Here Ferraro (for we will still occasionally term Count Marc Antoine of Pereny by the name, to which the reader is habituated) broke in,—"Oh, spare your reproaches!"

"Sir," interrupted the African, in the same severe tone of displeasure as at first, "were the graf Pereny of my mind, he would disown a son, whose heart did not bound with extacy, at being informed of his descent. Do you

see yon donjon keep? Thy ancestors, Marc Antoine, have, from within those walls, made known their will to Transylvania. The royal standard of Pereny hath floated from that pinnacle, where now, — look yonder! do you behold the ensign of that usurping priest?"

Ferraro started, and changing colour, replied, that he did.

"Thou hast but lately learnt thy high descent, Antoine; thou hast yet to understand the duties, thy new rank involves, the claim thy country hath upon thee." The black paused for an answer; but Ferraro, partly through surprise, and partly overawed by the energy of his manner, remained silent. "Dost faint already? Then thou art chicken-livered, and stand'st in need of counsel, lest, when thy father lays bare his soul to thee, thou strike him, all aghast.—I've that to spur thee on, shall make thee top his hopes. Marc Antoine, the lady of thy homage,—she, whom I, weakly trusting to the honour of Martinuzzi, had promised thee to wife, is now to be transferred, it seems, to some more honourable claimant than is the son of Peter, Count Pereny."

"Ah! exclaimed Antoine," impetuously; "I should like to set eyes on the man, who dares contest my right to the hand of Czerina; she has told me that she loved me; and not, while one drop of blood flows in these veins, will I resign my pretensions."

"I know thee now again," said the African; "this heat strikes out bravely. Thy father will not have to blush at thy degeneracy. So thou art denied access within these walls,—within these walls, that thy great ancestors,—but no matter,—denied access by whom? By the tyrant *kiral* of that Erdély, where formerly I —, I would say where your father, Antoine, ruled as *waivode*. denied by Martinuzz;—and *unto whom denied?* To.... Antoine, bend down your ear, and list to me; the north wind rages, indeed, and shakes palpably this regal dome: the flood-gates from above are loosened, and heaven and



earth seem toppling from their base, but heed it not." The African pausing, stooped his head, and in a whispering but distinct tone proceeded:—"List thou to me I say, while I, in voice more low than the soft breeze, creeping at midnight, through the sleeping boughs, to wake them into motion, discourse to thee of most mysterious matters, touching the state of Hungary." At that moment, a single vivid and lengthened flash of lightning quivered within that delapidated porchway, which they had chosen for the scene of their conference. The countenance of the twain became tinged by the ghastly radiance, and the eyes of the African seemed to glare out of their sockets, as, laying his hand heavily on the arm of his companion, he said; "What ailest thee? thou dost not observe me, Antoine."

"Indeed, but I mark thy words," replied the envoy.

"'Tis well thou dost," returned the black; "and yet," he continued, muttering to himself in so low a tone that Ferraro could not catch the sentence, "all may be adjusted; and why should I, to no purpose, divulge." Interrupting himself, "Marc Antoine," proceeded the black, more audibly, "'tis not my part, but that of thy sire, to lay bare to thee that monstrous piece of work, I hinted at erewhiles. Doth not thy heart prompt thee, to make one inquiry after the author of thy being?"

"I was referred to thee, and would, ere this," replied Ferraro, "but that ——"

"But that thy heart," interrupted Scipio, with an air of displeasure, "was over-brimmed already with a light passion."

Here the African was broken in upon in his turn: "A light passion, sir!" echoed Ferraro; "thou dost presume ——"

"Presume!" repeated the African. "Young gentleman, I smile at, and forgive your folly; but thy father, who hath the best right and title to direct thee, shall counsel thee in this. Yet mark me, Antoine! — If, in-

deed, Martinuzzi oppose thy union with the Lady Czarina. There will a thing transpire, something almost beyond belief, which, as though an avenging voice from Heaven forbade the banns, will preclude the possibility of this alliance!"

"Wherefore should the regent's veto be so absolute?" inquired Ferraro; "the lady is no less his queen than mine. Such tyranny, as that thou speakest of, may defeat its own purpose. I will resist the cardinal's decree; and, let the worst betide, I can but die."

The African looked down in a deep reverie. "Count Pereny," he said, after a pause, "will explain all this: thou, as yet, seest dimly, walking, as it were, in a dream. But meet me to-morrow, at midnight, here, as usual, and, perchance, thou shalt embrace thy father; if not, I shall have to lay bare such treasonable practices of yonder high-throned prelate, against the house of John of Zapolá, as, I trust, will rouse thy loyal indignation. I know what's rushing to thy lips; control thyself, and — hark! those shouts were scarce the murmuring of the wind, — something pursues the thunder in his track; — ha! that sound was human."

The African's ears served him faithfully. There gradually mingled, with the moaning winds and *plashing* of the tempest, a low, rushing sound, which, as it became more audible, was discovered to be the clamour of loud and angry voices. The two sprang to the doorway, — the black breathless, and with lips apart. As the tumult approached nearer, they caught sight of a party of men, indiscriminately armed, with sticks, staves, swords, and halberts. These were speeding tumultuously towards the ruinous porch, that sheltered Ferraro and his sable companion, who, as the hubbub came nearer and nearer, could distinguish the exclamations, that lived awhile, amid the din of elements.

"The murderous rascals! — this way they fled, the villains!"

“Ha!” cried one, pointing to the dilapidated doorway, “there they stand!—behold!—hola! let us on—on!”

Ferraro and the African drew back. “Antoine,” observed the latter, “the villain, whom you slew in my defence, is, doubtless, supposed to have met his death unfairly; and I fear, that yon tumultuous rout are now upon our track.”

“What is to be done?” asked Ferraro.

“I would not care,” replied the black, “to await the coming of these people, and explain away their cause of misapprehension; at the worst, my will were sufficient to avouch the act, they charge us with; and, at any other time, it would be but right of us to boldly confront such an accusation. But now, high discoveries are on the eve of being effected, which must not run the chance of any failure. Let us leave this place.”

Saying this, the African passed a few paces further within the deeply-shadowed porchway, and, stooping, applied his finger to a small iron spring upon the ground. This was so minute in form, and so carefully concealed amid a heap of grout and other ruinous materials, that no eye, unless apprised of its existence, could have detected it. Immediately, an oblong flag-stone, apparently deep sunk in the earth, slid a little on one side, and discovered a small trap-door. Ferraro was struck with astonishment. The shouts and cries grew louder; the pursuers were evidently within a few paces of the doorway.

“Follow me,” said the black, as he dived into the subterranean retreat, to which this secret aperture gave access.

Ferraro, without a moment's hesitation, plunged after him, down a descent of some six or seven feet; and his companion, having first, by the pressure of a counter-spring, restored the stone to its usual deceptive position, involved him, for a short distance, in a narrow, vaulted,

and circuitous passage, which, leading gradually upwards, at last seemed to reach its termination in a heavy door, through which they were admitted into an oaken chamber of moderate dimensions, in every way, save in respect of its being uncommonly lofty. It had a dusky and uninhabited air. At the upper end was a single, small circular window, deeply indented in the wall, several feet from the floor, through which alone the gloomy autumnal day-light obtained admission. Beneath this window was a dark and small recess. This room would have been wholly divested of household furniture, but for a single wooden chair, over which hung a large, massive, and, by the worn and threadbare condition of the canvass, evidently very ancient portrait, of some Transylvanian king or warrior. A door, elaborately carved, and at present closed, corresponded with the one on the opposite side of the apartment, through which Ferraro and the black entered.

"We are now within the queen's palace," whispered Antoine's sable conductor—"I must even leave you for a minute, to ascertain our further progress in safety. Be still as death during my absence, for the suite of apartments you now are in, have a strange echo. Remain in this recess, the gloom of which, if by chance *he*—anyone—should enter the room, will serve to conceal your person. until my return, or if I cannot do so, conveniently, until the individual whom I shall appoint to guide you without the palace walls, make his appearance."

Without waiting for Ferraro's reply, the African turned slowly away, and availing himself of the chair beneath, raised himself to a level with the portrait, and then, by some mechanical process, caused it to revolve open, in the manner of a door, through which, as if by enchantment, he immediately made his exit.

Ferraro, as the portrait resumed its station on the wainscot, suddenly found himself standing alone in the interior of the royal palace, whither he had been con-

ducted so unexpectedly, and by so secret a mode of access. Thus left to his own solitary thoughts, he had nothing better to do, than to ponder on the peculiar cruelty of his fate, in placing him under the same roof, and possibly within a few yards of the mistress of his affections, without his being able to make his proximity known to that lady. Ferraro was still deeply absorbed in musings, which, by some mental association, were continually recurring to the singularity of his present situation, when all at once, low voices broke on his ear, and presently he heard a key turn in the lock of the door, opposite to the one, by which, the African had introduced him to the apartment. He had hardly time to enshroud his person in the gloom of the recess, beneath the solitary window, as in case of his finding his privacy invaded, had been recommended, ere the door half enclosed, and two individuals passing forward, were seen to occupy the opening space of the door-way. The heart of Ferraro leaped to his throat, as his orb of sight lighting on the spot, discerned, at the first glance, in the drooping slight form of one of these, the object of its impassioned worship. But now, her usually bright eye was dimmed, and owned a wandering expression. Her lip and her thin cheek were alike pale; her gait was languid, and it seemed as if her youth and beauty were decaying under some cankering blight, and her whole being, fading away, slow and almost imperceptibly, as the soft light of eve, by dull, but uninterrupted degrees, evanishes into darkness. However pained, Ferraro's amazement, or to speak more correctly, his horror, almost betrayed his presence, as he transferred his gaze to the man, who was apparently holding familiar colloquy with the Queen of Hungary, He was one, whom Antoine little anticipated beholding at that moment, and least of all, in the company of Czerina. The cowl over-shadowed the face, and the dark cloth closely enveloped the form, of the mysterious and dreaded Father

MANUSCRIPTS OF ERDELY.

~~Deputies~~. ~~Former~~ ~~back~~ in their doubtful discourse  
that will be

"The ladies were stretched out, half in caress, half in mockery, towards the holy father. "For the first time since we have met again," said the royal maid, "I am not sure that I cannot so readily wed you as I can resist you—but I cannot, no indeed."

"I have been, in a voice, the solemn cadence  
 of your words in my heart, like some deeply  
 engrained truth, which he could not recall  
 to mind. — Lady, this union would  
 be a great blessing to your subjects, though I  
 am not sure that it is indispensable  
 to the peace of the world. Credit me, if I have  
 said anything that is not prompted, and will con-  
 sider my words as my determination  
 to do so. — I am, otherwise all  
 yours, and will be wretched—ch-  
 arles."

The first of these is the fact that the  
 Government has been unable to secure  
 the necessary funds to carry out its  
 policy of non-interference. This is  
 due to the fact that the Government  
 has been unable to secure the necessary  
 funds to carry out its policy of non-  
 interference. This is due to the fact  
 that the Government has been unable  
 to secure the necessary funds to carry  
 out its policy of non-interference.

1. 凡在本行存款，利息按日计算，按月结息。
 2. 本行提供多种理财产品，满足不同客户的需求。
 3. 本行设有多个服务网点，方便客户办理业务。
 4. 本行实行严格的保密制度，保障客户的资金安全。
 5. 本行定期举办客户讲座，提供金融知识普及。

earnestness, "to be doomed to see thee decline into a shadow of thy former self, waste all away, is a meet curse for me; I wont deny it; but, girl, shouldst thou indeed dissolve into an early tomb, think not thou wilt die sinless, lay not that soothing consolation to thy heart, for know (and let the thought induce thee to bear this world's infiction, like a Christian,) in thus indulging thyself unto death, thou art committing an incalculable sin."

"Now God forbid!" ejaculated Czerina; "and do you take pity on me too; lest,—as in the hush of night, I often dream of late,—my glass of life run down his few remaining sands, before that hated bridal, with which you threat me."

"And thus," said the monk, with some asperity, "wilt thou, (and not unwittingly, after my warning), perpetrate a crime, revolting! monstrous!—so monstrous, Czerina, as to have been held impossible, by sagest law-givers. Take thought!—have a care what thou art about, and weary the saints with prayers to bend thy stubborn will, to my desires;—this hated bridal, as in thy self-will, and overweening pride, thou termest it, in this world, is not to be eluded,—there is no retreat, save in the unfathomable ocean of futurity, whither plunge thou canst not, unless, as I have just hinted, with inextinguishable sin to drag thee down;—thou canst not die, my child! By Heavens! thou must not!"

These last words were enunciated, by the holy father, in a suffocating tone, of indescribable commiseration, and suiting his gesture to his language, he long hung over the fragile form of the youthful queen, in mute and affecting solicitude.

At length, Czerina again spake, raising, momentarily, her watery eyes, to the steadfast gaze of the monk, but dropping them, ere she finished the sentence.

"The queen, my mother, sir, by my father's testament, she was to have a voice in my disposal,—I will consult her grace."

The monk seemed hardly conscious of what our hero had said: his eyes continued fixed, in earnest scrutiny of the sturdy complexion, and exquisite lineaments of her divinely countenance.

"The monk" said that he abstractedly rejoined, with a hurried thought.

"The monk" said that he returned Cerebra in that haughty tone, which he had, but which in the present instance, seemed to assure her lips, involuntarily.

"The monk" said that he murmured the monk, in a low, and very meaningful, but still, seemingly, lost in thought.

"The monk" said that he

"The monk" said that he spoke after all, he with strange awe, and a certain

"The monk" said that he laid his hand on the maiden's head, and with a very low, but very earnest, said, in a low, and very meaningful, but still, seemingly, lost in thought.

"The monk" said that he returned Cerebra in some such tone, as if he had said, in some such

"The monk" said that he examined the monk, in some such manner, as if he had said, in some such

"The monk" said that he said, in some such manner, as if he had said, in some such

"The monk" said that he said, in some such manner, as if he had said, in some such



uch weighty matters, are meant for men to manage." The monk paused, as if for a reply, which Czerina not immediately rendering, he said; "I must now leave you to reflect on what has passed between us; I will return though. Light us again, fair lady,—relume those irbs."

Czerina answered by a low sob, the utterance of which, he evidently did her utmost to repress.

"Why wilt thou grieve me, child?" said the monk, abruptly, breaking away from the young queen, and crossing the chamber, in the middle of which, however, he stopped, and turning towards her, subjoined with uncommon solemnity of manner:—"Queen of Hungary, thou must learn better to command thy feelings, than to weep away thy strength and colour thus. Thou feedest too much the passion of thy soul. It should be made subserve the interests of the realm, committed, by the King of kings, to thy authority."

Czerina made no reply; and the monk immediately passed on, mounted the chair, and then added: "Retire now to thy chamber, and expect me to return;—I will return."

Saying these words, Father Dominick found egress, after the same secret mode, by which the African had, previously, effected his retreat.

Ferraro stood transfixed on the same spot, where he had remained an astonished witness of the foregoing scene; his soul panted for some explanation of so mysterious a colloquy,—and his joy at the opportunity of conversing with the Lady Czerina, was qualified only by his alarm, at her half-open and blanched lips, and evident nervous condition at the moment. While he was yet hesitating, how to accost her without occasioning her too sudden a surprise, Czerina clasped her hands upon her eyes, whose long dark fringes overflowed with the heart's rain. Presently she breathed a few words, in



be any other, speak,—who's there?" Ferraro, dubious how to act, made no reply; and Czerina, supposing herself mistaken, went on. "Methought a breath of sympathy stole on my ear: how could I think so? I am too high to court regard.—Alas! what friend have I in all the world?" The hands of the royal maiden fell listless by her side; not the least shade of the rose remained on her pale cheek, and as she stood, all mute and motionless, she looked some sculptured personification of deep grief.

"How beautiful!" communed Ferraro with himself; "I deemed that nothing half so fair, could ever last so long. Hath she no heavenly feeling of herself? I'll not believe else."

A soft sigh escaped Czerina, as she repeated,—“No friend have I in all the world,—my mother? No!”

“What music,” proceeded Ferraro, in his extacy; “flows not from her parted lips? What perfume surfeits the luxuriant air, if not her breathing?”

“No friend,” sighed Czerina, “in all the world;—Martinuzzi? No.”

“Oh ye saints! how like to ye she stands! If that arm be white, marmoreal rocks, bewn in the Parian earth, are spotted. Why did she weep? Lo! still delicious drops hang trembling on those lids, rejecting the bright flashes of her eyes, whose heat will drink them soon.”

“No friend in all the world!—Ferraro? Yes, Ferraro.”

“Did she not muse my name?” said the rapt listener; “it does not sound familiar to me;” he ceased, and then, after drinking in at his eyes, another intoxicating draught of passion, he felt unable any longer to control himself. Emitting his whole soul in the tender syllables, he softly whispered,—“My queen!”

“Holy Mary! Who spoke?” inquired the maiden.

“My queen!” repeated Ferraro.

“Is it a voice, that mocks my failing senses? Marc Antoine, or his spirit?”



his being left alone in the apartment. When he had done, Czerina bit her lip, as if in vexation, and, for a minute, her spirit seemed locked up in some unpleasant contemplation.

“I distrust that Scipio,” she at length said; “it may be all for the best, but I hope, you have good grounds to go upon, in confiding to his honour.”

“The best in the world,” returned Ferraro; “my grand-sire’s recommendation — his own manifest integrity, and, more than all,—Oh, Czerina! he will, to-morrow, introduce me to my father.”

“I knew not that your father lived,” said Czerina, in a tone betokening her interest.

“But he does, love,” replied Ferraro, “and it is my pride, that he can boast a heart as high with noble flame, as any of your grace’s lieges, being every way their equal, or their lord; nay, my sainted-queen, the heaven-blue veins that lace and warm and swell thy lively bosom, wave with a stream, more lovely and more bright, than flows within the channels of this arm; but, save its royalty, no nobler.”

The sweet face of Czerina portrayed her pleased astonishment.

“I am not glad, either,” she said, after a pause; “alas, Antoine, the nearer heaven, the nearer thunder!\*”

“The nearer bliss and love rather; but let’s talk of something else. Do you tell me now, for I burn to learn, what could induce you to hold such long discourse, with that dire character. You were not at shrift, and if he be the confessor of your guardian, he is not yours.”

The conscious maiden instantaneously changed colour, and every limb quivered as if with a separate agony.

“Ask me not!” she wildly exclaimed. “Ask me not, Antoine! Oh, would to God!” she continued,

\* Πορρω Διος και τε πορρω κεραυνου.

"some gentle breath would seal my lips, even in the act of speaking."

Ferraro was now sensibly shocked at the dreadful state of Ignorance, now which his simple observation had thrown our heroine, to further press his inquiry at that moment, and, however pained by her reserve, and deeply anxious to ascertain the nature of the connection between the object he so deeply loved, and so dangerous a character as he esteemed Father Dominick to be, he still endeavored to relieve her from her evident distress, by giving a new direction to their discourse, as, in a tone of kindness, he said — "I would, dearest, I were that person."

"Who?" said Corinna, "the Abbess?"

"And yet I would not," returned Ferraro: "who would wish to shut a creature's death? — or who consent to the idea that I should keep thee dying many, many years?"

"And yet the heart, Abbess?"

"I do not wish."

"And thou art not yet thyself, dear love?" said Corinna, with a hesitating smile, at the same time endeavoring to let down the descending veil. — "But talk no more of this. I have not enough strength to bear my grief to-day."

"Farewell," said Ferraro, "you know not how I love you — and I shall be ever yours, until such sad work is done that you no longer love."

"Oh, Corinna," exclaimed Corinna, breaking forth into a flood of passionate language — "rather than, with the loss of him, whose gentleness is all my life, and whose love is all my strength, I will not, and cannot, think, of any other attachment. I will be true to him, who has been my life, my strength, my love, my all, my everything. I will be true to him, who has been my life, my strength, my love, my all, my everything. I will be true to him, who has been my life, my strength, my love, my all, my everything."

as if that feeling sprang from every cause of hate and terror?"

At these words the heart of Ferraro recoiled, as though a burning coal had fallen on it. "Love," he repeated, in a tone of agony, "and is that it? — thou dost trample upon my heart, lady, which, at a word, I will lay bare before thee."

"Good God! Antoine!" cried Czerina.

Ferraro strode across the room. "There is no truth!" he exclaimed, with bitterness, "in any thing we hear, or feel, or look upon, for sight and sense are false in themselves, than the flat perjury we overlook, in all that seems beneath the sun."

"Ferraro! — dear Ferraro!" ejaculated the queen.

The maddened lover traversed the apartment, without heeding the endearing epithet. "Fortune, painted blind, infers her fickleness, having no eyes to see on whom she lavishes; but, thou! hadst thou been thus, my heart had not been riven." Ferraro broke off.

"What have I done to thee, I ask?" demanded Czerina, seizing him by the hand.

"Nothing," he replied, with a cold and bitter smile, "nothing, that doth deserve reproach;" he paused, but, presently, again starting into a phrenzy, exclaimed, "Oh, cursed hopes! that whisper into our hearts gay things, yet mock the touch, as summer-boughs, which coquet with the wind or any suitor, and whose light leaves, that shadowed us in fancy, fail in the autumn of reality; whilst we, stripped of confiding thoughts, assailed by the keen blasts of wonder at our blindness, remain our own contempt, naked, exposed in worse than wintry bareness. Whom?" he added, grasping the queen's hand fiercely, "whom do you love? — only tell me, and I will show, how I have worshipped, and still doat."

The tears coursed each other down the cheek of Cze-

CHARACTERISTICS OF HENRY.

And as she looked upon the train of  
the most beautiful appearance of her lover had inter-

rupted her mind. I have no friend in all the world.

Henry, however, returned without regarding  
the words which he uttered of the maiden. "I  
will be true to you — never now absolutely I was, and  
I will be true to you through when that I could  
be true to you — and I would my life-time better.

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of thee, but something more awful, more serene, more like what is due to Heaven. My yearning in his regard sways my heart, as some religious instinct."

"In his regard!—in whose?" demanded Ferraro.

"My guardian's, sure," answered the queen.

"Martinuzzi!—Oh, then indeed,—and yet," proceeded Ferraro, correcting himself, "thou shouldst not love him; for he, Czerina, would act the tyrant towards his lawful sovereign, and sacrifice thy happiness, to prop the tottering fabric of his own ambition."

"Alas!" cried Czerina, "I know it but too well."

"Then why dost yield to his authority, love?" said Ferraro, in his most seductive accents.

"Why do I breathe?—why did I first love you? I know no more, than that it is so, Antoine."

"And dost thou love me, Czerina?"

"Canst thou ask it?" demanded, in turn, the confiding maiden. "Would I, despite my clear thoughts for defences, have exposed myself to hard construction, by so often holding private parley with thee, if, with all my heart, I did not love thee?"

The gaze, with which Ferraro met this avowal, was so fixed and ardent, that Czerina lowered her own look to the floor.

"Sure, if my mother," she rejoined, after a pause, "Antoine,—if opportunity but sort, speak to my mother of our attachment."

"Thy mother!" echoed Ferraro, involuntarily starting, as if something horrid had occurred to his imagination.

"You seem troubled, Antoine.—Ay, my mother; she never liked me; but sure now, she'll stretch forth her hand to save her daughter. Tell her, I'll die a thousand deaths, sooner than wed the Richter Iwan."

"The Richter Iwan," repeated Ferraro.

"Yes, Antoine, that man is to be the instrument of

## CHAPTER IV.

"Tell her," said Cerina to my mother: "tell her, —  
— that I should return, and find  
— my father, who having so solemnly proclaimed

"What Cerina you speak of?" demanded

"Yes," said Cerina, "I have dreamed to the hue of  
— the air, and in a  
— Yes—not—that is  
— she stopped

"Cerina," said my mother, "with emphatic  
— those which enthrall  
— in individual, as is this

"Cerina," said my mother, "Cerina who, at the  
— to the sad  
— that first remembrance,  
— her subsequent existence,  
— withering every

"Cerina," said my mother, "as instance, my  
— with considerable fervour.  
— either to  
— your faithful subject,—  
— your chosen  
— of these capacities, I im-  
— the man of mystery on  
— of his past pro-  
— in assuming himself into thy

"You shall do no such thing," cried Cerina, in a  
— but half-softened terror. "Antoine, thou  
— thou dost dare, be-  
— Thou mightest as well  
— the lightning in its track, as hope to  
— Thou mightest as easily prevail on in-

exorable death to turn aside his shaft, as melt his icy heart. Thou hadst better far exert thy voice to fright a raging lion, than dare to set thyself in opposition to his will."

"What you say, Czerina," returned Ferraro, "is as an adamantine band round my desire, to strip the mask from this chartered mystery. This being, twin-born of night and horror—whose very name, whispered in the streets of Hermanstadt, turns pale the bravest—at whose presence men's hearts collapse—whom, thousands of my countrymen would as lief embrace the eternal fiend, as take by the hand in amity, with whom, notwithstanding, they may be ignorantly holding frequent intercourse, since what visage lurks under the drapery of this cowed horror, none living knoweth. Men say, indeed, that that sentry, whom many years ago, a villie enticed from his post, beneath the precipice, beheld the father face to face, in the vaults of Hermanstadt."

Not snow, new fallen from the chill skies, was whiter or colder than the cheek of Czerina.

Ferraro, absorbed in one deep contemplation, noticed not the sudden fading of her cheek. "That unfortunate was slain; and now his murderer weighs upon the breast of Erdély, like some unutterable incubus. This should not be, my princess. Whilst a stranger in the land, I had neither warrant nor wish to interpose: now, however, I have both;—my station, and, from what I have this hour witnessed, my anxiety for thy happiness. Oh, Czerina! I adjure you, by all that is holy, for my sake, for your own sake, to let me await the ghostly father's coming, and unmask his devices."

"Would you have me die suddenly in thy sight, Antoine?" cried the young queen, with a quivering voice, as she trembled in an agony of apprehension.

"My princess!" returned Ferraro, soothingly.

"I ask, would you wish to stretch me, as by another word thou wilt, a corpse at thy feet, Antoine Fer-

and demanded the exact maid, in a more piercing voice—  
 "Against Czerema's name in vain—how can you put it

"Alas! if I would rather lay bare my bosom to  
 dagger's point, than that you should persist in your  
 design. If I will not murder me upon the spot,  
 then, thou art my enemy—be steady!" she continued,  
 with a heart beating wildly, and an attitude of intense  
 passion. "My heart beats high to his  
 name, and I will not be false."

"Why, then, do you say?" demanded Ferraro, as  
 listening to her, he saw the sound of reproaching steps.

Czerema turned round, and turned her eyes on  
 her lover with a look of intense solicitude. "Answer  
 me," she said, "and I will be true to his previous  
 inquiry. Is he not the man who has been with me?"

"He is not the man who has been with me," she  
 answered, "but he is the man who has been with me."

"He is not the man who has been with me," she  
 answered, "but he is the man who has been with me."

"He is not the man who has been with me," she  
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"He is not the man who has been with me," she  
 answered, "but he is the man who has been with me."

ing of a bolt, and the dark portrait seemed to tremble in its frame.

"Antoine, he's here," said Czerina, in an hysterical whisper, pressing her bloodless little hand upon his arm, to enforce his acquiescence,—*"Will you yet forego your cruel purpose to my entreaty? Heed my wish, as you respect me!"*

However, stimulated with a desire to expose what he conceived the villany of the confessor, Ferraro, could not be insensible to such wild and affecting appeals from the being, whom he so truly idolized. He saw evidently, from the state of trepidation and nervous excitement, that to persist in his first intention, would be attended with dangerous consequences. He, therefore, quickly made answer—*"Who could hold out against that charm? I, least of all—there, I yield my weak defences up, and will not question him."*

"Thank you, dearest," said Czerina, in a low hurried voice, "affectionately pressing the hand of her lover in one of hers, while with the other, she signed him to return to the dark concealment, from whence he first appeared to her."

Mutely replying to the fluttering dove-like index, by obedience, Ferraro ensconced himself in the recess, and the young queen was in the act of gliding from the apartment, as the artificial portal flew open, and through it issued the portentous figure of Father Dominick. He descended to the floor, in the same breathing point of time, that the nearly opposite door closed upon the fairy shape of our heroine.

The monk advanced into the middle of the room, and there halting, looked around him. Ferraro kept his eyes fixed, with a feeling of thrilling curiosity, on every movement of that mysterious man. *"Ho! ho!"* he cried, in a voice that, for some unknown cause, occasioned Ferraro a revulsion at the heart. He then walked, with measured step, to the door, by which Czerina had just



depth, or in the height above," responded the monk, solemnly.

"Nay," rejoined Ferraro, doubtfully, "it is not for me to ask, but for thee to establish the reality of thy commission."

"Will it suffice for a warrant of my truth, if I repeat to you the last words, which Scipio used, when he left thee in this chamber? Thus spoke the friend of Jerome Lascus:—'Remain in this recess,' he said, 'until my return, or, if I cannot do so conveniently, until the individual, whom I shall appoint to guide you without the palace walls, make his appearance.' Antoine Pereny, I am that person."

It will easily be believed, that Ferraro's surprise was extreme, at hearing, from the mouth of Father Dominick, the very words the black had uttered. As he could not, however, any longer pretend to question the monk's authority, he briefly signified his readiness to attend him, whithersoever it was his pleasure to proceed.

Immediately the monk cautiously opened the door, on the lock of which, for the last minute, his hand had rested. "Keep close by my side, Antoine," he said, and stepped into the adjoining apartment. The envoy of Austria followed. They threaded the intricacies of a range of vacant chambers, which either issued into one another, or were connected by short passages, without lighting upon any one. One of these lobbies terminated in a door, which opened on the landing-place of a massive flight of stone stairs, descending into a lofty hall or vestibule, whence, as Ferraro was aware, from his previous acquaintance with the localities, there was an outlet into the palace gardens.

On emerging through this door, they had to encounter certain men-at-arms, and other retainers of the palace, who were there in waiting. All shrunk back at Father Dominick's appearance, and, in mute horror, they saw him traverse, with measured pace, the distance to the





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Marquis of Pia  
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turned away and then slowly disappear down the staircase.

It happened at that moment, probably owing to some sudden disturbance of Ferraro, either absence of mind, or a momentary loss of hope of being again blessed with the presence of his mistress, that Father Dominick had got into the hands of his captors, who scarcely pressed him to the ground before the liveried group, with the exception of the abbot himself, all sprang forward, and were engaged with their lanterns.

"What are you doing?" said one of his captors, glad to see the old man giving vent to that bitter contempt which is the only good which, from the era of our country's ruin to the present day, makes the national character. He will be for testing the royal palace, and the abbot's private press contraband. I hope we shall find some more of these. But by the road of St. Peter's, I think these matters. All we inquire the nature of your punishment is the nature of your punish-

ment. He looked at the speaker that maniac glance, and then he turned away, when he pleased, could stamp his will on the most handsome features, with an expression of contempt. He had already released his captives, and was now struggling further for freedom. When he was released by the bishop, mounted the horse and rode away.

"What are you doing?" he exclaimed, in that voice which was the expression of an authority which was never denied. Then with the utterance of this command, his captors withdrew their grapples from Ferraro, and the abbot himself, who had been about to descend, and the two were seen to issue forth, and the two were seen to issue forth, and the two were seen to issue forth.

How mysterious the power and influence of this

monk !” thought Ferraro, as he followed his guidance in silence ; “ even in the royal palace, he has privilege of entrance and of outgoing ; and there, no less than in the meanest hovel in Hermanstadt, his mandate is instantly obeyed ; and yet, not one of those, who acknowledge his authority, as they never would that of the laws, has hitherto set eyes on the countenance, which lurks beneath that cowl, save Czerina, — and she has often ! — hem ! — if the man means villanously, and that he doth, all things concur to indicate, — I’d sacrifice a moiety of my existence, to resolve, one way or other, this racking state of doubt ; should I lose the present opportunity, another may not speedily recur ; I must be satisfied, — but how ? ”

The mental argument of Ferraro had proceeded to this point, without break or pause, when, as he closed the door of the vestibule, and stepped after the mysterious confessor, beneath the dense and inclement skies, his cogitations and further progress were at the same time somewhat abruptly arrested, by the imposition of divers pairs of hands upon his person, while his ears were simultaneously assailed, by all sorts of objurgation and reproach, in the German tongue. A single voice, however, rose shrill and audible above the united clamour.

“ He is one of the murderers,” he cried ; “ I thought, we should secure him by encompassing the palace ; seize upon him, and bring him before the Marquis of Piadena.”

Ferraro, on recovering from his surprise, saw himself surrounded by more than a hundred Austrians ; his arms were already pinioned. He looked on every side for Father Dominick, but that mysterious person was no where to be seen. Under these circumstances, he had nothing for it, but to be borne along upon the stream of events, which were beyond his control.

The Marquis of Piadena, late ambassador of Austria, now prisoner of war, although suffered to remain at large

within the walls of Hermanstadt, had taken up his quarters in one of the mansions of the grand square. It was thither, that Ferraro was hurried by his captors. Beneath the jutting abutment of this house, the party were detained for more than a minute, ere the door was opened. It was during this interval, that Ferraro's attention was attracted, by some one plucking him by the sleeve. He turned his head. Again Father Dominick stood beside him.

"Sift Baptista Castaldo closely," whispered the monk. "Antoine, he is your father's enemy; sift him closely."

"Thou mayest be the same, for aught that appears," replied Ferraro, in the same low tone. "I ask not thy counsel; more, I doubt thy purpose."

"Learn what Castaldo is after; and for me, doubt me, boy, no longer."

Saying these words, the monk half raised his cloth. Ferraro eagerly stooped his head, to catch a view of those features which, at the moment of his seizure, he so burned to behold. He gazed, but instantly started back in surprise, and his eyes seemed enlarged, and almost turned to stone, as they encountered the Gorgonian visage of Scipio, the black. The next minute he was standing in the presence of Piadena.

## MANUSCRIPT XXVIII.

"Scit . . . . quid valeat virus amantis aqua."

OVID.

"It is my wonder,  
That such mis-shapen guests as lust and murder,  
At any price, should ever find a lodging  
In such a beauteous inn!"

SHIRLEY.

"Ambrosio! oh! my Ambrosio! sighed Matilda.—Thine, ever  
thine, murmured the Friar; and sunk upon her bosom."

*The Monk.*

"Into this fatal place, I most solemnly vow,  
I innocent entered:—but am I so now?"

G. A. STEVENS.

*Nun Juvē, ra πύρπια.*

THEOCRITUS.

Now will I strew the barley bran, to inspire the flames of love.

WE are now approaching the catastrophe of our story, which intimately interweaves with a transaction, that has left an indelible stain on the reputation of Castaldo, and, in even a greater degree implicated the otherwise unsullied honour of his royal master. We allude to the order, transmitted to the Austrian ambassador, for the "making away with Martinuzzi."



"Lawful authority!" echoed the secretary.

"By the life of the emperor! Ferraro, thou art strangely dull o' the sudden. Is not our royal master king of Hungary?"

The mind of the Austrian envoy was, indeed, sadly bewildered by the conflict of duties, which his peculiar situation involved, and not knowing exactly in what way he ought to shape his reply, he preserved silence.

"One of these traitors," continued Castaldo, after pausing for an instant, "is that damned Per —, I would say, is the black—Scipio, I think they call him—the same whose life thou heedlessly savedst."

A curdling sensation crept through the veins of Ferraro, which with difficulty he prevented himself from betraying.

"The other is one, who has too long been suffered to make this land one vast theatre of dread and mystification:—the ghost of Father Dominick may walk the vaults of Hermanstadt, if such be its spiritual taste; but his body shall henceforth lie where priests tell us, the 'wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,'—in the dark restriction of the tomb."

Ferraro, though every moment more startled, was prompted, by several concurrent causes, to put such a curb over his feelings, as to preclude the possibility of Castaldo penetrating his real sentiments; he recalled the solemn bidding of the monk, as he entered the house, — "He is your father's enemy, sift him to the core."

Therefore, on Castaldo again pausing for a reply, his secretary, after a minute's consideration, rendered it by saying—

"You named another traitor, my lord, if I mistook not; may I inquire, who is to follow in the wake of this bloody jubilee?"

"Undoubtedly you may, Ferraro," replied Castaldo; "and the rather, that I intend you the honour of serving your country, by closing his career."

"Serving my country!" thought Ferraro, as the marquis hesitated, ere he added—

"He who will make the third in the triumvirate of death, is Cardinal Martinuzzi."

Ferraro, however irritated of late at certain proceedings of Martinuzzi, . . his harsh treatment of Czerina, — his preventing all personal communication between the lovers, — his determination to bestow the queen of Hungary on some fautorer of his own, — the mode, where in — an aggravated injury, in which, since Martinuzzi's return to Hermanstadt, the envoy had been denied admission to the palace: — however exasperated from these various causes, Ferraro felt not a little indignant, at the least on behalf of the court of Vienna. Still, with whatever difficulty, he controlled his temper, and preserved silence.

"It is the intention of Ferdinand," presently observed the marquis to bestow the hand of the puppet queen, married up in your palace, on some private gentleman, born in his Austrian dominions, by which means, he will put the claim of her descendants to the throne. The queen is at my disposal, and, but that these measures of mine, he continued, laying his hand upon his heart, "should admonish me to be wary, I would wed her myself. That being, however, out of the question, I propose transferring my right to the man, who shall rid her of her present enemy and tyrant — this overgrown cardinal." — "Now, Antonio," he continued: "I have a request to you, because you came to me, recommended by a man, I have long held in reverence, the late and illustrious Lascaris with whose house I once, — but I am a stranger to the purpose. I understand, moreover, you are a devoted attachment to the Lady Czerina, — it is well, — it is very well, — it is an excellent motive."

"I am not," exclaimed Ferraro, unable any longer



to restrain himself; "Good God! my lord, what do you mean?"

"Mean, Marc Antoine," replied Castaldo, in a slow and determined tone of voice; "mean!—why, that as surely, as that you and I now breathe, Martinuzzi will be silenced, and the man who does the deed, shall wed the daughter of the last king of Hungary. Nay, never start, and look concerned, and purse thy brows. Ferdinand's word is irreversible; I have it pledged, and thou art he, whom I have pitched upon, to do the state this service; and what is more, an thou likest the wench, this pleasure to thyself."

"My lord," answered Ferraro; "I can settle the point by a word, at once and for ever,—it can never be."

"Antoine,—Marc Antoine," said the marquis, "by your leave, I will dismiss you, and the subject of our present conference together. Another time, and we'll re-discuss it,—I am now engaged,—silence: make no rash vows,—the matter is not immediately urgent. You can reflect upon the alternative. The maid in your arms, and wealth in your coffers: or the maid in the arms of some more daring, and less scrupulous young gentleman. I have my eye on many now in Hermanstadt, would sell their souls for a dinner, leave alone a bedfellow. Or the maid, I say, in the arms of some don or signor, and your purse never the heavier. You may make your choice. No word, sir. What, ho! who waits? My secretary," he continued to those who now entered the apartment; "has satisfied me of his innocence, in that matter, you charged him with crewhiles,—let him go free. Good den, Ferraro,—wait upon me, at midnight. If you fail me," he added, in a lower tone; "I shall employ some one of my captive retinue, who better understands his interest. At midnight; and by all means gather wisdom in the interim. Bring with thee, thy acquiescence in writing to act according to my wish, in return for which,

...SCRIPTS OF EREDE

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ing cowl of the incomprehensible confessor. In any way, horror encompassed the unhappy Ferraro. If Martinuzzi were slain, by the agent of Castaldo, that agent was to be requited, by the hand of Czerina. If the cardinal survived, he was bent on bestowing the peerless daughter of John Zapola, on one of his own creatures.

Harassed by such reflections, and maddened by evil suggestions of his own violent and passionate nature, Ferraro wandered awhile, he knew not whither—a desperate horror seemed to lock up his faculties, when, happening for an instant to recollect himself, he perceived, that he stood beneath the ruinous porchway, where he and Scipio had taken shelter, during that interesting conference, which preceded such a variety of incidents. Instantaneously, a new idea struck the excited mind of Ferraro—his sole gleam of comfort arose from the mysterious powers, which Father Dominick undoubtedly possessed, and he resolved at all risks, to seek an interview with the confessor, by means of the secret passage. As he revolved over in his thoughts the various hazards, incident to his suddenly conceived project, and the probability that, after all, they would be run to no purpose, his hands groped about the ground, in hopes of discovering the artifice of the trap-door. It was after a tedious research, and, just as he began to despair of accomplishing his task, that, by the merest accident, he ascertained the nature of the mechanism, and, being equally successful with the secret spring of the door, which terminated the passage, he found himself again, in that lofty chamber, where, not long before, he had held discourse with Czerina. It was unoccupied. Ferraro crossed over to the portrait, and having easily caused it to revolve on its hinges, he passed into a sort of corridor. This went on apparently for the whole length of the building : it contained a single window on one side, and at the extremity, were two opposite doors, corresponding with one another. Thither

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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes both traditional manual techniques and modern digital technologies, highlighting the advantages of each approach.

3. The third section focuses on the challenges faced during the data collection process. It addresses issues such as data quality, consistency, and the potential for bias, offering strategies to mitigate these risks.

4. The fourth part describes the importance of data security and privacy. It discusses the need to implement robust security measures to protect sensitive information from unauthorized access and breaches.

5. The fifth section explores the role of data in decision-making. It explains how analyzed data can provide valuable insights that inform strategic planning and operational improvements.

6. The sixth part discusses the ethical considerations surrounding data collection and analysis. It emphasizes the need to adhere to ethical guidelines and ensure that data is used responsibly and for its intended purpose.

7. The seventh section provides a summary of the key findings and conclusions drawn from the study. It reiterates the importance of a systematic and ethical approach to data collection and analysis.

8. The final part of the document offers recommendations for future research and practice. It suggests areas for further exploration and provides practical advice for implementing the discussed principles.

never, did she cast her eyes on him, who, having doffed glittering cap, stood trembling at the entrance, than without taking a second glance, her whole frame shook with an electrical sensation, and uttering a piercing exclamation, she staggered back several paces.

It would, in truth, be hard to say, whether the agitation of Ferraro, or that of Isabella, for the following minute, were the more excessive. The lady, however, was the first to assert the mind's sovereignty, and re-assume her wonted command over her feelings,—still it was with a failing voice, and embarrassed air, that she broke the thrilling silence.

"Marc Antoine Ferraro," she said, "Thou there? this is an honour, which,—but really,—to what miracle are we indebted for your visit?"

"Ferraro returned some broken and hurried reply, in which the words, "pardon," and "unintentional obtrusion," were all that were intelligible.

"Unintentional, sir!—oh, of course," returned the queen, with bitterness. "Our acts, nay, our lightest words are so many additional threads, fearfully interwoven, throughout that web of destiny, in which our every movement is entangled. Unintentional! Can mortality reach the object of fate, or if so, resist his will? Oh, sir, never doubt, this dung of earth hath order in it, though it looks one vast phantasma, and the life, which it inherits but an idle dream, or else—but it suffices, thou art here to my wish—although i' faith," she added, with a smile, that played over the surface of her pale cheek, like moonshine on some monumental alabaster, cold and uncherishing,— "i' faith, thou must walk in thy sleep, Ferraro, or wherefore art thou here?" She paused, and then continued in a lower tone, "Can circumstance thus leap to our embrace, and the devil conjure, with a thought? My soul! it is a fearful apprehension that!"

Again Isabella broke off, muttering to herself, as if mentally debating some inscrutable, and doubtful point.

Ferraro at this moment every moment becoming more and more embarrassing. A cold damp stood on his forehead, and in doubt and hesitation, he continued silent.

"Ferraro," said Isabella, after deeply ruminating for some time, "dare not refuse to enter. — be not afraid. I am subject to that invisible and omnipotent power, that all the men, without their own volition, for an instant, when I were an ingrate to let escape; — what, Ferraro."

"An opportunity," thought Ferraro, with an involuntary start, as he sent his sight around the magnificently furnished apartment. — "for what, in Heaven's name?"

"Art thou grown into a statue, sir, since — what dost thou view in my chamber, that so absorbest thy vision? art thou standest not, with the door ajar, but enter, and I will show thee all its riches."

It is probable, that Ferraro would have exhibited, at once, an equal deficiency in policy and *politesse*, by declining Isabella's somewhat startling invitation, if he had not recollected, that it was Czerina's wish, he should implore her mother to interpose, between her and the threatened tyranny of her guardian. Therefore, in obedience to the directions of Isabella, he stepped into her apartment, and closed the door. Even in the instant, he almost repented the facility of his acquiescence, not a little startled to observe the queen approach the door, and shoot a small bolt into its fastening, and then cross the apartment to an inner entrance, to secure that in like manner.

"We must not risk being interrupted," she remarked, with a half smile; "but rest thee, Antoine;" and the queen, motioning him, to seat himself beside her, extended her graceful form in luxurious ease, upon an ottoman.

The heart of Ferraro, as he suffered himself to sink mechanically upon the cushion, misgave him. Never; not even in the vernal development of her charms.

did Queen Isabella look more enchantingly beautiful, than at that moment. The low couch, on which she partly seated, partly reposed herself, in that half withdrawn, that *semi-reducta*\* attitude, which the poet attributes to Venus herself, was posited under a lofty and heraldic casement, whose stained and diamonded panes blushed, with blood of kings. Such a medium admitted only a subdued light, and tempered the glare of day, into a most dim, rosy mist, which, like a vaporous ruby, pervaded the apartment.

The lineaments of Isabella's countenance, finished with such exquisite regularity, were consequently thrown into that soft and mellowing shadow, so agreeable to the meridian character of her beauty, and so grateful to the imagination of the beholder. Her loosened *pourpoint*, — she was divested of her exterior robe of crimson velvet, having been interrupted in the middle of her toilet operation, — disclosed the fine proportions of those glowing charms, it was meant to hide, and looked, to use the words of Leigh Hunt, on a picture of Lely, as if the artist had said, "Only stop a moment, my dear, before you finish your dressing, and I will take you in that attitude." The exquisite grace of her half-reclining posture, which set off the sinuous symmetry of her figure, and displayed the contour of every lovely limb, — the breathless voluptuousness of her countenance, half-upraised, — the tremulous curve of her ripe coral lip, — the full and rounded throat, flowing, with curvilinear beauty, into the perfect bust and polished shoulders, from whence the retiring edges of fine lace fell carelessly away, leaving the delicate treasure beneath exposed to the eye, in ravishing glimpses, each more precious, if not costly, than those priceless pearls, her loveliness was wont to adorn, and which now beamed refulgent, from an open trinket-case, on a near table, — the heaving of her chest,

\* Ovid.

25. 11. 1955

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a soft smile, "Well, Antoine, though I can hardly persuade myself, that my beholding you be not an illusion of my senses, I will not ask, by what conjuration thou hast obtained admission into the palace, I confine myself to a single inquiry; — tell me, what motive had you, in seeking an interview?"

Ferraro hesitated, ere he ventured any reply, for the thought suddenly struck him, that it would be as well, to leave Isabella in her present persuasion, of his having intentionally obtruded on her privacy. Remembering our heroine's wish, he immediately proceeded, in pathetic terms, to dilate on the agony of Czerina, at the contemplated sacrifice of her hand to the Richter Iwan. He then pleaded the truth of his own passion, and, in conclusion, carried away by his feelings, adjured Isabella, by all she held dear on earth, to interpose her authority, to avert the threatened union.

The royal lady heard him to a close, in silence, and, save by a slight quivering of the nether lip, that abruptly paled its previous coral hue, and by the colour, that overspread and faded on her cheek, and then re-rose with a fitful rapidity, she gave no perceptible token of interest in the relation. When he had done, however, she briefly observed, in a low tone, while a faint, and sickly smile played about her mouth, "In truth, Antoine, I never met a braver man than thou art, — that thou shouldst tell me this?"

"What have I told?" returned Ferraro, involuntarily.

A dangerous expression mantled the brow of Isabella. She raised her eyes; those of Antoine sunk beneath the encounter. "What told? — what told?" she cried, in a voice, whose tone, although evidently suppressed, sounded thrillingly loud, on the ear of Ferraro, — "what told? — to me? nay, tis rank! — why, sir," she paused, biting her lip, and then, in a milder key, she added, "nothing at all, — just nothing."

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any areas for improvement.

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# CHAPTER XXII.

"He shall not," answered Ferris, sternly.  
 "I know the way in which he should be dealt with."

"Indeed?" said Isabella with an air of interested  
 inquiry. "What would you do? I am sure you  
 would not let him go."

"No, I will not," said Ferris, with strong em-  
 phasis.

"Like a child," she said, "you think that if  
 women, whose will is so often of greater value than  
 a man's, Ferris, would be so weak — that they are  
 master — like him — like you — like me — that  
 to let his passion control him is to let him  
 value him? Will my dear friend be so weak? Mar-  
 riage? If marriage were dissolved from the world,  
 the Ruler would not be weaker, and he is not."

"Oh God!" cried Ferris.

"I see in his eyes," answered Isabella with a  
 sigh, "nothing but a heart that is full of love and  
 letting her soul have light from his eyes. There  
 there is none — of course — of course — of course  
 are better than — and that must have been a matter of  
 impossibility — of course — of course — of course —  
 Isabella must say."

Ferris seized both of the little hands, the bare ex-  
 closure of whose soft fingers he could almost feel  
 his whole frame. The soft pressure imparted a meaning  
 that no eloquence could give, and he said —

"You are my wife."  
 "You are my wife," said Isabella, "and I  
 will be the wife of my husband."

It was with trembling hands he spoke, looking earnestly  
 into Isabella's face.

"You say, of Heaven — and the Lord Himself — Isabella  
 madam, tell me."

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. Next, it is essential to gather relevant information and data. This can be done through research, consultation with experts, or by analyzing existing resources.

3. Once the information is gathered, the next step is to analyze it and identify the key factors that influence the outcome. This often involves breaking down the problem into smaller, more manageable parts.

4. After analysis, a plan or strategy should be developed to address the problem. This plan should outline the steps to be taken and the resources needed to implement them.

5. The final step is to execute the plan and monitor the progress. It is important to stay flexible and adjust the plan as needed based on the results and feedback.

was parched—his powers of sufferance seemed, to himself, quite worn out.

"Antoine," said Isabella, "be more a man, if thou wouldst not, that Martinuzzi trench his power in thine, and Czerina's, peace. Bethink thee." She paused, and then added, in a low tone, that thrilled upon every nerve; "*Is there no way?*"

Some faltering reply was on the lip of Ferraro, when their eyes met for a moment, and his voice grew so weak, that the faint murmur he breathed forth, was scarce distinguishable from silence. A peculiar smile played upon the features of Isabella, and she fixed him by a look, so mysterious and terrible, that Ferraro, instinctively, trembled, and presently turned away his head, with a sensation of horror.

"My God! how thy hands burn, Antoine," said the queen.

"To my touch, so do thine," replied Ferraro; "but, in truth, I have a craving thirst."

Isabella moved towards a canopied recess, beneath which was a sort of buffet, appropriated to liqueurs, conserves, &c. It was manufactured of some curious wood, ingrained with marble, and supported by four figures of Cupid, from the antique. At that spot, with her back to Ferraro, she remained for several moments, and then returned, bearing a massive silver cup, crowned to the brim, with some sparkling liquor.

"Drink, dear Antoine," said the lady; "'twill revive thy flagging spirit."

Ferraro took the proffered libation, forgetful of all else, but how he might best allay the heat and fever in his blood, he raised the grateful liquid to his lips.

"Gracious madam," he cried, "may all thy wishes ever meet a quick fulfilment, even as mine do now." Saying these words, the rash youth took a deep and delicious draught. Another—and then Ferraro placed the empty goblet on a table, that stood convenient.

The day throughout, had been dark and tempestuous, and now the shades of twilight deepened, more and more. All the countenances of Ferraro, and Queen Isabella, as they sat side by side, on the low couch, were gradually veiled from each other, in the increasing gloom. A fierce fire burnt in the veins of Ferraro;—he attributed it to the vinous juice, acting on an excited mind. His slender frame, little imagining that other, and more stimulating ingredients, were mingled in that potent beverage, he had incautiously quaffed. Wrapt about in the mysterious obscurity of the hour, a hushed stillness pervaded the apartment, that deepened, at intervals, in contrast with the roaring of the gusty wind without. An electric influence insinuated into the passionate heart her secret message. Isabella sat with Ferraro.

From infancy was incident to the Austrian envoy, a very peculiar man. "We do not undertake to describe a fiercer monster than the world ne'er saw." Even in youth, where religion and morality hold far greater influence than ever they possessed, over that of *Ferraro*, religion and morals must have been alike extinguished, before the furious excitement of that hour. If *prudence* had not provided a antidote, against the dangerous temptation. In this conservative and cardinal virtue, *Ferraro* was deficient; though, indeed, had he been ever so wary, he might hardly have suspected *Isabella's* purpose. From the moment, however, that he drained the intoxicating cup, which she presented him, his guardian angel seemed to have flown. That inclination for *Isabella*, which he had believed inured for ever, re-rose, in all its original excess, and burst through those ceremonies, which honour, pure love for another, and temporary estrangement, had wrapped about the buried passion. With his renewed attachment, the long-sealed fountains of his heart were opened afresh; and while his whole frame seemed composed of a single nerve, his tongue ran on, in a golden strain of poetry, which, as it

much to the fervour of delivery, much to the softness of his voice, and perhaps not a little to grace of manner, we despair, by any effort of ours, to convey to the reader.

The sky twilight rapidly darkened into night, and as the persons drew nearer, their hearts (at least so Ferraro deemed) seemed the more closely to re-unite. Still, that inconsistency, which he alone can reconcile, to the secret and latent springs and workings of the human mind are no secret, Ferraro, even in this reeling of his senses, would recur to the object of his interview, reiterate his petition to Isabella, to interpose between Isabella and the tyrannous design of Martinuzzi.

"I am but a weak woman, dear Antoine," said the queen, in reply to one of these entreaties, preferred with increasing earnestness. "So long as the man, we speak of, holds my daughter's sceptre, he'd sweep away any obstacle of mine, like chaff, before the whirlwind of his authority. As I told you, awhile ago, I can descry no hope, while it suits Heaven to smile upon his treasons. Why, the man is still in the prime of life, Ferraro, and all, who wither beneath his pestilent shade, shrink, it seems to me, into idiotism, or else lack gall and manhood. No, there's no reprieve—none."

"The thought thy words suggest, runs through me, like a fever," cried Ferraro. "God! what a buzzing is here: feel, dear Isabella!"

The tender epithet caused the nerves of the queen to thrill. She breathed hard, but one single suspiration, that escaped, in spite of herself, from her panting bosom, was louder than her breathing. Ferraro took her hand, and placed it on his forehead.

"It throbs, indeed, my love," said Isabella, and the tones of her voice were subdued, nearly to a whisper. "Let me press it for you—lean on me."

They drew still nearer, and in the gradation of their

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"Yet silent? Nevertheless, how loud thy darkness! Oh God! methinks the stillness of thy soul is fraught with more turbulent horrors, than is a madhouse, with the contending din of tortured and tormentors. How would you have me think?"

"How think, Antoine? why, like a hero,—if not, at least a man, or like aught else, whose thoughts are deeds,—think! Oh that now you could but read my heart! the burning language there might teach you——"

"If thou wilt, expound the page to me," said Ferraro.

"Why, Antoine," replied Isabella, "were I as thou, and loved as thou dost, about to be despoiled of all thy hopes, as thou wilt shortly be, ask me not what I'd think, but what I'd perpetrate." There was a deep meaning in the peculiar emphasis, with which Isabella delivered these words, that made Ferraro shudder.

"Thou turnest my thoughts," he said, in a hoarse voice; "into the mirror of my secret soul, which shows a gulf of darkness. The reflection tortures me; lady, I ask, what would you perpetrate?"

"Why should one's enemy be longer-lived than other men?" answered Isabella; "it should be remedied, and were I like you,—*I'd stab*——," she broke off, grasping Ferraro's hand convulsively.

"Stab!" repeated Ferraro, gasping for breath;—"whom? myself?"

"Thyself! dear Antoine," replied the queen, with a smile upon her lip: "that were sage counsel—No, THE CARDINAL."

"The cardinal!" repeated Ferraro, in a tremulous and hollow voice; "what cardinal? I shake!"

"Thou dost, indeed," said Isabella; and with the view of quieting to rest the trepidation, which suddenly seized every nerve of the Austrian secretary, she strained him firmly to her, by the strong folding of her arms. Why was it, that the lover of Czerina did not

shrink from the devious embrace? Alas!  
 resist the god, the devil, bond him. He  
 lingers, half-murmuring, upon the abhorred  
 the power; and it was he knew that here  
 beneath the passion droppings of his life

"I shirk," replied Ferns; "what is  
 it? nothing! It is a sick. It must be  
 some. Patient, only do you perform your  
 engagement, and I will exact mine."

Repeating these words, Ferns bent above  
 the entrance of Isabella, and began  
 speaking. He had taken many steps  
 towards it. It appeared, that the sort of  
 Isabella had changed. His eyes tended to

express the kindly power, which to a  
 thinking his mental faculties. Isabella at  
 once, but presently returned, being a  
 with which she presumed to eliminate  
 the things, which while they cost the

in the effort, difficult, likewise, as extracted  
 many of the thinking faculties, and  
 being in the position. Then, having replied  
 with some difficulty,  
 as in the position on the low

with some difficulty, as in the position  
 as in the position, as in the position

"I shall not say here into life and

with some difficulty, as in the position

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and in their fingers intertwined,  
thoughts of a single mind,  
emotions went and came,  
veins of each united frame."\*

and stormy elements of sin and desire  
to madness, within them."† By a  
controllable impulse, the lips of this  
fair drew nearer and nearer, till they  
gave quick faint kisses. Big drops from  
the casement,—Ferraro recked not  
of them. Mournfully wailed the wind,—Isa-  
bella made no impression. Low thunder mut-  
tered, neither heeded the minatory accents.—  
What fear or care beyond?

For their hearts' beat here."‡

After those languid pauses, which ne-  
ver broke the soft communion of affection;—after  
the *si doux plus deliceux encore*,§—that  
charming impressive charm, so fraught with  
the voiceless heart, so imbued with the sweet  
melody,—so eloquent in the thrilling utterance

of harmonizing silence without a sound."||

Isabella murmured; "you spake awhile ago,  
of some engagement at midnight—say, dear,  
what was it?" Ferraro started from her embrace.

"Not," he replied, in a voice of uncontrollable  
emotion, "ask me not,—rather aid me to stifle all re-  
minders of the deed, that he would have put me to,—  
forget myself, and all the world,—in these dear

moments." "What deed?" demanded Isabella. Ferraro groaned,—

\* Shelley.

† Don Juan.

‡ Shelley.

§ Bulwer.

|| La Nouvelle Heloise.

he did not answer. "Oh speak," said Isabella, "I mark you to a syllable."

"Such an one, lady," replied Ferraro, in a low, trembling, and awe-struck tone, "whose very apprehension, like a spectre, shuns the wide gaze of day, to gibber within the dim and inmost cavern of my thoughts, shrouded in formless horror." This reply only whetted the anxiety of Isabella, who, with intermingled blandishments, questioned him further.

Few men in an hour of amorous dalliance, can withhold a secret from their fair companion. Draught after draught did Ferraro quaff of the same fatal inebriant, that had already proved so baneful. "Delicious poison!"—but neither more deadly nor more sweet, than that flood of passion, which he simultaneously inspired, from the deep and powerful light of those eyes, whose beams, like moonlight, swayed at will, the tempest of his thoughts. After such insidious inescations, who can doubt the success of Isabella? In that unholy confessional, where Ferraro was brought to his knees, the least concealment or reservation was accounted a sin to the divinity of love, nor did Isabella desist from her inquiries, and absolve her devoted lover, till she had extorted from him, an account of all the eventful scenes, through which he had passed that day. He related to her the secret of his birth,—his engagement to join Scipio, beneath the ruinous porchway, on the following midnight, with the view of being introduced to his father,—the mode, by which he obtained ingress to the palace. These matters, interrupted with those *soupirs entrecoupés*, *ces douces larmes et ces gémissemens tendres*, so touchingly enumerated by St. Preux, did Ferraro deliver into the attentive ear of Isabella. Whatever her surprise, at receiving such pieces of information, it was trifling, when compared with the entranced interest, with which she listened to Ferraro's detail of his interview, that morning with the *Mary of Padua*. The unhappy youth had, by this time,

in a great measure, lost all observation of outward things, or he would scarcely have failed to remark the extraordinary emotion, which Isabella discovered at his relation. Every additional syllable, that issued, from her victim's lips, was welcomed, by a look of triumph, so exulting, so malicious, so truly fiendish, that had Ferraro not been utterly blinded by passion and vinolency, he must have shrunk back aghast, from the flowery edge of that abyss, over which his soul tottered. When he had concluded, she thought deeply for several moments, ere she spoke.

"And you are to carry this written consent, to-night to Piadena?" she observed, with some abstraction of manner,—after a long pause.

"At midnight, he proposed," answered Ferraro, "as if—even midnight,—and 'tis winter, lady,—yet hark, how the heavens mutter!—hath a pall to wrap about a purpose so vile, as that he named."

The brow of Isabella flushed with a still deeper shade of thought. "To-night, Antoine," she repeated, without paying attention to Ferraro's last words; "'tis a close game;—it wants an hour, scarcely,—then how—?"

With these incoherent musings, she gently unclasped the arm, which circled the empire of her charms, and insensibly drawing herself from Ferraro's side, rose from that guilty sofa-seat. Every motion indicated, that her bosom worked, with some strong conception. After taking a single turn, with sharp, irregular step, she paused in the middle of the apartment, and there stood, lost in deep meditation.

"Dear lady!" inarticulately murmured Ferraro.

"At midnight, saidst thou?" returned Isabella, abstractedly. "A written paper, too, interchanged between ye? So—you may talk forward—my daughter's hand the guerdon,—did it not run so? And Martinuzzi, who, like the fabulous ferryman, hath wasted souls to hell;—himself immortal all the while,—to be plunged thither,

## A SUMMARY OF REBELY.

"My course is clearer than the  
 sun," she cried; a lightning spirit flashed, from the  
 center of her eyes. "So be it," she went on, in an im-  
 petuous, ringing tone. "my Lord Castaldo, we are  
 to save the world. The winner, that angels sing a re-  
 ception to the victor, and he were dead: I would, by  
 the sword of God, to gain my ends, and yet omit the  
 least part of the action — that the imperial court  
 should be won, and the time, so that I purposed  
 to do, should be within the compass of my brain.  
 I will do this nation. I'll bell, or Heaven.  
 I will do this nation, and smooths my path before  
 me, as I go."

"So she went, with in the apartment, and then ap-  
 peared in the hall, with her hand in the sofa totally ex-  
 hausted, and her face pale, in a state not far re-  
 moved from death. She took her hands in  
 her arms, and in a soft and thrilling tone,  
 she said, "I will do this nation, with the powerful support of her  
 friends, and she remains the Princess."

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 friends, and she remains the Princess."

by magic, at least so it seemed to Ferraro's dim and undefined perception, at the moment, Isabella produced the implements of writing. "Antoine," she continued, "as a son of Hungary, thou art bound to seize this opportunity of liberating thy country. There, write me thy promise to Piadena. The deed, thou wilt stipulate to execute is holy,—holy, sir, pious and honourable! and, being done, will make thee, wert thou more vile, and ranker, than the grave's mould, wholesome, and white like snow!"

Ferraro reached out his hand, to receive the requisite materials.

"That's well," proceeded Isabella; "but, love, thou canst not hold the pen; I'll guide thy hand for thee." Thus speaking, her soft palm closed on his hand, which felt to the touch, like red-hot coal. "So, so——."

Ferraro's corporeal faculties were, by this time, utterly overpowered, and, in the feverish and inebriated condition of his mind, the infamy of adopting the bravo's trade, was wholly lost sight of, or became complicated with more agreeable contemplations,—the possession of Czerina, and the vindication of the imaginary injuries of his country. Under these circumstances, it will scarcely excite surprise, that Isabella's arts and inducements, finally broke through the feeble barriers of his reeling reason; but it is due to Ferraro to observe, it was only, after all, by using a species of compulsion, by aiding his trembling hand, to scrawl the few lines, she dictated for him, that she succeeded in her iniquitous design.

However brief the *verba scripta*, which, by such obnoxious means, she managed to extort, owing to peculiar circumstances, the nature of which the reader will easily infer, from what has been already stated, their manufacture occupied a considerable time. The night fled fast; it wanted little more than a quarter to that "witching hour," in which Ferraro was engaged, to wait upon the imperial general.

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the right, in gifting Lyæus, and not the lady, with the province of the barley field and the hop yard,) at all events, the queen of love owes little to the generous god, who, however he may incite to action over the bottle, is apt to "equivocate with a man,"\* leaving him sometimes sadly in the lurch, when he comes to transfer his worship to a softer shrine. Thus, it proved with Ferraro, whose state of insensibility suggested our observation. For a moment, Isabella stood beside him, in undissembled triumph. She might have exclaimed, in the words of the Moorish prince, when he bestrode his prostrate conqueror, "Crown me, shadow me with laurels, ye spirits who delight in just revenge." Removing the writing out of his relaxed hold, she deposited it in her bosom,—at that moment the cathedral clock tolled the hour of midnight. Heavily sounded forth the solemn peal, on the fitful breezes of the night. Isabella started as the vibration caught her ear, but the very next instant her eye lighted up, with fiendish exultation, and her lip curved with an anomalous expression, such as an illustrator of Milton's *Pandæmonium*, would be glad to transfer to his canvass, to deepen the horror of that multitudinous array of hellish countenances, by the introduction of a single contrast, more horrible than all, . . the smile of a fallen angel!

"I must be stirring, lest I be too late," murmured Isabella to herself.

At that moment, a peal of thunder rolled over the city. The royal dame threw open the casement, and looked abroad on the horrors of the night. "Is it the deed—ye elements?" she said. "Is this your tone of wrath? The spirit of the tempest on the darkness, doth write, in characters of living fire — REVENGE! Were I now superstitious, or cared for omens, such an hour, and such a night, might well deter me; but my soul is fixed—fixed

\* Macbeth, Act ii. Scene 3.

Up to a certain point, ere yet a man hath exceeded the measure, prescribed by the Greek proverb,\* he may, without difficulty, restrict himself in his offerings to *Liber Pater*; but let him only pass the half-way house, between sobriety and vinolency, and he will find his inclination to "drink deep," rapidly increase upon him, somewhat in the ratio, that his capacity of endurance fails him. Whether the power, who takes the juice of the poppy under his especial auspices, be Morpheus, or Bacchus, or, as Statius insinuates, Ceres,† I am sure I know not, nor, probably, did Ferraro, though he sacrificed to the deity's honour, in bumpers, which far outnumbered the libations of the epigrammatist of old, to the god of slumber.‡ The consequence was not at all an exception to the general rule, in such cases. Just as the wretched youth subscribed the fatal paper, with his signature, Isabella administered another crowned cup. The trepidation which shook him was so violent, that he stood in need of her offices, to raise it to his lips;—he tasted;—drank off the contents,—ay, to the dregs, and, as he did so, having passed through all the successive phases of inebriation, the lids of his eyes fell, and he rolled heavily off his seat, upon the carpet,—feverish, unmanned,—a helpless, senseless clod of earth.

Here we would observe, *par parenthèse*, that the hackneyed aphorism of Terence, touching the dependence of Venus upon Ceres and the god of wine, is hardly borne out by the fact. Whatever may be offered in favour of the daughter of Saturn, (provided Diodorus Siculus be in

\* "ἢ πινεῖ πιν', ἢ τρία πιν', ἢ μὴ τίτταται.

† Si quis invisum Cereri benignæ

Me putat germen, vehementer errat;

Illa me in partem recipit libenter,

Fertilis agri.—Statius.

See Martial, lib. i. epig. 72. Eubulus, in Athenæus, limits the wise man to three glasses.

the right, in gifting Lyæus, and not the lady, with the province of the barley field and the hop yard,) at all events, the queen of love owes little to the generous god, who, however he may incite to action over the bottle, is apt to "equivocate with a man,"\* leaving him sometimes sadly in the lurch, when he comes to transfer his worship to a softer shrine. Thus, it proved with Ferraro, whose state of insensibility suggested our observation. For a moment, Isabella stood beside him, in undissembled triumph. She might have exclaimed, in the words of the Moorish prince, when he bestrode his prostrate conqueror, "Crown me, shadow me with laurels, ye spirits who delight in just revenge." Removing the writing out of his relaxed hold, she deposited it in her bosom,—at that moment the cathedral clock tolled the hour of midnight. Heavily sounded forth the solemn peal, on the fitful breezes of the night. Isabella started as the vibration caught her ear, but the very next instant her eye lighted up, with fiendish exultation, and her lip curved with an anomalous expression, such as an illustrator of Milton's *Pandæmonium*, would be glad to transfer to his canvass, to deepen the horror of that multitudinous array of hellish countenances, by the introduction of a single contrast, more horrible than all,..the smile of a fallen angel!

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\* Macbeth, Act ii. Scene 3.



looped with pearls, a piece of coxcombry much affected at the period by the cavaliers of the Austrian court, was slouched low over the forehead, and, to complete the mysterious tout-ensemble of our portraiture, the individual in question was masked.

"Why, now, if this be not a good joke," replied the janitor, after fixing, for more than a minute, an earnest gaze of scrutiny on the applicant; "and you think, I don't know who you are?"

He in the mask started.

"Come, off with your vizor, and tell me what mad mummery is this? Thinkest thou, that that hose, purfled with silver, and the orthodox cut of that *pourpoint*, slashed out so exquisitely, and so trimly surmounted with that Spanish *cuello* of thine, can be overlooked?—or that the quaint device of those braided pantofles, once beheld, is ever to be forgotten? Is it not a folly now for a man to go masked, and yet rig himself, with such tell-tale tags, as thou hast about thee? What, though thou reekest with rain-water, I'd swear to thy raiment, and know thee among a thousand—Marc Antoine Ferraro."

"Then prithee bear my message to the Marquis of Piadena," said the other, in a low and uncertain voice.

"There, thou strivest hard to disguise thy familiar accents, as thou hast thy face; but it wont do—you are discovered—master secretary, you are discovered."

"If it be so, hie thee to our lord, and tell him I wait—I am here by appointment."

"That alters the case," replied the officer; "and now I remember me, I understood as much; but why not go at once yourself?—you will find him in his chamber."

"No, what I have to say must be spoken in this place; my minutes, at present are numbered—I have business on hand. You see, I am masked."

"I am not blind," returned the officer; "but are

## MANUSCRIPT XXIX.

"But mine shall burn upon thy secret brow,  
And, like a beauteous wound, tremble thou shalt, as now."

ADONAIS.

"They hatch cockatrice's eggs, and weave the spider's web;  
So that when of their eggs doth death, and that which is crushed  
becometh not into a viper."

ISAIAH.

MATTERS were thus situated, when there rode, one morning, into Hermanstadt, a chieftain of distinguished carriage, at the head of a band of gallant horsemen, all admirably equipped in burnished armour. It was in the course of the same day, that this stranger was left waiting, during a few minutes, in the vestibule of the citadel of Hermanstadt. Allowing for some slight touches of Time's effacing fingers on the lineaments of the man's countenance, and that age had lodged his *avant couriers* of silver, more thickly, amid the dark, close-curved locks, of his noble head, this individual neither betrayed, in feature nor form, any decay of strength, since our description of his general appearance, in an earlier volume. His step and gesture were as light, and his eyes beamed as brightly now, as they did a dozen years before.

We introduce to our readers, after an absence of many manuscripts, Peter, Count Pereny, who, having demanded licence, found himself presently ushered into the

regent's presence-chamber, — the same magnificent apartment, described in a former manuscript. Martinuzzi was seated before a table, covered with several state papers. There also lay open a parchment-covered illuminated tome, containing some of the orthodox writings of the primate of Egypt,\* whose unpremeditated style he admired, and whose genius and character, in other respects, bore no faint similitude to his own. He slightly changed colour on Pereny's entrance, but quickly recovered his outward composure, as the graf, with a haughty and formal inclination, took the seat, to which he had been pointed. The room was cleared, the attendants had withdrawn, and these two celebrated men remained, for some minutes, in thoughtful silence; both with reserved mien, and somewhat pale and anxious countenances, but both stern and collected. The sweet and painful memories of almost half a century were theirs in common, and here they sat, after near a life of mysterious communications, and reciprocal reserves, preparatory to a mutual and final understanding.

"Your eminence was prepared for this visit," began Pereny.

"I am glad you're come," returned Martinuzzi; adding, internally, "Shall I not die for that?" Then, more audibly, he proceeded, "Am I, at last, to congratulate you, my lord, on the resumption of your rank and station, in Hungary?"

"That must depend upon circumstances, your eminence," replied Pereny. "It is certain, that I have this day cast off for ever the veil of mystery, which for long hath wrapt about me, like a shroud; but, whether my doing so be a subject for your gratulation, I shall be better assured of, before we separate. In any case, I know what I owe myself, and what my country, and will not be made the tool of thy ambition. If, therefore, you

\* St. Athanasius.

## LACONICS OF HONESTY.

"—**PERENY.** **FATHER PERENY**, was born to be the  
 truth. I am an old man, and then to be cast  
 in a dishonest witness, was an egregiously ; — the  
 only way to avoid such dishonour. —  
 I have seen the fabric of your  
 life, and I have seen — do not push aside  
 the truth, but be a disinterested witness at its foun-

— **MARTINUZZI.**

"—**FATHER PERENY.** — I only say thus  
 the ground, you stand  
 the false step—but

"—**MARTINUZZI.** There was a letter on Martinuzzi's  
 — and I have been your sa-  
 — with some warmth ; —  
 — have preserved you, from the  
 — by communicating with him  
 — **FATHER DOMINICK**, and thus pre-  
 — that your lord-  
 — beneath the monk's habili-  
 — to involve in certain infamous  
 — office, and  
 — by making it the shield of Father  
 — — is this your gratitude,  
 — your fears for your life  
 — my only thanks ? and threats  
 — my conscience ?"

"—**FATHER PERENY.** — Nothing to be thankful for in turn ?  
 — **FATHER PERENY.**

"—**FATHER PERENY.** — but the sub-  
 — the spirit of Beatrice hath only lately  
 — a happier sphere ; for her, indeed, a blessed  
 — but the wound in my bosom is too recent, my  
 — the illusion agonizes me."

There was a long pause, ere Pereny made answer.  
 — "I would not causelessly grieve your eminence," he



said, "but the time has at length arrived, when it is indispensable we should confer, without reserve;—I have much to say, that cannot be deferred so well hereafter. Hear me, and you will have cause to be thankful that I have not deferred my communication to the king."

"You can speak forward," said Martinuzzi, with a slight inclination of the head.

"My lord," said Pereny, after a short pause,—"as now many years since I first made proposals for the hand of King John's sister."

Traces, as if distressing and touching images, rose on his memory, passed, like a cloud, across the countenance of Martinuzzi, but he spoke not.



"Circumstances, at that time, broke off the proposed union. I afterwards married, as you know, in Vienna, the mother of Marc Antoine. On her decease, I retired to Austria, repaired to Hermanstadt, and again sought the honour of the Princess Beatrice's alliance."

"Surely, my lord, this preamble might be spared me," said Martinuzzi.

"I see not how," returned Pereny;—"the story I solicited came recommended to the princess, by Queen Isabella's earnest sanction. She prevailed upon the Turkish minister, to give it his authoritative approval. Solyman was appealed to—his will was pronounced in favour of the match; and, I need not tell your highness, that, at that time, in Hungary, the sultan's will was law."

"It was not long so after; I rectified that error at least," said Martinuzzi proudly;—"and, however they may submit in Vienna, the crosses of *Septem Castra*\* are undefiled by the presence of the crescent. † But prudence, go

\* *Septem Castra*; Transylvania.

† The inhabitants of Christian lands, under Turkish domination, were wont to acknowledge the Mohammedan power, without compromising their religion, by treating a cross with a half-moon over the churches, after this manner:— The steeples of the cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna, 

[illegible]

power, and almost regal authority,—both of us conscious that our marriage was illegal, on account of our nonage, and therefore liable to be set aside, by ecclesiastical judicature,—what wonder, thus beset with every species of dire machinery, that Beatrice's determination at length gave way, under such accumulated pressure, or that I, out of very love to her, could no longer withstand or elude her mother's stern, and relentless will? What wonder, that all the earthly hopes and happiness of two young, and, I may truly add, my lord, two guileless, unsophisticated human beings, should be immolated, to appease the insatiate maw of the moloch of family pride and aggrandizement? Enough,—I resolved upon the sacrifice, and fled in despair to the monastery of Erdium, where, in no long time, my monastic vows seemed to place a perpetual bar, between me and my beloved. But the means employed, to wrench from the princess her consent, to our separation, stunned for ever the buoyancy of her youth, and undermined her reason,—she pined in thought, and lay for many months, with an oppressive weight upon her spirits,—a morbid sense of being deserted and left desolate; from which state of hypochondriasis she only partially recovered, on my rejoining her, and her brother in Poland.

“The countess was then no more. These circumstances I detailed to you at large. I threw myself upon your honour, and implored you not to press your suit,—you met my disclosure by a proposition, which was unexpected, and which I own startled me not a little. You wished to stipulate, that your late son, my nephew Maximilian, should wed the Lady Czerina, on her attaining the age, at which, according to King John's will, I was to resign the sceptre to her rule. To this, I replied at once, that if Maximilian should turn out worthy of her highness's hand, and there was no objection on her part, I would prove no obstacle to the union. Thus the matter rested, when you,

# CHAPTER V.

"I have been thinking of you, set forth for  
 the first time, in the presence of Belivar,  
 and my feelings are my feelings  
 of that flesh  
 and her fright,  
 Whether in  
 or within  
 the existence of that  
 a blank;—  
 like some evil  
 from my heart,  
 like spectres to  
 To what purpose  
 and have done with  
 and have done with

"I grant, his  
 for your annul-  
 and die con-  
 the high blood of  
 his earth  
 the magnat,  
 wishing to evade  
 I saw your scruples  
 to substitute

"as in the instance of  
 of your offer. But  
 his elder brother, merits the  
 Our moment is clearly void."

"as she not the object of  
 the pivot, on which his all of  
 and more, is not his passion reciprocated."

"I have to God, and," said Martinuzzi, in an impres-

"You hope not—why so, in the name of Heaven?" demanded Pereny, hotly.

"Because," replied the regent, with great calmness, "it is my fixed determination, that Marc Antoine, your son, my lord, shall never wed the queen of Hungary."

Pereny started up, took two rapid turns across the apartment, resumed his seat, and said, with the hasty articulation of a deeply offended person—"your reasons? your reasons, my lord?"

"I explained my reasons yesterday," replied Martinuzzi, "the plain unvarnished fact of his cohabiting with Isabella, while he pretends to her daughter's hand, will surely justify my refusal. The character of Maximilian owned many redeeming points,—what I think of your younger son, I should be sorry to say in your lordship's hearing. Let it suffice, he weds not Czerina."

"Not whilst it suits your ambitious ends to unite her to —— to the Richter Iwan," said Pereny, indignantly; "for this, I blow away to the opposite winds of heaven, all further forbearance and respect, all moderation, which for years hath been my daily use, but which were now a mockery of the holy cause of truth, and justice. My lord cardinal, I was shut up for two hours last night, in the dungeon of Hubert Vicchy." Pereny paused, and fixed a stern eye, on Martinuzzi, whose countenance, either through anger, or some deeper passion, grew deadly pale, but he made no reply.

"What need of words," resumed Pereny; "there is an intelligence, between soul and soul, far more rapid, and less deceptive. You know, already, those denotements, I have to make."

"Nevertheless," observed Martinuzzi, with forced composure, "I'll borrow patience, a little time, to listen to these insults."

"Then understand, my lord cardinal," said Pereny, "that I know, and have been cognizant of the fact for



to her mother, he mistook her, for the spectre of the Princess Beatrice, to whose supposed murder, in the forest of Belivar, he imagined himself accessary. Also, it appears, that the Cygani Alaric would, under the like delusion, and to answer some unknown, villanous project, have stabbed her to death. It was I, whom the villain sought, in those vaults; for, baffled by our common personation of Father Dominick, he came to suspect, that the victim, he hunted through the world, with such hot rancour, was disguised, in the garb of the African. I visited the chamber, where you had caused the sentry to be confined, in order, as I told you, to reassure myself, that he was the brother of Eissenburg. Some weeks after, Luke Swartz, by your orders, aided the escape of Albert of Eissenburg, through the secret door of the dungeon, the carcass of one of the national troop, was discovered festering in the fossé, beyond the ramparts, having about his person that terrific writing, addressed to the citizens of Hermanstadt."

The brow of Martinuzzi was clouded, with a kind of forced humility. "Why call up these painful memories, my lord," he said. "You knew, at the time, that the corpse was that of one, who had fallen in quarrel with Alaric Polgar; and that the writing, with its signature, was inscribed by the Cygani, out of the very wantonness of his malignity. You, doubtless, remember I explained the matter to you, as I had it, from the mouth of the insolent villain, a few days subsequent to the discovery of the body."

"And wherefore, may I inquire, did you suffer that man to escape the arm of justice for so many years?" demanded Pereny.

The gloom of Martinuzzi's brow darkened, and he turned away his head.

"But your whole life is of a piece, my lord cardinal," continued the indignant noble; "for what reasons, think

you, do I enumerate these scandalous items of your policy? To exhibit the nature of that degrading and mysterious life, I stooped to endure so long. Have I not been as one apart, and alien from my kind?—foregoing the comforts of social life,—renouncing the honours and privileges of my rank,—practising unworthy delusions,—submitting to unheard of privations? And this, with only a single ray of hope, glimmering faintly, in the dark vista of futurity;—namely, that the sceptre of Hungary should, hereafter, be swayed by the race of Pereny. I will not survive the extinguishing of that ray,” concluded the magnat, in a bolder and more energetic tone. “Nor do you dream, my lord, that Czerina, whose very existence slurs the character of a prince of the church, shall be let triumph in the downfall of my house.”

“Indeed Pereny, you err,” said Martinuzzi, after a pause. “In any event, my daughter is rightful heir;—what would you have?”

Pereny’s countenance lighted up, with a bitter and scornful expression; he, however, returned no answer.

“Consider,” proceeded Martinuzzi, in bland and persuasive accents, “the espousals of myself and the sister of King John were legal. The Lady Czerina is the issue of our union; and, although her birth occurred, long subsequent to my taking the ecclesiastical vows, you well know, that the ordinance of St. Stephen,\* permitting priests to marry, though seldom cited, has never been abrogated; it was ratified in that celebrated council, held by St. Ladislav at Sabloc,† and not long after by Colo-

\* St. Stephen. This pious and enlightened lawgiver, was the Alfred the Great of Hungary. See his life, ab Episcopo Chartutio conscripta, &c. a. L. Surio edita. To object to his political system, that it based the monarchy too entirely on the will of the privileged classes, to the exclusion of the Villani Jobagiones, were to view it by the light of the nineteenth century. The saint was not wise beyond his generation.—See Decreta St. Stephen. ad Emeric Ducem, lib. ii.

† A. D. 1092.



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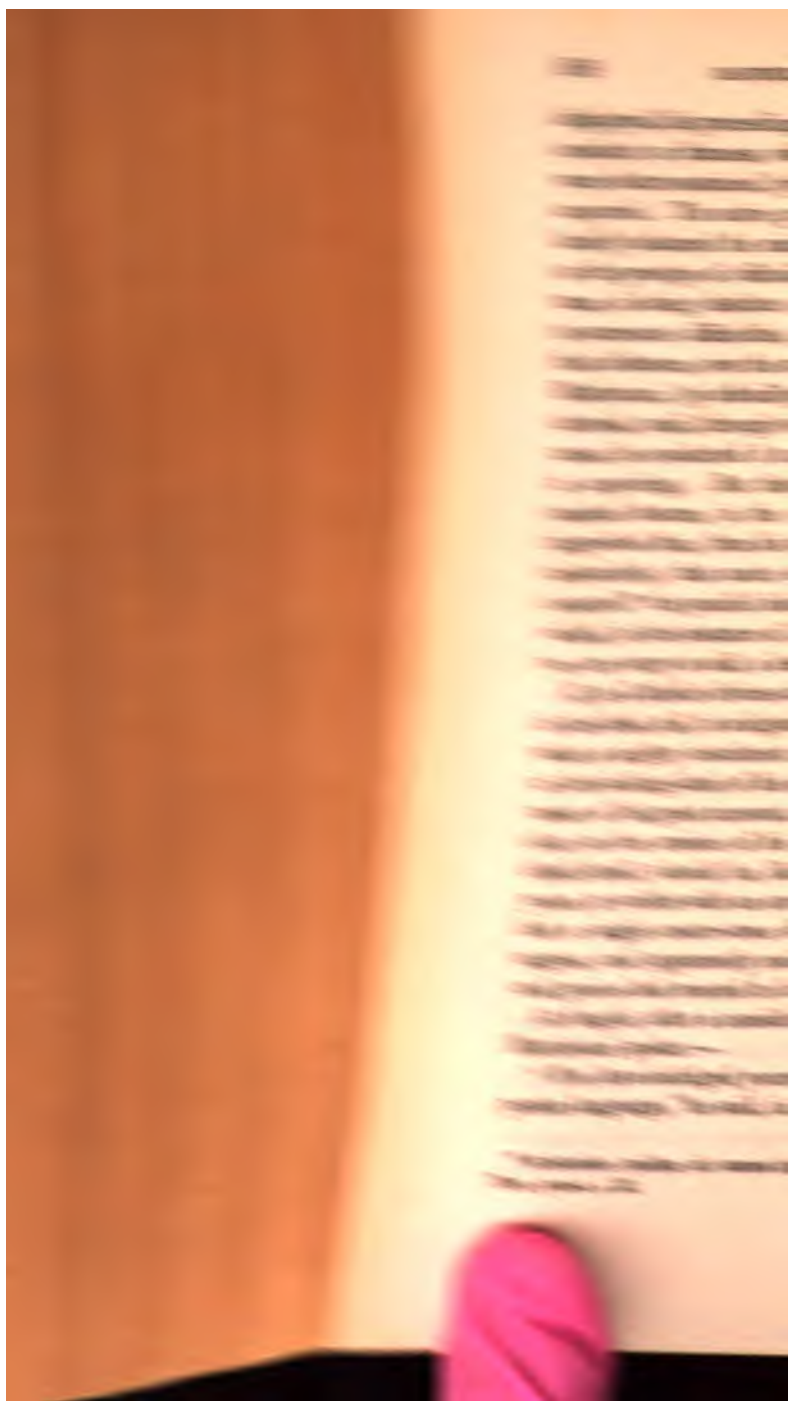
"Then understand, my lord cardinal," said Pereny, "that I know, and have been cognizant of the fact for

The following information was obtained from the records of the [redacted] Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, regarding the [redacted] land grant.

[The remainder of the document contains several paragraphs of text that are heavily obscured by black redaction marks, making them illegible.]

seemed to have forgot himself to marble—not a sense and faculty, but was occupied, with the world within, and all perception of the material, and palpable objects around, became for the time obscured.

Pereny likewise continued silent, and looked on, half-awed, like one, seeking to penetrate the mystery of that last unmoved slumber, where the passions, errors, and sorrows of a life, lie “hushed into depths beyond the watcher’s diving.” Fixed, and instinct with an expression, not unallied to melancholy, was the spelled gaze of Pereny, upon the pale and accurately chiseled features of Martinuzzi, and never was there a face, which more impressively combined, in its main lineaments, the calm godlike stamp of some classic model, with the softer characteristics of human genius and sensibility. How seldom, among the common-place herd of living men and women, do we meet with a physiognomy, that might serve, from its sharp profile, and otherwise intellectual turn, for a specimen of the antique, and, apart from the factitious interest, with which association of idea unconsciously gifts such classic contour of countenance, it were still rarer to find it accompanied, with the more attractive characteristics of beautiful expression. But the countenance of Martinuzzi, eminently blended masculine beauty, with a rigid and marbly outline; and Pereny, as he kept his steadfast eye upon the cardinal, was conscious, though he hardly knew wherefore, of the peculiar interest, inseparable, from such harmonious union of opposite qualities. There was no small resemblance in some respects, though a striking dissimilitude in others, between the characters of these two men;—both were first-rate statesmen and excellent captains—both were ambitious, but the ambition of Martinuzzi was of a loftier kind, than that of Pereny, whose love of fame was comparatively feeble, and whose objects were mostly personal and selfish. Whatever abilities the magnat occasionally



voice, than he had before used, "that it would well become my state, not to bandy further terms with you ; but there may be more in this, than meets the ear ; and you have hinted, in obscure phrase, at matters that —. In short, Pereny, is there any thing yet untold, that you would have me infer, from your mysterious and discourteous address ? Prithee, be plain with me."

"I *will* be plain with you, lord cardinal ; it is for that purpose I am here," replied Pereny.

"Yet, stay," said Martinuzzi, with sudden wildness ; "are we alone, think you ? Silence ! What was it ?"

"Air," replied Pereny.

"I hate the subject you are upon," rejoined the regent ; "but now we are here, and for once, I'll listen. Well, what is it ?"—The tones, in which he spoke, were half suffocated, and yet determined, as if he had screwed up his courage to hear the whole.

The eyes of Pereny rested with stern significance on Martinuzzi's face, for several seconds, and then, with grave air, drawing his seat nearer to that of his companion, he commenced, in a low, deep, but most articulate voice, as follows :—

"It is now many years since the late king sickened and died. Those factious nobles, young Maylat's father, and Balassi, confiding in the strength of their strongholds in this principality, had thrown off, like garments over-worn, their duty and allegiance. On hearing these tidings, his grace, who was then at Buda, followed his army to Transylvania. It may have been the fatigue of his hurried journey—it may have been aught else—enough—he died, as you know, in this very province where you now rule ; in this city, and I believe——" Pereny abruptly stopped, and then with his eyes slowly made the revolution of the room.—"Yes, I am right," he added, after a moment's consideration, "even on this spot, where we now confer together, John of Zapola breathed his last."

1. THE PROBLEM

The first problem is to determine the nature of the data. It is necessary to ask whether the data are qualitative or quantitative, and whether they are primary or secondary. This is important because it determines the methods that can be used to analyze the data.

Next, it is necessary to determine the scope of the problem. This involves asking whether the problem is a specific one, or whether it is a general one. It also involves asking whether the problem is a theoretical one, or whether it is a practical one. This is important because it determines the methods that can be used to analyze the data.

Finally, it is necessary to determine the objectives of the study. This involves asking what the study is intended to achieve. It is important to ask whether the study is intended to provide a theoretical understanding of the problem, or whether it is intended to provide a practical solution to the problem.

These are the three main problems that must be solved in order to conduct a study. They are the problems of data, scope, and objectives.

Once these problems have been solved, it is possible to begin the study. The first step is to collect the data. This can be done in a number of ways, depending on the nature of the data and the scope of the problem.

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for a moment's survey, he dropped his gaze again upon the floor. The magnat pursued the discourse.

You may, perhaps, remember, my lord, that, at the time, queen Isabella was confined in childbed, I was absent from Buda, at my baronial castle, near Vissegrade. It was night, or rather, I should say, morning; for the day was past,—within the week, I purposed returning to the capital,—when the drowsy household were aroused, by a violent knocking at the outer gate, and a single peasant demanded instant speech of me, in a case of extreme importance. The urgency of his manner was such, that he succeeded in obtaining admittance. I was awakened,—the unknown was ushered into my chamber. I received him in bed; he was wrapped from head to foot, in a long travelling cloak, but his calpac being off, I knew my visitor, the instant I set my eyes upon him; he was formerly the equerry of the Countess Scæpas;—Julius Swartz, my lord, was the man." The pause that followed was long and thoughtful, on both sides.—Peregrine again spoke. "After some little previous parley, Swartz entered upon the important matter, that brought him to my castle. I will now deliver to your eminence the nature of his communication.—'I have hastened hither,' he said, addressing himself to me; 'to lay bare to your lordship, being a nobleman of the highest rank, and the greatest influence in Hungary, a monstrous, and unparalleled piece of treason, now consummating, against the king and people of these realms,—' he paused,—I signed to him to go on. He proceeded to inform me, that a lady of no small consequence about the court, he mentioned not her name, (and only subsequent events, years afterwards, enabled me to guess at it), was delivered of a female infant, a few hours antecedent, to Queen Isabella's giving a prince, to the house of Zapola. He told me, that the bishop of Waradin, was the father of this female; and that, by the skilful offices of the gipsy, Unna, who was the midwife, and of his own sister, Alicia,

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Behold him here,' was the reply to my inquiry; and owing aside the folds of his cloak, the royal babe was covered, tranquilly sleeping, on the equerry's arm. ere was an eloquence, in the very helplessness of his innocence, that pleaded well, for the son of John of Zalla; and I was not long in making up my mind, to bear him to his father. As I knew, that every thing depended on celerity, what I determined to do, that I commenced putting into execution, within the same hour. In the course of the next, I was on the road to Hermanstadt. Several days elapsed, ere we reached this city, where the tidings, with which we were greeted, overwhelmed us with dismay and chagrin. King John, it appeared, had been at the point of death, for the last two preceding days, and was certainly not expected to survive the night. I succeeded in obtaining a private interview with his grace, in the course of which, I explained every particular. Never shall I forget the horror, depicted on his dying features, at my intelligence. Three or four days had elapsed since, by means of extraordinary despatches, he had learned his queen's accouchement; and even in the interval, between hearing these tidings and our arrival, he had executed, and transmitted to Buda, that testament, which appointed you the guardian of his infant princess, and joint regent with Isabella. I was struck speechless with consternation at such a state of things; whilst John, in feeble accents, demanded to see his child. Luke Swartz was introduced through that door, with the infant under his cloak. Never did a more lovely and promising babe exist. He was held before his royal sire, who, perceiving a deep mulberry mark on his left shoulder, bade us both note it well. Then, after some preliminary observations, almost unintelligible, by reason of the broken and faltering speech, in which they were delivered, touching the danger, that must accrue to his child's life, from such vast power and talents, put into motion, by your consummate ambition, were you made acquainted with

[illegible][illegible]

ved, his treason; he was, however, far too proud to r upon a syllable of justification,—he disdained the on. What! could he descend to make appeal, as to scales of a balance, casting the charges, to which he listened, into one scale, and whatever mitigating circumstances were in his power to allege, in extenuation his conduct, into the other? No; his towering and patient spirit scorned to have to refute the foul aspersions of Pereny, and could ill endure being put upon its fence. He had “drank poison,” as the graf continued to speak, and, for some minutes after his arguer ceased, he preserved a haughty silence.

Pereny was the first to resume the topic—“You see my lord, how matters stand,” he began: “it is idle to seek to throw dirt in my eyes, by telling me these provinces are yours, by a bull of his holiness, and that at a word, you could get the gift transferred to Czerina, whoever may be the rightful heir. I neither doubt your influence at Rome, nor your capacity to uphold Czerina on her throne; but the question between us lies far deeper. I know well, that not for all the territory of earth, would you have this matter made public;—it is not, whether I can prevent your daughter swaying the kingdoms of Hungary and Transylvania, but whether I have it not in my power, to strike a blow at that high character, which, to gain the whole world, you would not willingly forfeit,—that is the real point at issue; nor will I do your eminence’s penetration so much wrong, as, on that point, to add one syllable more. Suffice it,—will you stop, my ‘making you an astonishment, and a hissing to the nations round about,’ at the easy price of the union of Antoine and Czerina.”

Martinuzzi breathed heavily, ere he made answer, in a decisive tone, “I meant you, sir, to read your check in my silence. Let me repeat, however, that with my knowledge and consent, the Lady Czerina shall never wed a

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assumption that the system is in  
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“Did you not tell me, you promised not to make this elation, during my lifetime?”

“That was in case Sigismund had not otherwise a reasonable prospect of establishing his rights,” returned Pereny.

“Well, my lord, what prospect can he have?—a futile, and also (which no one can lament more sincerely, than I have done,) of unsound mind.”

“Perish your eminence’s secret boast!” replied the prelate, scornfully. “Despair the vain assumption,—be assured, ’tis false!”

“False?” faintly repeated Martinuzzi.

“False as thyself, misproud prelate!” rejoined Pereny; “for, since it must be, learn, the unfriended, feeble-minded Sigismund, whom thou hast so irreparably injured, is no other, than the redoubtable Richter, Vilezwan, the conqueror at Coloswar.”

Martinuzzi sank down upon the seat, he had that moment quitted; and for the next few moments, covered his face with both his hands. “I should have dreamed of this before,” he murmured indistinctly from his hueless lip; whilst all the vast and collateral consequences, involved in the information, flowed indistinctly on his brain, like the thousand waves of a troubled sea.

“Learn further,” proceeded Pereny, “the Richter Iwan is now on his march to Hermanstadt, to claim the throne of his ancestors. Within these four-and-twenty hours, I expect, he will summon the city to surrender.”

Martinuzzi altered not his position.

“My lord, I take my leave,” presently said Pereny, advancing towards the door: “and since this misunderstanding cannot be otherwise adjusted—” he paused, for Martinuzzi was already upon his feet, and stood between him, and the point of egress.

“What’s that you say, Pereny?” he demanded wildly. “You’ll not adjust our disagreement? Ha! think bet-

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1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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re theme. We confess the swelling emotions, that overcome us, the closer we contemplate the genius, and (spite of all we have disclosed, or ought that will, none, be more regularly developed, we will add) the virtues of Martinuzzi.

That we have not, as we fear, impressed the reader with an enthusiasm equal to our own, must be solely attributed to the imperfection of our pen ; but could we borrow, or steal, for, sooth to say, the motive would almost excuse us, that magic instrument, which writ the tragic tale of Eugene Aram ; how would we transport the reader with love and admiration of the man, whose life, in some of its latter passages, we have undertaken to record ! We might, then, have thrown into shade those failings, which, at least, had nothing in them of what is base, or sordid, but which seem to have been grafted, by human imperfections, upon the best and noblest of human aspirations, and unto which the well-known maxim of Horace, would be, at least, as applicable, as to the trifling blemishes, incident to some master-piece in art, or literature :—

“ Autem ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis quas aut iocuria fudit  
Aut humana parum cavit natura.”

What, though Martinuzzi's conduct may have been forced out of the right path, by an unhappy concurrence of circumstances, proving too strong for his inevitable infirmities, as a man, benevolence and charity were beating at his bosom. His offences grew out of the finest feelings, which do honour to the human heart ; and that religion, which was, with him, no matter of idle form, but the deep and earnest offering of a sound head, and a tender heart, to the throne of Heaven, must have pleaded with the Author of his being ; and whatever were the *paucæ maculae* which arose, for a time, upon the disk of this bright luminary, we entertain not the shadow of a doubt, but that the mercy of his Creator

would veil them from the eye of his purity, and that, consumed by the fervour of his repentance, and irradiated by his faith, they were never entered up for eternal condemnation.

We have, incessantly, been led into this digression, owing to the reluctance we feel, at having to depict, in this manner, those darker shades of Martinuzzi's nature. It is what we thought which, were to transcend, or sink beneath, the level of humanity. To strip from our idol, the golden rays that were, at once, for an ornament and a covering — to peer into the hidden mysteries of his nature, and find none, though with no irreverent hands, those mysteries that veiled the peculiarity of his soul, even from his own striking consciousness — this is the pain which we have now committed to us, as veracious historians, and though we would "nothing extenuate," we see no reason why we should dwell lengthily on the theme. To do this — the very circumstance of Martinuzzi being so close to his redemption, urged him on to anticipate, and even to make desperate deeds, the terrible assaults, with which the winning force of his faith was threatened. His reason was constituted, not a little, to fortify his perception of that the most allowed attributes of his nature, would be strong in his soul.

In the strong and vigorous intellectual power, the power which is a rare thing to remark, on more than one occasion, in the course of this narrative, how true, however, is the law of the human character, they have been the very foundation of his passions; and — it is not the strongest reason — the strings of the instrument, though in view of the production, are strung before a certain extent, it is more clear it will bear. The more a subject will be the words to Poetry, the more it will be the words to Poetry, the more it will be the words to Poetry, the more it will be the words to Poetry. A simple,



like the "dunniest smoke of hell," stopped his breath, and the blood seethed and bubbled in his veins. As thought after thought, like red and weltering billows, rolled with the sound of a rushing torrent upon his brain, he seemed to himself to be tossing on some sea incarnadine;—his mind was full of uproar, as if it were made the arena of contending elements. The equilibrium of exquisite feeling, and strong judgment was disturbed; and it was, we have reason to believe, in a paroxysm of incipient insanity, that Martinuzzi determined upon the assassination of the Graf Pereny.

"He shall hear from me," he muttered to himself, "ere mid-day, with a passport to the other world—he first, and then Vicchy; but, first, for Pereny. If this incontinent slave must needs blab what he knows,—in hell he may. His life has been one game of secrecy, and, now, until the peal of doom, I'd have him lie, unguessed at, hid under charnel-roofs, cut out of marble."

A horrible expression, sadly at variance with the usual rigid calm of Martinuzzi's countenance, broke out in deep furrows on his brow,..the agony of an instant doing the work of many years. Thus standing in an attitude of horror, the minute description of which we spare the reader, and which it would tax, even the high powers of Macready himself, to represent,..with maniac-visage,—eyes inflamed and wandering, and interlocked hands,—Martinuzzi called for his attendants. Emeric came into the room, but instantly started back, appalled at the sight of the passions, that were working in the regent's face.

"Gracious Heavens! your eminence!" he ejaculated.

With a voice hollow, inarticulate and inward, Martinuzzi spoke. "Ah! you may well appear surprised," he cried, and his eyes glared, with a wild and troubled light, as he held up his entwined hands; "but, sir," he proceeded, and a gloomy smile wrinkled his quivering

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however resolute his character, to tremble, during its access, as if he were destined to become its victim. There is ever something of awe, in the very sound, in which deep and concentrated emotion finds voice, and it almost seemed, that Martinuzzi was prepared to consummate the terribleness of his invectives, with the death of his pronouncer.

Pereny was struck aghast, like the Philistines in the house of Dagon, when their ears first caught the prayer of Samson, and beheld the pillars of the fabric in his grasp. Perhaps these images of terror — this first reeling of the edifice of his worship was not altogether illusory. The instinctive forebodings, which crept, with an icy chillness, through his veins, may have been the obscure, and shuddering intimation of his inner spirit, that his hour was almost come; — but why should we anticipate, and lament calamity before it reach us? \* Alas ! the evils of the day are sufficiently mournful, and painful to elucidate. Time rushes onwards like the winter's wind, bearing terror and desolation on his wing. Let us wait.

“ What need a man forestall his date of grief ? ” †

Yet a little while, . . . a few brief hours and minutes, frightfully huddled together, like the last hard gasps of death, and the eventful maze of Pereny's life will be thridden, and his fate be no longer a mystery.

\* See a sentiment to the above purport in one of the magnificent chorusses of Agamemnon, beginning at verse 242.

† Milton.

## MANUSCRIPT XXX.

“ It is their trick  
To analyze their own and others' minds;  
Such self-anatomy shall teach the will  
Dangerous secrets.”—*The Cenci*.

It was reported, in the course of that day, that the Richter Iwan, after traversing the country, with his free bands, had pitched his tent, within a short day's march of the city. Men spoke also, with certainty, of the Turkish armies having quitted the vicinity of Belgrade, and violated the Transylvanian frontiers, and it was even given out, that the Ottoman emperor was with his troops in person. The great Graf Pereny, so long supposed dead, was said to have been spoken with, by several; and Abu Obeida, the Turkish envoy, must have *privately* returned to the city; since he was seen, on the previous night, near the line of tents, erected for the accommodation of his retinue, at the top of the High-street. Each of these rumours possessed more or less interest, for the good citizens of Hermanstadt. But what, perhaps, affected the public mind most deeply, was the circumstance of the National Diet, which had not assembled for a considerable period, having been convoked by Martinuzzi, to meet him at Coloswar, for the alleged purpose of their legislating, upon the matter of the disappearance of the sacred crown, though, in reality, as was surmised, with the view of having his usurpation of the govern-

ment of the country ratified, by a regular form and regal title. These various rumours were afloat, throughout the day, towards the close of which, that terrible storm, the like of which had never before been witnessed, in Hermanstadt,\* and which had subsided during the night, raged, if possible, with greater violence, than on the day preceding. Being a Wednesday, in the last week of Advent, it was, of course, held as a fast throughout the catholic world, and, at night, high mass was celebrated in the church of St. Theresa.†

It was on that occasion, that an incident befel, which, in the infallible spirit of subsequent divination, was remembered, as ominous of the fatal catastrophe of the morrow. As loud hosannas, from the full choir, died in the lengthened aisles, and vaulted roof, at the commencement of the dreadful sacrifice, the officiating priest, who happened to be the private chaplain of the cardinal, probably through awkwardness, upset the chalice, and the consecrated element flowed over the altar. All present, grandees, no less than spectators of inferior note, were horrified;‡ and a subsequent event, having reflected an extrinsic, and superstitious importance, on the *mal-adresse* of the priest, it was long before it ceased to be a subject of interesting application, with most of the congregation, among whom, neither the least, in point of rank or beauty, were Queen Isabella and her pale daughter. As the people gazed, in commiseration, on the latter, who, in decaying youth and loveliness, resembled some exotic, drooping beneath the open skies, they could not prevent

\* A historical fact.

† We believe, that at the present day, only black mass can be celebrated after the hour of noon. It must, however, have been otherwise at the date of our tale. We learn, incidentally, from Sir Walter in the beginning of "The Fair Maid of Perth," that the ceremony of high mass was performed in the evening; but the era was earlier.

‡ "This anecdote proves," says the historian, "that the great in Transylvania, in the sixteenth century, were no less superstitious than those they governed."

an obtrusive fear creeping to their hearts, that, according to the old superstition,\* she was one, too pure, and too beloved of Heaven, for Time to be allowed to heap his sear and withered hours, on her decay; yet little, did the most apprehensive of that congregation forebode, within how short space of time, the delicate creature, whom to see was to love, and to love to pity, was fated to be summoned back, to the home of her nativity. The tender interest, which the appearance of the Lady Czerina naturally inspired, insensibly became converted to a feeling, in respect to her guardian, of no amicable character. Like those sea-monsters of Africa,† that lure children in their folds, to devour them, he had cast his snares, round their young sovereign; and the citizens of Hermanstadt, ever distinguished for their loyalty,‡ were not slow, in attributing her evidently declining health, to his purposed usurpation.

It is ordained, in the very constitution of our nature, that we should wish,

“To defend against the world,”§

to cherish the feeble, and the oppressed; and if this kind of *στροφη*, or sacred instinct of humanity, be called forth, in favour of one, possessing the additional, and combined claims of youth and merit, royalty and loveliness, it would almost seem, its influence on our conduct must be resistless. It is certain, that under the impression of the moment, regards, of no very gentle description, were showered from all quarters, upon

\* *Ὁς ἐν τῇ παλαιᾷ ἀποκρίσει λέγει*  
*τὸ πρὸς τὴν οὐρανὸν ἀποκρίσει ἀλλὰ ἀποκρίσει τὴν οὐρανὸν.*

Rick. Frater. Phil. Brunck. Poeta Græcici. P. 231. Edit. 1784. See also Hesiodus, l. 1. c. 31.

† The Lure.

‡ *Quos Chalcidenses, qui ab unio semper fidelis se exhibuerunt regi macedonico.*—Play. Anach. P. v. page 491.

§ *Deus scilicet.*

the dignitary, who, in his "sacerdotal accoutrements"\* of violet satin,† stiffened with golden embroidery, was officiating at the altar.

A fearful change appeared to have fallen, over the countenance of Martinuzzi, which, combined with an inexplicable wandering, and perturbation of manner, soon converted those glances, already sent in anger, to looks of inquiry and amaze. There was an air of discomposure about his whole person;—his ordinary dignity and stately self-possession, seemed to have forsaken him,..supplanted by a humbleness, perhaps more impressive; his usual firm step tottered; he had grown deadly pale, and the broken and faltering tones, in which the holy service was spoken, sounded very unlike, to the wonted calm, and deliberate enunciation of Martinuzzi.

When the holy pomp of those impressive rites had come to a close, the cardinal approached the royal party, to interchange such courteous common places, as, in all ages of the world, have been, more or less, in requisition, upon occasion. As conspicuous, with erect fronts and blanched visages, the lord cardinal and the youthful queen looked on one another, the spectators could not but be conscious,—most of them, perhaps, for the first time,—of a powerful likeness between the oppressor and the oppressed.

Czerina's plastic lineaments, the unerring index of her heart, seemed to give back, with minute and painful fidelity, the worn, and haggard expression, that brooded over the physiognomy of her guardian. Her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, was rapidly yielding to that secret anguish, which pressed upon her, though her magnanimity endeavoured to conceal it from Martinuzzi. She felt her young spirits wither up, before

\* Addison.

† Violet; the penitential colour, worn on all the Sundays, and ferias of advent.





and, amalgamated with a single essential, enforce forgiveness from our Creator, or there is no truth in the gospels of Heaven.

“ Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”\*

The look of diabolical, and, as it almost seemed to Martinuzzi, of triumphant exultation, with which Isabella would have fixed him, as with a spear, might only the day before, have pierced through the thick felt that wrapped about his thoughts ; but now, his soul was circumfused in an atmosphere of such subtle and poignant emotion, that no idea, on this side heaven, *save one*, could find entrance or subsist there ; — aught else “ passed by him, as the idle wind, which he regarded not.” He, however, with an instinctive, though unconscious shudder, averted his eyes from Isabella, and cast them, with a long gaze of strong emotion, which blended a variety of feelings, upon the beauteous head of her, who was as dear, and necessary to his life, as the vital stream, that bubbled through the arteries of his heart. Lingered and tremulous was the sigh, that involuntarily heaved up from thence, as he turned to this frail and sentient thing, the fibres of whose being were so subtly entwined, with those of the parent stem, that every pang, that shook her bosom, found a responsive echo in his own.

“ Lady,” he said, in that low, clear whisper, which never spoke in vain to her heart’s sympathies ; “ I would have discourse with you to-morrow, as soon as you have done your orisons, — no, towards mid-day ; be you ready to receive me, in your chamber, and alone.”

Like some leaf of poplar, that quivers and turns pale, when a light motion, soft as an infant’s breath, steals on the ambient air, shrunk Czerina, beneath the serene regard of Martinuzzi. Having signified her acquiescence,

\* Merchant of Venice, Act 5.

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was to give Father Dominick the meeting, beneath ruinous porchway before described. Mournfully, slow, swung the deep, sullen clang, of the cathedral bell, on the fierce and sweeping winds, as they creaked over the white and wintry city. Midnight pealed through hurried clouds, and the dense and sensible air did chime, and carry on the warning, along the waste paths, ere the ruler of the storm careered at his will.

As the last stroke chimed away in the vault of distance, a trap-door was slowly raised, and a living form emerged, into the deep obscurity of the dilapidated entrance.

"Who art thou?" demanded the voice of one, already shrouded in the gloom.

"A man, who hath but lately learned to know himself," was the response, delivered after a brief pause.

"Marc Antoine?" again asked the first speaker.

"The same,—and thou?"

"Thy father, boy!" replied Pereny, who had advanced close beside him, and now pressed him to his heart.

There was a long, deep pause, made sacred by the emotion which produced it.

"Why art thou silent, Antoine?" said Pereny, at length. "Do thy feelings overcome thee, or dost thou marvel to recognise these familiar accents? 'Tis the black Scipio, indeed, who addresses you, my son, but no less Pereny."

"Wonderful!" cried Ferraro. "And your motive for this long disguise, dear sir?"

"The time suits not now to explain," replied Pereny; "did it, I have matter even more important, to unfold. It is of thyself, I have to speak at present: Antoine, thou must pluck thy fatal passion, for the Lady Czerina, from thy heart,—thou canst never wed her."

Ferraro was silent.

"Bear the blow, my son, as becomes the high blood of

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"Tis nothing," returned the other, in a failing voice, or 'twill pass away; but, for God's sake! say on—to the purpose. Martinuzzi's daughter, you tell me—if you speak, sooth, in the name of mysterious Providence! who was her mother?"

"The late king's sister, of whom you have heard men speak."

"The Princess Beatrice—I see it all!" screamed Ferraro; "I've known as much for years. Omniscient Nature proclaimed the mighty secret. I felt it whispering, working through every sentient fibre of my loathing frame. With all my heart, sense, mind, soul, I could have hated; but——gulled fool!—cozened!—abused! ha! ha! ha! ha!" and shrilly horrible, echoed the laugh, in that lonely spot. "God!—the weight, you have removed from my free spirit!—what imposition!"

"Marc Antoine! my son!—have you lost your senses?" cried Pereny.

"Nay," replied Ferraro; "let me, for an instant, give vent, to my long-smothered feelings, let me taste the pure unadulterated luxury, of being allowed to hate. Oh God!" he continued, in a low deep murmur, "what prophecies our naked instincts prove, whilst our reasons are but mole-eyed! That white and meek abhorrence, Martinuzzi's branded bantling all the while!—*I did think as much!*—Now, I thank Heaven for this!"

"Dear Antoine!" exclaimed Pereny, pressing his hand affectionately, on his son's shoulder; "madness is in thy words—what distraction is it, hath seized you?—Be more a man! as thou art the heir of my hopes and wishes, be the heir of thy father's firmness also."

"I will, sir," said Ferraro; but his breath, which heaved thick as he spoke, showed, with what difficulty, he was compelling himself, to assume an appearance of composure. "Oh, doubt it not,—'tis past,—I'm calm;—what else?"

"Not now, my son," replied Pereny, "I can tell thou

an overstraining thought, therefore, I hardly guess. We will postpone any further discussion of the subject to to-morrow — the surprise hath proved too sudden; and this manuscript, which I delivered into thy hands, I need not caution thee to be mindful of; — its perusal will instruct thee of what importance it must be to the vindication of justice, to keep it safe — from this especially. In the course of this night, or at early dawn to-morrow, I shall receive despatches from the Rector Iwan, who is advancing upon Hermannstadt. All is false and hollow, in the position of Maximilian. The victory of Coloswar cost the nation dear, in blood and treasure, and its lustre hath been dimmed, by subsequent action. The magnates are disgusted — the easy populace are lukewarm, and the nation will shortly be taught to turn their eyes toward the rightful heir of Zepola, as their only refuge in the storm. All things promise success to the holy cause, we have in hand. At once the warper must be unseated; but no more at present; at mid-day to-morrow, I shall seek an audience of Queen Isabella, when every particular shall be disclosed to her grace, after which, events will reveal their own history."

"I cannot wait all then," cried Ferraro, in a breathless eager tone. "What of the rightful heir? — What of Cruma? he now can be the rightful heir of Hungary?"

"The son of John of Zepola, and Isabella."

"The son? — What is he?" gasped Ferraro.

"The Rector Iwan," said Percy.

As if a cannon-shot had struck Ferraro, he reeled and recoiled his body, apparently lifeless, against the doorway. Percy, distressed beyond measure, leaned over him. "What aill thee my son?" he said.

An instant sufficed to restore Ferraro to the use of his faculties, mental and bodily; he roused himself, and, after a long-drawn sigh, that seemed sensibly to relieve his overcharged spirit, answered, "Something — a thought

crossed me, too mighty for belief—it stunned me, for an instant—'tis over now—I am well.—*Great God! how well!*—And is the Richter so near at hand?"

"We'll talk this over to-morrow, Ferraro," said Pereny; "after my audience with her grace, I will seek thee here. I trust to find thee stronger nerved at our next interview. Thou art so lately instructed in thy lineage, that thou hast yet scarcely learned to believe thyself a Pereny, or to think and comport thee, as befits one, of thy long line of ancestry. We rendezvous here to-morrow, and, in the interim, acquaint thyself with the contents of that manuscript: you will there learn—but hark!" he exclaimed, interrupting himself, "are not those voices climbing through the storm? There's some movement in the city. Antoine, I can remain no longer.—the regent's fear dogs me, like a shadow—I must be wary."

As Pereny thus spoke, the two left the shelter of the porchway, and emerged beneath the black, inclement skies. All around was wrapt in wreaths of mist; and, 'mid the raging winds, and the frozen vapour, that hurtled by, they hurriedly exchanged congées, and striking into separate paths towards the city, parted company.

The form of Pereny was seen gliding, through the sheets of driving snow, and even after it vanished, in the dim shades of night, Ferraro paused, and seemed to listen, as if to ascertain the sound of his father's footsteps. The snow, which had been falling all day, lay deep upon the ground, notwithstanding which, as he stood, for a moment dubious, and wrapt in thought, he fancied, more than once, that his ears caught the trampling of a large body of horsemen,—*nor was he mistaken*. The dreams of the inhabitants of Hermanstadt, on that night, were broken by the clank of weapons and of harness; and many were the *bonnets-de-nuit*, thrust out of the opening casements, beneath which, peeped forth many a curious eye,

to witness the inexplicable occurrence of a long troop of men-at-arms, debouching without the city gates. The feeble gleams of starlight glittered, on the armour of the squadron, as it passed through the startled streets.

Meanwhile, Ferraro turned back, and having again arrived at the ruinous demesne, he sought out the spring of the trap-door, and, not to detain the reader with needless particulars, we present the individual in question, after a few minutes' space, seated at a table, in an inner chamber of Queen Isabella's suite of apartments. The room was lighted up, and the mantle and Spanish hat being thrown aside, who that hath once beheld, that voluptuous shape, and those glowing features, can fail to recognise, in spite of all the disguise of her male attire, the Messalina of our tale? She felt, for all the world, as if her very soul had just been cleansed, and purified, in the Thermæ, or hot-baths of Egypt, and that the strenuous ablution, had removed and purged away those noxious obstructions, which, for long, had obscured the finer pores of its "empyrean substance."\* With this feeling of renovated existence, did Isabella instantly set about perusing the important manuscript, which we herewith lay before our reader.

#### THE CONFESSION OF ALICIA.

"Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, querebam quidquam  
amorem, amans amare."—*Confess. M. August.*

"Seated alone in this subterranean chamber, with no friend to direct,—not even to weep to; none near, to minister to my wants, and speed my soul on its dark journey, I yet am sensible of my approaching dissolution.

\* *M. Aug.*



I *feel*, though no voice hath whispered it, the blanched colour of my cheek, and mark the chill and lazy blood, receding into its customary channels. They told me, they had sent for a holy man, at present sojourning at the neighbouring chateau of Count Rodna,—but, alas! my few remaining sands are numbered, and unless he hasten, the last minutes in my glass of frailty, will be run down, ere he arrive. So, having consulted with my secret soul, I inscrol the following narrative of a maiden's dreamy existence, and enfeoff to the shrinking gaze of mankind, her feelings and her failings, to serve at once as my self-inflicted pennance, and as some expiation, however unavailing, to the deluded land of my birth.

“ I, and my brother were twins, and being early left orphans, were attached in childhood by the Countess Scæpas, on whose territory we were born, to the regal establishment of their son, then the waivode of Transylvania. From my earliest recollection, I was contemplative above my years, and sensitive beyond my station. All my thoughts were, so to speak, emotions, and not a single emotion touched my bosom, which, by some internal alchemy, was not transmuted, after a short period, into LOVE. Love made the instinct of my being, the loadstone, which attracted to itself every attribute of my nature. I know not how it may be with other girls, but the rich maternal feelings, I lavished, without exhausting, on my favourite wooden doll, the tender assiduity, with which I cherished the senseless image, I cannot call to mind, even at this final hour of life, without a sigh of sensibility. Oh! why was this poor weak throbbing heart of mine, formed with such capacity, for the enjoyment of sympathy? \* Why was my soul so made up of tenderness and passion? Why was this feeble frame, now sink-

\* “ A quoi bon, m'avoir fait naître avec des facultés exquises sans avoir effleuré du moins cette enivrante volupté que je sentais ? ”—Rousseau, *Confess. partic.* 11, l. 9.

of my patroness, my ~~education~~ was not neglected, and the stature of my mind, speedily outgrew that of my body. I became versed in history, and delighted, in my solitary musings, to invest the characters of antiquity, with an extrinsic halo, reflected from the false colouring of my own warm heart. By the subtle process, with which I filtered every sight of mortal nature, human nature stood to my mental gaze, purged from mortal dross. Catiline had a thousand excuses to offer, would Cicero but have heard them.—and Nero suffered a pang, worse than a several death, for every execution, he believed himself compelled to order. One consequence of this lamentable habit of ever finding excuses, gradually became apparent; the distinctive qualities of vice and virtue, were insensibly confounded together; and that indignation, which cruelty and injustice would otherwise have excited in my bosom, was neutralized, by my fatal power of conceiving, at will, palliative or justificatory circumstances, which wholly escaped the more obtuse vision of the rest of the world.

“Childhood knows no distinction, save of the affections. The Princess Beatrice, Euse Martinuzzi, and myself, were educated together. Our pastimes and studies were in common, sometimes partaken with, or relieved by, the presence of my brother Luke, and of George Martinuzzi. George Martinuzzi! how, even in this dark twilight of my existence, does my poor heart flutter, as my faltering pen traces the fatal name! Oh! why, why in this roomy world, was it ordered, that he, of all men living, should cross my path! But for that unhappy conjunction, I might have progressed through life to a peaceful grave, without reproach, without misery; I might have become the honoured wife of some patriot chief, the envied mother of a line of heroes; I might have played the part of Cornelia in Hungary. *I am*—but no! let me not think of what I am, lest, after all, I go down to the dust, and my task undone. A similar course of study, if not congenial natures, would bring George into private commu-

nion, more frequently with me, than with the princess, or his sister, who neither of them much delighted, in historical disquisition. George was some few years my senior, and considerably my mental superior. The choicest impulses of humanity, his heart drank in, with the breath of life, and the sacred past was, to his inspired vision, a fount of deep and prophetic lore, which might serve to regulate the conduct of statesmen, and determine the destiny of nations. Finding me not merely a patient, but a rapt listener, he naturally affected my company, and would daily effuse into my enamoured ears, his choice and precious thoughts, rich with the spoils of many a classic page. From his lips, the simplicity of abstract truth, or the hardness of political disquisition, came clothed with I know not what of radiancy. From examining the diversities of political power, and investigating the occult causes of the aggrandisement or decline of nations, he would take occasion to balance the actual interests of the European governments. I believe he considered me, although a mere child, a preferable auditor to the river and the forest; but he was under no more restraint in my presence, than in theirs, and would give vent to his lofty hopes and feelings in my hearing, in the like unpremeditated way, he was wont to do, when trees and waves were his only confidants. Hungaria, and the means of exalting her sons to liberty and knowledge, was commonly his lofty theme: and kings and conquerors might well and profitably have listened to his philosophy, and the luminous genius of a boy would enforce, with earnest ability, his high argument, till conviction, like strong inspiration of truth, fastened upon the hearer's mind. Frequently, and forcibly, would he dilate, on the true policy of King Ladislas,\* in his delicate position between two potent empires, affirming, he should prevent either power obtaining a decisive superiority, by never

\* The father of King Lewis.

... I DO NOT TRUSTS WITH EITHER, which were, he said : *that Hungary a dependent province, but by a treaty on the part of Ferdinand at distant amity, he was unwilling to bring the hands of alliance with one or the other at foreign circumstances, to keep the empire well and true, by retaining both, make their will more secure the interests of his kingdom.\**

... HIS REVEREND FATHERS OF STATE government, which it was permitted us to see so gloriously in the age of Europe, would George expatiate for hours before him : *heavens !* when life was yet all before me, with what entranced and childish admiration, while I rambled by his side, and his words were upon his every syllable, and my attention, whilst my loud breathing, snatched from the pauses of his eloquence, alone bespoke my eagerness. The cadence of his intermitting voice sounded, in these seasons, like into Eolian music, heard in weird hours of night and solitude. It seemed as if my own soul were musings audibly, and all that was previously dark, doubtful, and errate, the rainbow light of his argument dashed clear, on the misty horizon of my brain. And who would suppose, singularly dear as his society was to me, that there could be danger, to a very child, from such close intercourse ? Nor, perhaps, despite my mental interpretation of every movement, and casual word of my companion, was there, while my girlhood lasted ; but the custom we delight in, is not easily broken through, and these outpourings of Martinuzzi's soul were not discontinued, when the throbbings of my virgin heart intimated, but too plainly, how years progressed with me. But to him, it was all the same, and having gifted me, in my purer days, with the false title of his little sister, he

\* Tum apud Ferdinandum, tum apud Solimannum quærelat, satis utriusque confiteenturum arbitratus si neutralis medius in duos præponderat.  
— Monarchia et S. Corona Regni Hung. Cest. vi.

looked upon me, in that regard, long after I disclaimed, from the bottom of my soul, the obnoxious epithet. Oh ! for me, with more than the due allowance of that state of feeling, which nature herself apportions to a female, growing towards, and just entering, the estate of womanhood—for me, to hear him, in all the confidence of that innocent relationship, unburthen his ambitious soul!—to become the manuscript, in which he laid bare his inmost thoughts, that they might rule and regulate mine own ;—to follow the peculiar train of his ideas, only to be led, by the like impulses ;—to comprehend his noble nature so intimately ;—to sympathise so deeply as I did, with all his aspirations ;—to note those minuter characteristics, which escaped common perception ;—to glow and pant beneath his kindling breath, and discern, in the same man, at once the brilliancy of consummate genius, and the confiding tenderness of infancy,—a tenderness, whose exquisite emotions ran alongside, with the elevation of his sentiment ;—to think, feel, understand all this, in every fibre of my sentient frame ;—to know how worthy, in every way, he was of woman's idolatry, and all the while tremble in his sight, lest he should penetrate the thrilling secret, that dissolved my soul, and wasted my body ;—this, day after day, and night after night, a burning succession of hours, was the occupation of my passionate heart, during the vernal development of my youth. He set my whole being in a state of restless excitement, and, like Fame, was an object of desire, placed out of the possibility of fruition. He was unto me as some god, and every lovelier sight and sound of the teeming earth or the siderial heavens, would talk to me of George, or were only marked, as they reminded me of him. All material objects that did not, in their sublimity or their loveliness, tell a tale to my soul of Martinuzzi, were, so far as I was concerned, as though they were not. Indeed, the melancholy grandeur of our retreat was not unsuited to those romantic illusions, which insensibly incorporated them-

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my bosom, being unacknowledged, met with no requital ; but, viewing George, at that time, more like the phantom of a youthful wish, than a human being, I was so weak as to believe I needed none. I had lived, from my earliest recollection, in the fairy fields of visionary fondness, of course without having met with any return ; for what reciprocity of feeling could exist between me, and the dumb or inanimate things, on which I was wont to lavish the romantic tenderness of my nature. My love invariably took its rise from the pure, simple, unadulterated joy, I experienced in loving, and my present dream of bliss moulded itself, in conformity with the propensity of my mind.

“ Oh ! if to transmute my being\* into a bird or plant, — to penetrate, in fancy, the peculiarities of its species, with the view of attaching myself the closer to some soaring eagle, or rare plant of craggy fount, — if this constituted the darling impulse of childhood, who can form a conception of the exquisite enjoyment, that for long I tasted, without interruption or alloy, when, in the primal excitement of sense, I made MAN my argument ? and, in those indolent reveries, which were so dear to my silent temperament, analyzed and conned over the character of one, who, in all he said or did, won on the affections, and who, according to the credulous belief of a fond girl, presented in himself, the most choice specimen of humanity, that ever walked God’s earth ?

“ But this could not last for ever, and I, at length, began to apprehend, from my involuntary tremors in George’s company, — from my restlessness in his absence, and utter indifference to the major part of the objects around me, — from my voluptuous sleeplessness o’ nights, and, more than all, from the wild and lawless wish, — the too unequivocal language of my dreams, that a

\* This power appears somewhat similar to that of Fadlallah in the Persian Tales, of whom, probably, Alicia never heard.—Ed.

STATEMENT OF JAMES H. HARRIS

That on the 1st day of January, 1900, I was present at the trial of the case of the State of Texas vs. James H. Harris, in the District Court of the County of Tarrant, State of Texas, and that I saw and heard the testimony of the witnesses who were called by the State and the defense.

That the witnesses who were called by the State were: James H. Harris, the defendant; John A. Harris, the father of the defendant; and John A. Harris, the brother of the defendant. That the witnesses who were called by the defense were: John A. Harris, the father of the defendant; and John A. Harris, the brother of the defendant. That I saw and heard the testimony of the witnesses who were called by the State and the defense.

That the witnesses who were called by the State were: James H. Harris, the defendant; John A. Harris, the father of the defendant; and John A. Harris, the brother of the defendant. That the witnesses who were called by the defense were: John A. Harris, the father of the defendant; and John A. Harris, the brother of the defendant. That I saw and heard the testimony of the witnesses who were called by the State and the defense.

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all I said or did, to accommodate myself to the *con-  
vances* of society. My thoughts ran not in the ordi-  
ry current, so neither could I endure a conventional  
ne of conversation. Trifles, which to others would be  
ht as air, would prey upon my spirits, like the cor-  
ding cancer;—I was always in extremes. Where I  
as not wholly indifferent, I was commonly so deeply  
terested, that I feared to trust myself to open my lips,—  
or well I knew, my slow and sparing hyperboles, and  
athusiasm, must appear affectation to those, who could  
ot enter into my feelings. My intellects, in fact, were  
oo masculine for my sex, my heart too eccentrically in-  
antile for my age; so I would commonly sit, distant and  
abstracted, as if some cold spell had chained up my  
tongue to silence, and that the whole vocation of my  
soul were endless reverie.

“Such rooted habits constituted as uncompanionable  
a character, as can well be imagined; but, however con-  
centrated, and sombre my spirits, there was nothing, in  
reality, sullen in my reserve; and little did they, who  
thus beheld me, and doubtless turned away, alienated by  
my chill and unsociable deportment,—little did they  
dream, what a soft, doating, affectionate heart belonged  
to that solitary and affected creature, they half despised,  
half hated;—little deemed they, what inextinguishable  
passion kept its fierce revels and tumultuous sabbath,  
under the snowy chillness of that virgin robe! How  
could they guess at the cataract, the incessant foaming  
of the waters, beneath the crust and frost-work of reserve,  
in which I was driven to glaciare my nature? Fre-  
quently have I been accused of want of feeling, owing to  
that apparent indifference, which, in truth, was only a  
proof of an excess of sensibility.

“On the occasions, to which I have alluded, I usually  
sate silent, and duly remote, from every one, at the stern  
of the vessel, watching, with side gaze, every stir of my  
friends, and every movement of the vampire of my heart.

1. 在 1934 年 10 月 1 日以前，  
 2. 在 1934 年 10 月 1 日以前，  
 3. 在 1934 年 10 月 1 日以前，  
 4. 在 1934 年 10 月 1 日以前，  
 5. 在 1934 年 10 月 1 日以前，  
 6. 在 1934 年 10 月 1 日以前，  
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 38. 在 1934 年 10 月 1 日以前，  
 39. 在 1934 年 10 月 1 日以前，  
 40. 在 1934 年 10 月 1 日以前，

nearest, though oblique regard, were equally unmindful of the sweeping storm.

"Some minutes elapsed, before either again broke silence, or, at least, until I could apprehend what was spoken. The voice I next heard was that of the princess. Then even let it be so,' she said, more clearly, if not more audibly; 'I confess, I could have wished it otherwise, but, since you hold her so dear, and you ought certainly, by this time, to understand her disposition, I will myself, to-morrow, open the matter to her.'

"George made some response, in his previous undertone, when, at that moment, the gilded vessel, in which we stemmed the swelling surge, struck with violence upon a rock, and the whirling water rushed instantaneously, through the disruption of the planks, with irresistible rapidity. A scene of uproar and confusion ensued, that baffles description,—the hurrying to and fro,—the simultaneous consternation,—the quick sharp succession of shrieks, as the alternating billows dashed over the deck, and one after another immersed the crew, in its remorseless tide;—all was the frightful history of little more than a minute. Notwithstanding the perils, with which I saw myself surrounded, I was never more calm and collected in my life, and not only so, but never half so supremely blessed. Not the loud crash, — not the heart-rending yell, out-voiced and hushed at intervals, by the roaring wind, and the boisterous waves, rang on my ears; but the soft murmur of Beatrice's voice, the delirious words,—since you hold her so dear,—stilled my bosom to a state of halcyon serenity, while all around spoke death, and uproar. At the time of our accident, we were scudding along, at no great distance from the beach, and most of the company, trusting to their expertness in swimming, leaped overboard. Some few, however, determined to keep by the boat, till she should split, probably, with the desperate hope of clinging for safety to some broken plank, which the storm might drive on shore. The noble

1. THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

[illegible][illegible]

"“I come, my little sister,” he cried, “to bear you back to safety. Will you trust yourself to my care?”

“I replied only with a look,—he approached,—life as dear to me; never more so than at that moment,—but thought of my brother. My whole manner must have espoken my irresolution.

““Oh save me,—save me!” entreated Luke; ‘leave me not to perish.’

“George made no answer. I turned to him, and earnestly seconded my brother’s pleading.

““No, dearest Alicia!” he replied, after a pause of surprise, rather than of doubt; ‘this must not be,—the present opportunity is yours, but I make no doubt, there is yet time, to preserve your brother’s life also.’

““And will you return to save me?” demanded Luke, grasping George’s hand; ‘only do so, and I will be your slave for ever.’

““I pledge you my word, I will return,” answered Martinuzzi, but if you detain your sister any longer, I may return too late.’

““Then go, Alicia,” said Luke, waving me from him. I waited not a second bidding, but let the being, I loved with such unutterable devotion, clasp me round, in his dissolving arm. Oh the exquisite sensations I must not think of!—the thrilling consciousness, that made the elysium of the next ten minutes! They were worth an immortality of ordinary existence. Not those billows, which seemed broke loose from all control, bounded more riotously than did my heart. But I dare not now dwell upon that tumultuous swim, since, the source to me of many cherished, and darling ruminations. Enough; too soon the impetuous waters of the lake were breasted,—and George, as he consigned me over to some of the attendants, observing my eyes closed, and my cheek as pale as death, imagined me insensible. Would that I had been,—but every principle of my nature was but too alive! ‘poor

1. *Pharmaceutical industry*—United States—History. I. Title. II. Series.

*[The page contains dense, illegible handwritten notes.]*

that he had confided to the princess, the fact of his mission for her handmaid, and had solicited her interest in the Countess Scarpas, and her gentle offices, in breaking the matter to myself. For some minutes after this vivid hallucination crossed me, I was like one entranced, my heart palpitated, my bosom heaved, an insensible glow distilled itself, through every pore of my glowing body; I lay still and motionless, *dissolved in the calm reverie and sensation*. A deep feeling of tranquillity stole over me,—it was not content, it was more ravishing; it was rather like an emanation from Heaven, as if the spirit of pure angelic bliss had descended on my soul. For hours, I remained in this state of soft, still, beatific passiveness, unable to bring my thoughts into any consecutive train, through very thoughtfulness. But to that first night of paradisaical felicity,—that last of peace,—let memory no longer recur. It past; the day breathed fresh again, and I was walking on the ramparts of the castle, when the princess, as I had expected, joined me. The horrors of the preceding day naturally formed our first topic of discourse, which presently turned on that individual, who, like an interveient angel, had saved myself and my brother from a watery grave. Anticipating the disclosure of her highness, and confused in some measure, by my remembrance of the past night's voluptuous reverie, a strange embarrassment came over me; my lip quivered, my tongue faltered, as I attempted to express my sense of George's services, and I was only recalled to myself, by observing to my surprise, that the princess appeared to have lost her wonted self-possession, even more utterly, than I had mine.

“ ‘ Exactly so, Alicia,’ she continued more intelligibly, after having delivered herself for some time, with no little incoherency. ‘ He is as you say, every way deserving of our esteem—of love, and, since we are on the subject, I would entrust a circumstance—a secret to my dear friend, that — it is a matter, nearly concerning Martinuzzi,

# A WINKLE OF ERELY.

— my breast heaved with expectation  
 — my secret thought—my breath  
 — my heart—I felt my face  
 — my blood circulate with a brisker  
 — Beatrice, her fine counte-  
 — back in amazement and  
 — my heart: 'And your high-  
 — a voice, lost in the throbb-  
 — the princess in  
 — from my remembrance.  
 — and enfolding in her  
 — my bloodless hair  
 — and the being, we  
 — mutually amazed.  
 — present to our mind  
 — the countess  
 — being radiant  
 — and be witness  
 — upon yourself  
 — we both gaze  
 — confide, to be  
 — nearest Alicia.  
 — matter; will  
 — to mine.  
 — What ails  
 — the heart  
 — dark. I  
 — her feet.—  
 — existence.  
 — of this  
 — that hour. I  
 — The  
 — the—how in  
 — with a  
 — thing!  
 — in  
 — thought.



...lings, was defeated; the enchantment that  
...cupation of my heart was gone, dissolved, like  
...frost-work of the night, in the rays of the  
...; but from the first, I never, even in a pass-  
...t, accused Martinuzzi of my misery. That  
...propensity, which formed so prominent a fea-  
...character,...the microscopic eye, with which I  
...omed to search out, and invest with a factitious  
...every circumstance, however minute, that  
...ate the enormity of guilt, proved at least so  
...sial, that it taught me, how to do justice to the  
...I felt, that George had never entertained the  
...of a suspicion of my partiality for him. Well,  
...which, whether on lagging or light pinion, accord-  
...mortal apprehension, *will* pass—rolled on, and  
...the hour at last, in which (it was about a week  
...ment to the communication above narrated,) the  
...s and Martinuzzi stood before the altar to be  
...; I, and my brother were present. Of what  
...ered at the ceremony, I can tell nothing. How I  
...rved the outward mask of consciousness, I know  
...: I felt a film gather before my eyes, till all objects  
...ted in a dim and nightmare mist; there came a  
...ing sound in my ears; my senses reeled; but though  
...as hardly able to support or guide myself, I did not, as  
...very instant apprehended I should, drop down a corpse  
...on the pavement. I retained, to the end, the horrid  
...mposure of outbreathed despair, and not till I turned  
...key in the lock of my chamber door, that night; did I  
...ive vent to my pent-up feelings. *THAT NIGHT!*—*the*  
...ridal night of George! Oh, that the remembrance of  
...its sympathetic, illicit, its fallacious transports, its into-  
...lerable torments would fade into eternal oblivion!—but  
...no, while one thought exists within this brain, and one  
...pulse beats within my mortal frame, it is not to be obli-  
...terated. Years roll on in vain, no time can wipe away the  
...emembrance of how I passed that conscious, sightless

~~SECRET~~ F T S

[illegible]

ate no farther; and this memorial shall perish with  
 ..”

[*Here there was a break in the manuscript.*]

“ I again take up my pen. The monk, I expected, th been with me. Under the seal of confession, I have lged in him, as tremendous a secret, as penitent ever nfided to holy church :— he hath prevailed upon me, write on ; and hath pledged to me His salvation, that, , long as Martinuzzi sees the light, the secret of this anuscript shall never be divulged ; nor after, to the etriment of the Lady Czerina, and unless the very extence of my native country depend upon its publica-on. Such a contingency can, hardly, lurk in the womb f time. I *will* write on. The ministering offices of the oly man have subdued, while they soothed, my violent nature ;— there he sits, waiting for me to complete my allotted task, and consummate, at once, the token of my repentance, and the evidence of my crimes. His face is draped in his cowl ; his hands are clasped, as in prayer. Was that his sigh ? ’Twas like the moan of a breaking heart. His voice had a strange fascination over me ;—that man must be good. I never, before, felt my nature so awed, and softened, by any human being, save by *him*. ’Tis well, at this fearful hour— was that a sigh, or a sob ? So,— that being shall have his way. Reason and love, both advise me to be silent : but fate will wrench the secret from my heart,—albeit in agony. Yes ; I must write on.

“ It was about the time, that Isabella promised an heir to King John, that the princess discovered herself to be enceinte. This event naturally proved the source of intolerable anxiety to Beatrice, whose mind, as I before observed, never recovered its original tone. That obligation to secrecy, she was under, and the difficulty, which her present condition made such concealment be attended with, terrified and overwhelmed her. How was she to hide her situation from all observers ? What



lated, now glared with an expression, too mighty for concealment. She peered into my face an instant, without speaking. I was struck, I believe, with visible terror, and with difficulty inquired after her grace.

“ ‘The queen is delivered,’ replied Unna, in a voice of hollow potency.

“ ‘And her child?’ I would have said, but the sounds faltered on my lips, for the gipsy produced the infant, looked at it for a second, then turned her gaze on the unconscious innocent, I hushed on my lap, and finally fixed her eyes on mine, with a significance that, were I to live for ages, would never be obliterated from my memory. It did not require my long acquaintance with the symbolical language of the human countenance, my deep insight into the hidden thoughts of others, to read the terrible meaning of that glance;—her purpose was there written, in characters of fire; respecting her motive I pretend not, even yet, to form the remotest conception. I turned away my encountering gaze, like one scorched to the soul.

“ ‘Alicia Swartz,’ said the gipsy, after a minute’s mutual and portentous silence, ‘you would not, I am persuaded, suffer the offspring of George Martinuzzi, to pine throughout the pilgrimage of an obscure and unhonoured life, when it rests with you, that she should rank the foremost in the land.’

“ ‘What do you mean?’ I said, though I apprehended her too well.

“ ‘This male infant is the queen’s,’ returned Unna, who is yet unconscious of his birth; every attendant is, for the instant, occupied about her grace’s person. Then take the boy, and give me the child of Martinuzzi, to make a queen of.’

“She presented me the infant to exchange, I drew back with a mute gesture of dissent.

“ ‘You will not!’ presently exclaimed Unna. ‘I warn

1. The first of these is the fact that the  
2. The second is the fact that the  
3. The third is the fact that the

[illegible]

姓名: \_\_\_\_\_ 学号: \_\_\_\_\_  
 班级: \_\_\_\_\_ 日期: \_\_\_\_\_

**MILWAUKEE**

1. 凡在本行開辦之各項業務，均應遵守本行所定之規章制度，並應隨時注意本行所定之業務範圍，不得有越權行為。

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them.

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characters closely. I could not be mistaken —  
his writing. I tore the paper to bits. 'Do  
didding!' I suddenly exclaimed, with bitter-  
same time making the fatal interchange of  
Hardly had I received within my arms  
John of Zapola, ere Unna quitted the cham-  
ber, the anguish of those tears, wrung from the  
reluctant conviction of the unworthiness of  
Not if an angel had descended from heaven  
would I, a minute before, have credited such  
Martinuzzi, and now, I had his own hand-  
test the reality of his guilt. But his least  
me law — it was past — it was too late to be  
to be remedied. I had consummated for him  
he had dared to conceive. I, who, next to my  
George, hugged to my heart the warmest,  
feelings of loyalty and patriotism, became, by  
act, a traitor to my country and my king. It  
until I recovered from the first paroxysm of my  
Martinuzzi's crime, and at that, into which I had  
self surprised, that I recollected that my bro-  
er would know, that the royal boy I then held,  
t be the same babe that he beheld, only the hour  
sleeping on my lap. The distinction of sex must  
y disclose our conspiracy; the thought was tor-  
I needed it not, Heaven knows, to add to my  
lness; but what was to be done? I sent, in all  
r Unna to come to me; it was some time before  
I be spared from the sick chamber. In the inte-  
brother had stolen, unannounced, into my room.  
my eyes, and beheld him gazing, with astonished  
ast visage, on me and the little changeling by

By what intuition I know not, but a single  
ppeared to give him a knowledge of the trans-  
that had been effected. He charged me with the  
was ever a bad hypocrite; my agitated voice  
arrassed manner effectually betrayed me. Luke

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely due to poor scan quality or intentional redaction.]



in acquitting himself of this message, a vague and  
d suspicion of something wrong arose in my mind.  
ed him with a steadfast eye.—‘What,’ I de-  
‘are you about to do with the babe?’  
made answer ‘That he was commissioned by the  
to convey the child to the care and keeping of a  
friend of his, residing in Transylvania.’

I misdoubted some deception; I scarcely knew  
e; but I did doubt. ‘Are you telling me the  
uke?’ I solemnly asked. He vehemently pro-  
at what he had affirmed, was the fact. I had  
nce or authority to question him further. With  
ing heart, I consigned over to him the son of  
Zapola and Isabella,...as goodly an infant as  
to be seen. He was marked on his left shoulder  
: stain and impression of a mulberry. I never  
more. An hour or two afterwards, Unna inter-  
y solitary meditations.

‘I shall leave Buda to-morrow,’ said she.

‘How soon?’ I replied, in some surprise.

‘Soon!’ she exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, ‘the  
f my coming is accomplished.’

believe Unna gathered my wonder from my eyes;  
added, after a moment’s hesitation, ‘The child of  
zzi shall sit upon the throne of St. Stephen,—and  
king of Hungary, who, since Ladislas, hath dared  
to ratify the passport of the Bishop of Fünfkir-  
Thomas Polgar and his descendants, shall rue,  
lood of his child, the vengeance of a Cygani.’

‘The blood of his child!’ I repeated, gathering my  
reath, in an agony of undissembled horror.

‘Even so, girl,’ returned Unna. ‘Think you that Mar-  
turns traitor by halves? Learn that Luke Swartz,  
rder, will put that boy to death, ere yonder pale  
: shall have this night reached her meridian.’

‘The words I would have framed, came from my lips  
nperfect murmur, and I tottered to a chair, and

1. I am not a Jew, but I am a man.

[illegible]

... I never recovered the  
... the havock, which the idea  
... with my constitution ; it  
... which my convic  
... At this distance  
... is as fresh  
... from the bect

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

ason, consequent on that event. It is not long  
 rtinuzzi had her conveyed from my care, to the  
 ' Hermanstadt. And I, Gracious God ! I was  
 d, . . . left an outcast among a strange and uncouth  
 erish. All but that, I could have borne — and  
 , is not without its solace. That I should be  
 from Martinuzzi, ere I died, is, indeed, an un-  
 r evil ; but it is the last — it forms a fit period  
 eamy and unsubstantial life, that the playmate  
 'ancy, and the instructor of my childhood, and  
 unconscious murderer of my maturer peace,  
 ave me, unfriended and alone, to glut the ra-  
 aw of insensate death, with the no infrequent,  
 unheeded, offering of a broken heart.

ALICIA." •

---

, and lost in thought, rose the royal lady—the  
 us manuscript dropped from her hands uncon-

Every syllable of the *celibataire's* confession  
 a gone through, without her having moved a  
 stirred from the settee, where she had hurriedly  
 elf, on first entering the room.

al, that any language, within our humble reach,  
 k under the endeavour, to convey to the reader  
 s state of mind, and the agitation of her various

Her mental vision, like the corporeal vision of  
 ard, staggered to and fro, under the confused  
 xicating sense of what she had just learned.  
 mphant malice, with which she recurred, in  
 to the heaped-up measure of her " wrongs un-  
 l, and insults unavenged," † and contemplated,  
 perspective, that dire retribution which, her mind  
 ; been predictive, would one day be hers, defies  
 ble skill of the writer of this tale to depict, with

e death of Alicia was related in the Eighth Manuscript.  
 rdsworth.

The following table shows the results of the survey conducted in the year 1998. The data is presented in a tabular format, with columns representing different categories and rows representing specific data points. The table is organized into two main sections: 'General Information' and 'Detailed Data'. The 'General Information' section includes details about the survey itself, while the 'Detailed Data' section provides a breakdown of the results by various factors.

| Category            | Sub-category    | Value                          |     |
|---------------------|-----------------|--------------------------------|-----|
| General Information | Survey Title    | Annual Survey of the Year 1998 |     |
|                     | Survey Date     | 1998-01-01 to 1998-12-31       |     |
|                     | Survey Location | United States                  |     |
|                     | Survey Method   | Online Survey                  |     |
| Detailed Data       | Age Group       | 18-24                          | 15% |
|                     | Age Group       | 25-34                          | 25% |
|                     | Age Group       | 35-44                          | 30% |
|                     | Age Group       | 45-54                          | 20% |
|                     | Age Group       | 55-64                          | 10% |
|                     | Gender          | Male                           | 55% |
|                     | Gender          | Female                         | 45% |
|                     | Education Level | High School                    | 10% |
|                     | Education Level | College                        | 40% |
|                     | Education Level | Postgraduate                   | 50% |
|                     | Income Level    | Low                            | 15% |
|                     | Income Level    | High                           | 85% |

The survey results indicate that the majority of respondents are in the 25-34 age group, with a higher percentage of females than males. The majority of respondents have a college or postgraduate education level, and a high income level. The survey was conducted online, and the results are presented in a tabular format.

as she found the relief, the liberation of her pent-up antipathy to Czerina,—feelings “subdued and cheil long,” and now set afloat in full tide, by the very of the close relations, subsisting between Marzi and our heroine;—no—her exultancy arose the un hoped-for, and exquisite refinement of that age, she had so long suspired, and which such a display enabled her to take, upon her perjured lover. Commission the hand of Antoine Ferraro to murder, the usurper of her son’s dignities, the father of that girl, for whose sake he had proved false to her!—a retribution so complete, so accurately apportioned nature of his crime, that even Isabella, wounded had been in every point, where her soul most lived the nerve, found the joyous anticipation outweighed what she had been made to endure. She felt, that she had been again, and that the Egyptian darkness, which long covered her with its pall, had sunk away into the void, no bigger than a man’s hand.” How did she congratulate herself, on that anxious and prophetic vision, which had prompted her to re-assume the habiliments of Ferraro on the second night, as, on the previous night she had apparelled herself in them, from his absolute folly, in his inebriate condition, to wait upon Piadena. In any other chance, could she have forestalled that invasion, which, if indeed, as was otherwise inevitable, reached the ears of Ferraro, must have for ever frustrated her bloody ends. But she knew, that affairs would not long continue in the state they were, and she ended, that it behoved her, to assure the success of her practices, by precipitating them. Perenzy had signified his intention of waiting personally upon her on the following day, to communicate those important circumstances which, happily, her good genius had already foretold her of. After their interview, he would induce his son, whose discovery of the parentage of Czerina could not be much longer prevented. It only

EXTRACTS OF EDELY.

"I will take her measures, that the  
... This seemed no feasible  
... turns in the chamber;  
... around.

"... the terror whisper his  
... her chamber! So  
... priest to  
... the time  
... heart."

## MANUSCRIPT XXXI.

ἀντί δὲ πληγῆς φονίας φονίαν  
πληγὴν τινίτω. ΧΟΠΦΟΡΟΙ.

the night, or rather morning, for midnight had  
passed, Isabella sought the ante-chamber, which  
was destined to Ferraro's imperturbable repose.  
Indeed, and deep and lasting, beyond natural  
rest, the captive's sleep, in consequence of the  
effect of the potion, which he had so inconsiderately

The sun rose, and was past his meridian, ere  
his vigour began to wear off. The queen took care to  
attend, and, after some brief and troubled discourse,  
found satisfaction to see him sink once more, under  
the influence of the medicated draught. The sound of  
turning in the lock of his room-door, roused him  
from this lethargic and unnatural slumber. Isa-  
bella, in his detention, being fully attained, she  
rested his couch with some slight refreshment; and,  
acknowledging the stratagem of her having drug-  
ged him, or explaining any part of her subsequent  
actions, she proceeded to whet his irresolute pur-  
suit against the life of Martinuzzi, by every subtle  
argument, which the malevolence of her wit could sug-  
gest. In the end, she engaged Ferraro to discuss with  
her necessary preliminaries, in the course of the fol-

her departure, tacitly restored  
 by omitting to shut the room;  
 deposited his garments by the  
 of the wardrobe for wear; without which  
 he could scarcely, in decency,  
 the opportunity of retreat.  
 on her own couch, but not to  
 with wild and swell-  
 the incredible intelligence  
 the awarded vengeance she  
 morrow. With the  
 of the east, she  
 by war-  
 and the thunder of  
 The whole city  
 It was whispered  
 certain Wall-  
 on the capital  
 neighbouring  
 with-  
 by the  
 two  
 were re-  
 car was  
 reports.  
 the rebel re-  
 Marti-  
 his  
 to the  
 of the  
 a few miles  
 the  
 the  
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 the



the preceding night, the regent had issued from , at the head of certain of his choicest troops, ting a flank movement upon the Wallachian camp, after had been taken by surprise; and, after a sanguinary, but vain resistance, had suffered a signal defeat. The inspiring spirit of the prelate, in thus sallying forth, was every one with admiration. Recalling his former achievements, they readily credited this last achievement, the success of which was presently confirmed by a long roll of drums, announcing the warlike cardinal's triumphal march, with only a small escort, through the barrier of the city. His army had camped some miles from the city, but he was followed by his wounded veterans, accompanied by the trophies of his victory, which included of the enemy's baggage, ammunition, and several standards, intermixed with vast numbers of prisoners, including the Richter Iwan himself, and many of his principal captains.

Meanwhile, we return to Isabella, who started from her quiet bed, and, pale with anxious passions, hurried herself at early dawn, and went forth from the chamber, to be greeted with some of the wild rumours, which she glanced at above. Musing, she traced back her own steps, when, all of a sudden, the thought crossed her mind that Ferraro was not likely to sleep through the din and roar, which had roused the rest of the palace, and that her projects might yet be thwarted, by a chance-encounter between him and Pereny, occurring before the noble deed was done. Indeed, had any such accident intervened, it must have materially altered the catastrophe of our narrative. Isabella quickened her pace, and hastily passed into the apartment, which had been converted into the prison of Ferraro. The chamber was vacant! She felt troubled, and at a loss how to proceed.

Ferraro had fled. She was tolerably confident, and did not fail the appointment he had made with her; but in the interval, what was not in the range of possi-

- 22 -

[illegible]

Deep blue of Czerina's eyes was begemmed with tears, as, throwing her arms about Isabella's neck, she returned, in mild and piteous accents, "You are well; alas! you would not say so else."

“Off thy fangs!” screamed Isabella. — “I would adder crawled about me! — I would as lief, ens! a viper kissed me! Thou art my abhor-  
— pah!” and, saying these words, she roughly and herself from the encircling arm of Czerina. And fixedly, she then gazed, or rather scowled, on f she would, that the fabled power of the basilisk her breath, and in her glance.

what has chanced ? what have I ignorantly done ?" inquired the poor petrified girl ; — " kill me," she proceeded, " but repulse me not so coldly, thus at me ; — kill me, rather !"

"yet," returned the queen, significantly. There  
cause. "Who departed hence, ere I came hi-  
she abruptly demanded, in a fierce and peremp-  
e.

eed, no soul," replied Czerina.

"I lie, minion!" exclaimed Isabella. "Why dost thou then? 'Tis guilt — 'tis consciousness — 'tis — conster thee; so, he went not forth, you say?"

!" repeated Czerina; "in mercy, whom!"

! does it start you?—no matter; well, poor you shall be his bride—*some time to-morrow.*"

? whose? — Oh, unkind !”

"whose! — I see thou triflest with me; — 'twere play with lightning. Take heed, white fool! if thee in an inward laugh, by my eternal wrongs! thee straight, and throw away my hopes upon try vengeance, so I may be sure thou'rt dead. — evil hast thou?"

, why are you so angry?" sobbed Czerina, the  
bing insensibly from her eyes. Her figure had

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes the use of surveys, interviews, and statistical software to ensure that the information gathered is reliable and valid.

3. The third part focuses on the ethical considerations surrounding data collection and analysis. It stresses the need for informed consent, confidentiality, and the responsible use of data to avoid any potential harm or misuse.

4. The fourth part describes the process of interpreting the results of the data analysis. This involves identifying patterns, trends, and anomalies, and then drawing meaningful conclusions based on the evidence.

5. The fifth part discusses the importance of communicating the findings of the research to the relevant stakeholders. This includes preparing clear and concise reports, presentations, and other forms of communication that effectively convey the key messages.

6. The sixth part addresses the challenges and limitations of the research process. It acknowledges that there are often obstacles to be overcome, such as limited resources, time constraints, and potential biases, and provides strategies to mitigate these issues.

7. The seventh part concludes the document by summarizing the key points and emphasizing the overall importance of a systematic and ethical approach to research. It encourages ongoing learning and improvement in the field.

"ye ye," and Isabella's voice suddenly fal-  
 laved ye not passed delicious times together,  
 sleeping — no, tossing through whole, endless  
 an, awake on my lone couch? — yet what's  
 I know, though; — but that was heretofore —  
 of it. Hath he not lain at thy feet, within  
 and she sent forth a glance, from her dark  
 penetrate the depths of the damsel's heart, —  
 and kissed thy lip? and took his oath upon  
 is? — 'twas wondrous sweet; ay, pining ana-  
 thou art! he knows the way, — he can pro-  
 as high as heaven, — as deep as hell, at will.  
 It been here, that — that — I want a name  
 to brand him; — you know the man I mean."  
 " — upon my soul, no!"

— strangle that wicked lie upon thy lip, for fear  
 see, or I kill you. He left the chamber just  
 ought you; — he did," she added, and the veins  
 on her temples as she raised her voice to its  
 loudest tones, "you know he did."  
 are swear he did not," meekly replied Czerina;  
 told many hours, and this, the last, here, all

"ha! why didst thou tremble, then, upon my  
 ? — Whom didst thou look to see?"

"lord cardinal," said Czerina, with bloodless lip.  
 so? 'tis not noon yet; — though, would it were;  
 — so, the lord cardinal — what's he?"  
 thought the sound was Martinuzzi's, and I shook  
 do, — 'tis fear; but thou art my mother,  
 ..

"art my fiend!" interrupted Isabella, with a  
 gesture of disgust. "Pah! I am grown deadly  
 row wide your casement, girl, — give me some  
 have a fever on me, and would sit awhile, in the  
 of day-break."

opened the casement, as she was directed.

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at. "For pity's sake, forbear me now,"  
 raining her tears through the agonist veil  
 — "I'm weak, and faint, and wretched."  
 She passed, while the convulsive shud-  
 der through her frame evidenced the  
 emotions. "I pray you," with difficulty  
 "leave me quite alone awhile — I pray

the poor girl's request, or the suffering  
 which it was preferred, the queen pro-  
 duce touched, saying, — Yes, the woman  
 treason,—darned!—breast in the walls  
 or, what's the same, in hell."  
 That fatal dream of her childhood, we some-  
 the outset of our story, any manner in  
 the sensitive nerves of the sleeping Cather-  
 uzzi. She herself felt her heart under-  
 from the night in question, ought probably  
 her extreme physical debility, and gradual  
 of strength and spirits. Her mind seems to  
 originally woven of so fine a texture, as to be  
 able to take its colouring, from any external  
 like unto that, which now shaded, or rather  
 its delicate fabric. Indeed, the very scene  
 mined, in relation to the memorable moment, we  
 deepened its mysterious horrors, in the w. of the  
 mine's heart, till they permanently worked into  
 the substance of her character. Of late, as,  
 eeding day, it became more evident to others,  
 ame (like the opening bud fading beneath the  
 rm) was fast wasting into a premature grave,  
 nce had there been any allusion to that la-  
 circumstance: when, therefore, after such an  
 le scene, as had just oppressed her spirits, the  
 verted, with abrupt harshness, to her terrible  
 e, she exceeded the further endurance of the  
 ture of her victim. Czerina's lips unclosed;

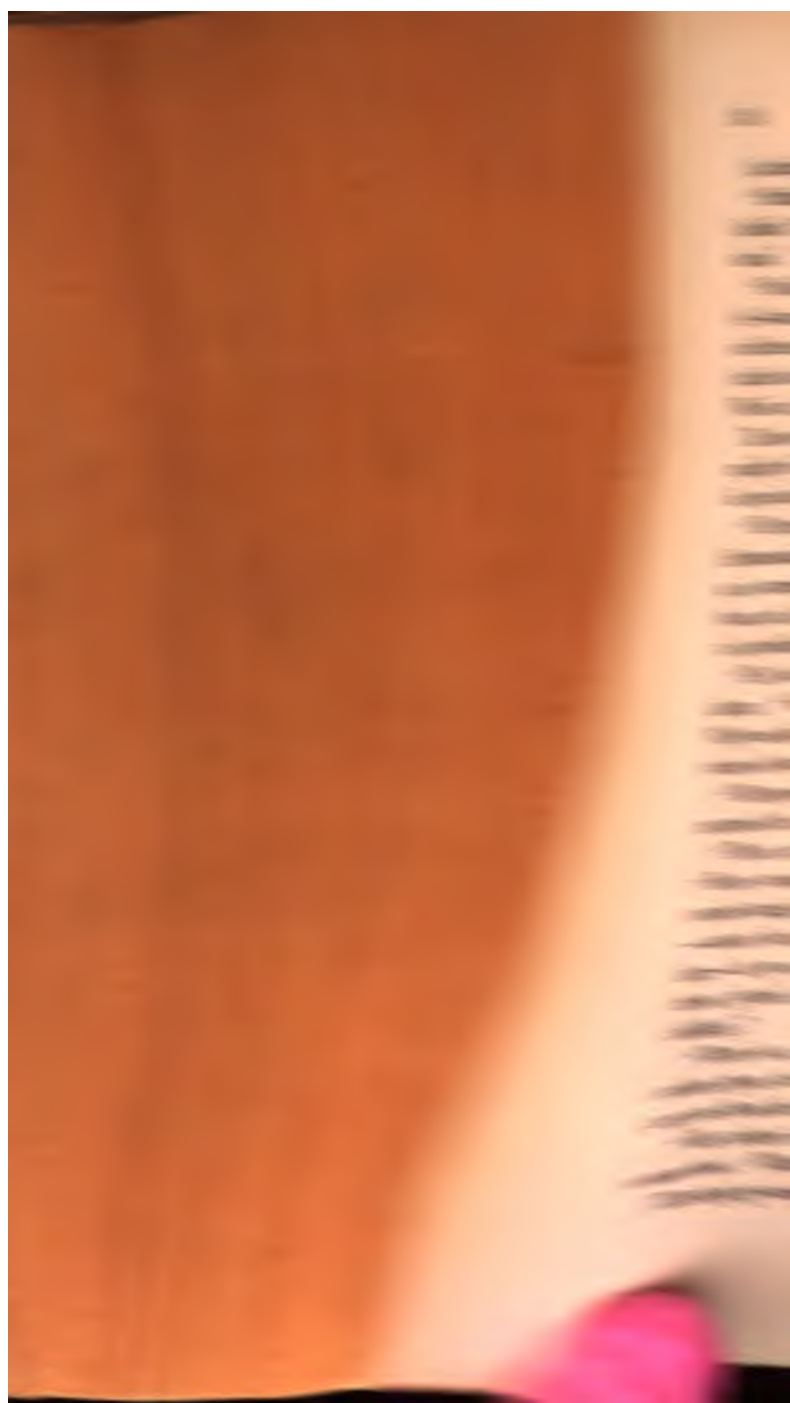
the Richter Iwan would shortly dispossess Marti-  
 of his usurped authority; and the march of the  
 army upon Hermanstadt, tended to throw light  
 a passage in an epistle, she had received from Sul-  
 plyman, a few days subsequent to the battle of Co-  
 r, wherein he stated, that certain articles of a treaty,  
 d lately entered into with the Richter Iwan, would  
 acitate him from fulfilling the engagement, stipulated  
 een her highness and Abu Obeida, which, combined  
 circumstances, not uninteresting to her highness, at  
 time transacting, compelled him, with whatever re-  
 , to decline, for the present, the honour of a matri-  
 rial alliance with the Lady Czerina. This, and other  
 ters of import, passed, like intermingled waves, over  
 troubled sea of Isabella's mind, and her suspense re-  
 cting the cause of Ferraro's prolonged absence, was now  
 idly becoming intolerable. Every moment, she looked  
 the coming of the Graf Pereny, and she dreaded his  
 countering his son, ere the important blow, which was  
 rid Transylvania of the incubus, which sat upon her  
 ace, was struck. Besides, the hour was near, at which  
 Martinuzzi had appointed to visit his daughter; he might  
 appen, not to stay in Czerina's chamber, more than a few  
 minutes; so that, unless the sacrificial priest were speedy,  
 he victim, she had devoted to the infernal deities,  
 might yet escape his doom. She gnashed her teeth in  
 mpotent malice, at the thought.

"Are the injuries, I have been compelled to endure at  
 the hands of that man, indeed, unavengable?" she mur-  
 mured. At that moment, she heard one of her confi-  
 dential attendants enter the outer chamber; she stepped  
 into the room, and, with a look of inquiry, asked those  
 particulars, with which her messenger was charged.

"The regent is not to be met with in Hermanstadt --  
 men say, your highness, he has fled."

"What's that you croak about?" exclaimed the queen,  
 impetuously. "Escaped me!"





seemed to rise up to the heavens, irregular discharges of artillery, from the walls of the city. The reader will perceive, that the considerations, which swelled most other men's minds at Mannheim, with exulting confidence, were, to the French, a source of anxiety and terror. The firing lasted a few minutes, and, as it ceased, another party entered the room.

"It is now making his triumphal entrance, the barrier," he exclaimed; "he returns attended by a cavalcade of knights. We have gained the day. The Moldavians have been cut to pieces—the conqueror."

"The room," said Isabella, and she withdrew from her presence.

"She cried, in a deep, low, hollow voice, she was left alone; "the Fates have conspired against me, and bloody tyranny and usurpation,—and I can no longer struggle longer. Yet, 'tis likely, he'll come with her, as he promised, if only to boast his victory over my son. Already the grim and ghastly specter of death peals in the zenith. Where lags Ferraro? His noisy acclamations madden me—fools! abject, cowardly dastards! Know ye not, the tyrant bears your king in chains? The leprosy that waits on him will stick to ye ever! So, now, 'tis clear one must choose whether Iwan, or Martinuzzi, stands on the dais at the passage of this hour. Oh! come, Ferraro! Not a minute, which first beheld our joys, wert thou so welcome to my longing soul, as now thou art. Speed to thy assignation, though Cupid hath quivered with cold death. Come! I burn, importune for thy sight. Where art thou?—Antoine Ferraro?"

"!" shouted the voice of him she called upon; a maniac visage, dishevelled hair, and apparel disordered, Antoine Ferraro rushed, wildly, into her

presence. He had been abroad since dawn, and had witnessed the triumphal pageant of Martinuzzi, file in through the city gates. He had joined, through very sympathy, in the piercing acclamations which rent the air, as the conquering prelate, preceded by a slender vanguard of spearmen, moved along to the melodious thunders of martial music. He was on horseback, and in acknowledging the shouts of the people, with graceful obeisance on every side, once, for a brief instant, as he was making his way through the press, the Austrian secretary felt the regent's look settle upon his Spanish hat. Ferraro well knew, *that he was noticed*, but no light of recognition was suffered to beam in that deep blue eye. The warlike gowmsman rode on: the glittering tide of cavalry, which followed, rushed tumultuously towards the gates of the citadel, which received the living torrent; the guns were silenced: the glorious cortege, with their blazoned banners and pennons, flaring against the sun, disappeared; the assembled crowds swept forwards; the rejoicing shouts and all the clashing clangour of warlike minstrelsy, died away; and the clouds of smoke and dust, set not a mark in the horizon, and still Ferraro continued to the spot. It was some time ere he turned back, in morose abstraction, sought his apartments. He had barely entered, when he received a written note from the Marquis of Piosdena, forthwith to peruse the act of cession, to which he was pledged, if he would not have his lovely guerison assigned over to a more adventurous, if not more devoted lover. The act was startling, but no less so was that of the position, in so lowering his noble nature so low, as to become a assassin. But reckless and insensate, he issued forth, to traverse the city, without any object, with a barren and unvaried look. At length, about mid-day, by an accidental glance of the eye, he found himself, at the moment of his return, freest of what he did, he entered.

into the anti-chamber of the queen, in the  
upper, we have already described.

"Is this, Ferraro?" began Isabella, in a gentle  
voice, which might have chanced, since we conferred to-  
gether,—your looks are wild."

"But suit my thoughts, which are literal hell,"  
said Ferraro. "Your evil words, last night,—the  
visions, you left behind with me, rack me to tor-  
ment from heaves against a dreadful curse, dead-  
nightshade."

"But a man," said Isabella;—she approached  
him, and took hold of his hand.

"But," proceeded Ferraro, "in what convulsive  
agony my breath? My heart is sick, I tell you. My  
head round; this hour seems sable midnight to my  
sight; in my ears perpetual noises hiss, like to the  
tumultuous clamour of the damned, over their orgies.  
I am subject to a spell. What witchcraft is't?—

"But, come, Antoine," said Isabella, in soothing  
tones, "be more temperate."

"Can I," cried Ferraro, wildly, "when there  
are se torches round my brain, lighting me onwards,  
to the dizzy brink of some tremendous precipice?—to  
I am hastening to destruction, and yet have no  
power to turn aside! And must my moth-like soul  
be smothered by the blinding sun-beams thou hast gathered, to  
be reduced into cinders? I am sure thou art more pitiful;  
some different task,—is there not one for me,  
"

He stood, and stood erect, but tottering; his hands  
trembled, his eyes blood-shot and wandering, his  
face deadly pale, save one single and burning  
rimson, that tinged his cheek. Isabella looked  
on deadfastly, but remained silent.

"Nay," added Ferraro, after a pause; "I see,  
but I insist that I do this murder."

"No, I faith," replied Isabella; "because the term is a lie; the positive times are wiser in their ends,—they ask for blood,—his blood, whose sceptre makes their shame,—his, who aspires to have his life their history. Call not that act, which is the angel of God's wrath, a murder. Methinks those sounds, which woke all Hermandstadt from their deep sleep, this morn, might prompt a man like thee, whose bosom swells, or should, with the blood of Pereny, what befits him, when his country lies prostrate at the foot of usurpation. Methinks, my indignation, were I thee, and not as dull as the very floor you tread on, could ill brook this day's disgrace, and feel myself unhonoured in the land of my sires; and her I loved transferred over, by the crowned tyranny of one, born in Croatia, into the arms of my rival. If I would not sink into the centre of the globe, to hide my shame, were I that dastard!"

Ferraro, on whose jarred and perturbed feelings, the appeal of Isabella made small impression, stood mute and immovable.

"Why dost bend thy gaze on the blind earth? Hath deafness smitten thee?" presently demanded Isabella, with some heat; "or is it —," the discourse was here interrupted, by the sound of some one entering into an adjoining room. Breaking off in the midst, she passed behind the tapestry, and carefully closing the door, descended to the apartment, which communicated with her boudoir, by means of a small detached staircase. She was informed, that a noble cavalier, who gave himself out for the graf, Peter Pereny, was at the palace gates,—he had come, he said, to request a private interview with her highness."

"And he shall have it," said the queen, "that is presently. Usher the noble graf into the reception room." The man was on the point of withdrawing, when Isabella added; "Stay,—a word. There have been no presents to the palace, from the lord regent, since his proud en-

"Hermanstadt? ha! none sir? To his—his,—  
ay, to the Lady Czerina?"

"Yes, madam, to my knowledge," was the reply.

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes, gracious queen?"

"Yes, the lord regent, man."

"Thank your highness. But as I stood at the gates, not  
long since, I was frighted to behold his eminence's  
coach, some few paces off, slowly approach the palace."  
"Indeed?—hem!—Well, see to the noble Count  
"

Isabella, who, on a memorable occasion, had extracted  
the lips of her inebriate paramour, the fact of the  
Scipio and Father Dominick, being one and the  
individual; and who since was apprised that the  
man was no other than the Graf Pereny, almost in-  
stantly surmised the truth,—he, who approached in the  
habit of the confessor, could not be Pereny, because Pe-  
reny was at her door. Who then could he be? Isabella  
hesitated, he could be no other than Martinuzzi himself.  
"No," she muttered to herself, when the man had left the  
room, "He comes forth, robed in serge, to show his  
modesty and power within these walls, and wists not of the  
sombre melancholy chamber,—the shadowy court he'll  
reach, when he goes hence." She returned into the inner  
room.

Ferraro was standing in the same spot, where she  
had left him, when she quitted. He had not moved a  
finger,—and that noble form, now wrecked and defaced  
by mental tortures, remained in a fixed and absorbed at-  
titude; his mind was wandering, for relief, under the pres-  
sure of exquisite suffering, in those visions, which only  
deepened and refined his sense of woe. It was the  
breathless hour of noon. All around was still, like the  
stillness of dreadful preparation. Isabella walked up to  
Ferraro,—he neither noted her absence or approach.  
She laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

Ferraro followed her. "Come, let me hear the cause," he said. "It is of death, and ——" The queen turned suddenly on her former lover, and was on the point of breaking in with some bitter observation, when the words, which she would have spoken, were arrested on her lips, as a sudden, loud, sharp, soul-harrowing cry, repeated in a moment after, in the faint, choked, convulsive, utterance of a man, rung with piercing emphasis, through all the palace. The articulate word, "*murder!*" so awfully repeated, from every projection of the building, seemed frightfully applicable to the dreadful matter, Isabella and Ferraro were discussing.—Thrillingly sunk the shrill sound upon the hearts of both. They looked at one another.—Ferraro shook.

"*Who's that calls murder?*" he asked, in a faltering and hollow voice.

Isabella made no direct reply. She pressed her hand upon her forehead. "How my brain whirls!" she said, in low and quivering accents; "Antoine is right; '*twas murder!*' but why it should be, masters my reason. Do we dream, waking? It were too great a thing else!" She broke off, and retired to the casement absorbed in thought. She threw it open. Her ears caught the loud cheers, with which the giddy populace were hailing the military in the court-yard of the citadel. Sick at the maddening contrast with her own excited feelings, she closed it again. "Can such things be?" she murmured; "yea," she continued, in a slow and solemn voice; "and were I now brain-sick, like to yon pale lord, and not a queen, at soul, as in my title; if I were lightly tempered, and my nerved heart, even like the iron bow of destiny, might not be strung to the utmost, did my intents partake, but in the fraction of a grain, of my sex's nature, they might have touched me. But as I am!—yet it is wonderful!"

"Was the voice human, think you?" breathed, rather



dy at last!—I catch the whole!” And, indeed, by an instantaneous ray of inspiration, the truth flung upon her mind. She paused,—again looked those eyes, her tongue refused to articulate, and then implicitly demanded, under her breath, whether the graf had fled?

“Alas! too surely,” commenced the officer; “and here,”—here, as if averse to relate, what must be offensive to the sensibility of her sex, he stopped.

“ought further, sir?” said the queen, with increasing emotion; “do I ask in vain? What’s this?—*He is dead*, say. Aught else?”

“Madam, he has been stabbed to death,” answered the officer. Isabella gasped.

“Was I inspired! How?—Stabbed! and where?—possibly——, pray you, stand off.” Thus saying, without waiting for an answer, she turned away, crying: “If I don’t give my heart vent, I shall die. I have done it yesterday, there had been some sense in me yet ’twas bold. George! George!” she presently

smiled with a smile, whose bitter ironical expression was in her description; “and was he unto thee, as some god, reminded of by the sidereal heavens? Methinks, no, the miscreated hell had hit it nearer!” Again Isabella approached the officer; “I asked,” she said, saying the words so thick upon each other, that her ears could hardly catch their sense: “Where was he dead?—Not in my palace, sir?—And for him that dealt low?—Is he known?—Secured?—Have you laid hands on him?”

“Madam,” returned the officer, “he has fled.”

“Fled! impossible,—where was this? It is not a lie since the graf asked to see us! Good God! will he not speak?”

“It was the officer of the guard, madam, who first detected the corpse.”

“Wait that man hither, sir; and hark ye, bid the

## CHAPTER OF FIDELITY.

"search for the assassin  
I shall be too mighty for you  
and I shall be too strong for you."

The queen's eyes fell upon  
the man and musing attitude.  
The man appeared to chain  
the queen's eyes gave evidence of

Isabella; "what  
Ferraro so-  
amounted to a

the queen. "Yet  
world, and  
and death

Ferraro.  
here is my  
the guard.  
"Proceed!"

began  
you know  
road!

the man  
the man  
the man

round the graf, beside the portals of the palace, lying in his blood, and in convulsions. His left hand grasped the balustrade, as if, with desperate strength, he had caught at it, to save himself, in the falling. A near examination discovered two deep wounds;—the last had made a passage to the heart. The mark which had struck the blow, had not been within reach: the graf's sword was not unscathed. On being introduced into the vestibule, he expired almost directly. The commander first beheld him, no soul but one, save such of the household as the horrid cry had instantly attracted to the spot. "It *one!*—what one?—who? *Have ye that one in*" demanded the queen, with startling rapidity of voice.

There was a pause, which the officer appeared extremely unwilling to break. Isabella regarded him intently, for a few seconds; and then, rushing past him, descended the palace stairs like lightning. The next moment, she made one of a group of awe-struck individuals who were assembled around the corpse, in the hall. She instantly demanded, whether any, besides those present, were near, when they first set eyes on Graf Pereny? Not a single reply was rendered by the domestics, who looked on each other, with fallen countenances and blanched lips.

"Nor stir, nor answer me? Ha!—but no, I will be satisfied," said Isabella; and the next moment she repeated the query, with increased vehemence.

Encouraged, probably, by the earnestness of her manner, the by-standers stated, though with some hesitance, and pronouncing the dreaded name with a low whisper, that Father Dominick had been observed, at some paces off, moving along the terrace, in an easterly direction to the scene of slaughter. The queen then added, that it was impossible for the assassin,

## THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF  
HAROLD GODWINSON  
AND  
WILLIAM THE FIRST  
BY  
JOHN G. RICHARDS  
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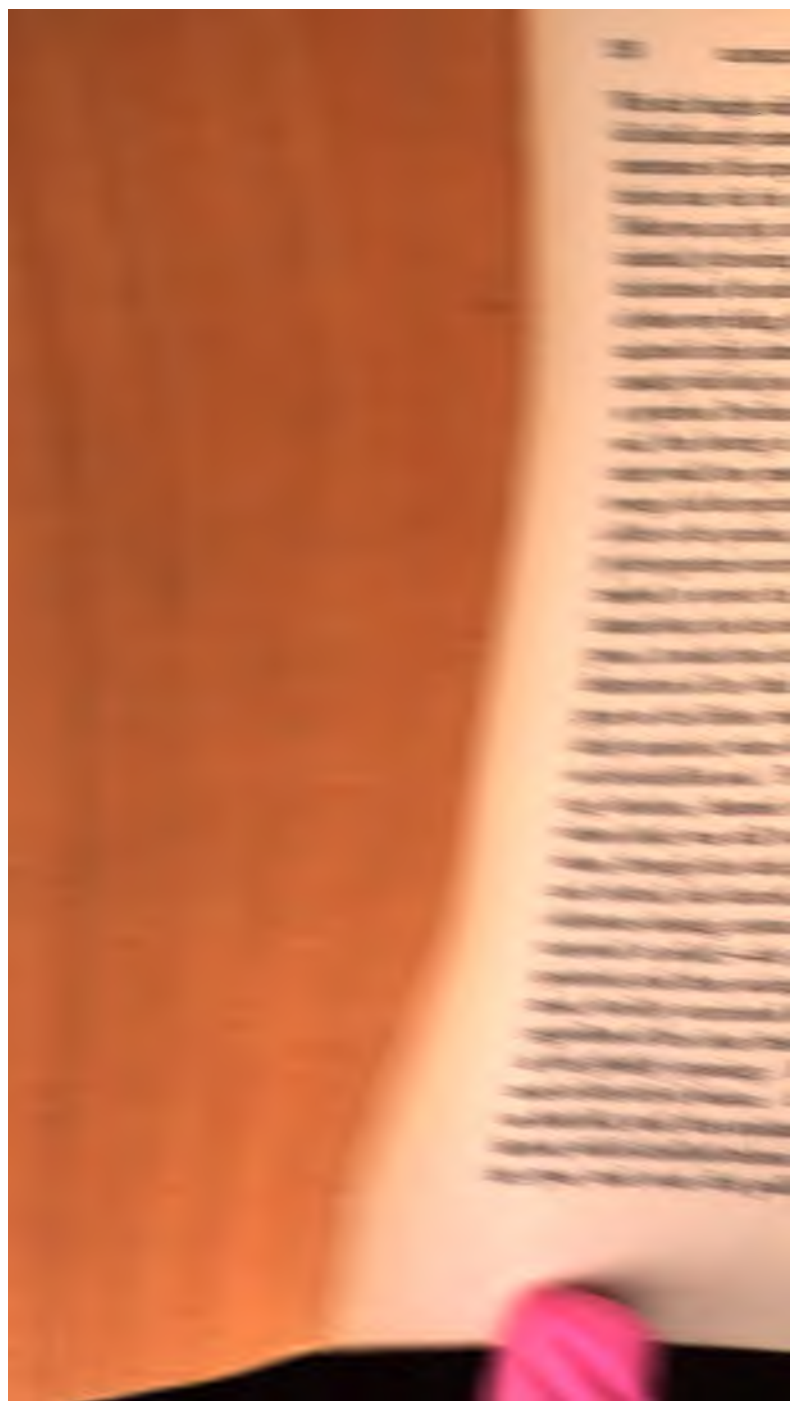
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ained, of the once haughty and celebrated Pereny. The queen bent over the murder in silent thoughtfulness. He was lying upon his back. His arms had fallen listless. His vestments were dabbled with gore, and the ground was flooded with the same. The indeath had not been withdrawn from the face (it was his heart) the deep-red stream continued to bubble forth. What an inscrutable was his! On the very day of his resuming his honours, proper to his lineage, to be thus eternally. And wherefore?—and by whom?—how strange! His death so curiously timed—moment—occasion—manner,—all pointed but to this:—*and that?* “Was he not,” mused the queen on the very point of making to me the communication, he had unwittingly imparted to me the evening night? Would he not have established the truth of his disclosure, by confirmatory particulars, showing the assassin’s steel hath sealed in eternal silence?” That she was already, in a great measure, aware of the well-nigh incredible circumstance, which relation would have unfolded, the murderer, she knew he was, could not guess—*whoever he was!* The revelation, involved charges of damning importunance, in particular. Who, but *he*, in all Transylvania could have an interest to stifle in blood, the death of him, who was about to lay bare, to the world, the John of Zapola, her mighty injuries? Who but *he* could profit by the hushing up the evidence of his guilt? Who, but *he*, was on the spot? The connection between the death of Pereny, and the death of Martinuzzi, under the guise of Father Dominick, in a moment of extreme and engrossing emotion, afforded a circumstantial evidence of the prelate’s duplicity, even had Isabella been more collected, her indignation would not have allowed her to doubt.



ocks the power of language to depict. She preserved a fixed and abstracted attitude, with her closed teeth, audibly drew in her breath, depositing the crimson dripping weapon upon the floor, wholly unmindful of the gouts of gore, upon her hands and linen, with a bent brow, a staring eye, and an appalling smile upon her ghastly, untinted lip, the implacable lady left the room. Ascending the staircase, rejoined Ferraro. In the room, she found him seated on that low stool commemorated in a former manuscript,—his hands within his hands, as they rested on his knees. He was seemingly wrapped up in meditation, his consciousness bordered on stupor.

She stared on him for about a minute, with an eye of scorn—"Thou ashen slave!" she muttered audibly, "Thou struck pale fool! or else,—what have been—how I once looked upon him!" He raised his head—"Madam, may I begone?" If rising from his recumbent position. "Nay not, Antoine," replied the queen, casting her eyes on him; "We will now resume our talk." "Nay!" cried Ferraro, "how can you imagine it? I cannot think;—my soul shakes;—prithce, let me

On these words, he again offered to retire, but she impelled him, with gentle compulsion, to remain near her. "Nay, Pereny, keep your seat—I am here for you."

He made no further effort to depart. "I am sick of the world," he cried, listlessly sinking back on the easy

chair. She turned to him, and fixing on him a glance, full of sternness, took his hand in hers, and while her form glowed before his astonished eyes, she thus, in a solemn and earnest voice, took up the discourse—"I said, but now, it is a bloody world, and you were

APPENDIX B

The first part of the report is a summary of the work done during the year. It is divided into two main sections: a general summary and a summary of the work done in each of the departments. The general summary gives a brief outline of the work done in each of the departments, and the summary of the work done in each of the departments gives a more detailed account of the work done in each of the departments. The second part of the report is a list of the names of the persons who have been employed during the year, and the third part is a list of the names of the persons who have been employed during the year.



The brave man at once makes his election, and to it; whilst the ignoble herd still shift their like the inconstant vane, and prove the pains, by tyranny and of endurance."

"at matters it?" cried Ferraro, with some emotion, "world is a wide prison, and those that find not, themselves the gyves that wear them; but now, 'tis wrong already; again be wise, and let me

"ll, Antoine," exclaimed the queen, at the same time impatiently from her seat, "wert thou en-

by such gyves thou speak'st of, wouldst not them?—Look up, and answer, man.—Wert thou, Antoine, the oppressed, and thy heart cut through killing and unlicensed force—didst thou stand free of one thou lovedst,—the golden promise of thy hopes blasted—wouldst kiss the axe that levelled earth?"

"An appeal urged with such heat, Ferraro hardly had time to reply.

"What thy siren voice would urge me on, I guess," he gently began, "but, madam——"

"Right, wavering man!" interrupted Isabella, her sparkling indignantly, "of what base clay art thou? By Heavens! I doubt, the blood that warms noble heart, would scarce suffice to shape a blush, the cheek of a green girl."

"I am not," said Ferraro, "I purpose to endure that which thou hintest at. But you have forgot, lady, how a father, the first of Hungary's nobles, without concurrence I cannot stir in this. I will consult Pereny shall instruct me how to act."

"Arc Antoine Pereny!" exclaimed the queen, in a tone of supernatural grandeur, at the same time motioning her finger, to enforce attention. "Wouldst refer conduct to your father's counsel, go below—his yet unappeased, will demand of thee a noble ven-

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Speak it at large—Cardinal Martinuzzi?"

*Is there another regent?* If you can doubt my word, son of Pereny, what red name's engraven on the of the instrument, extracted from thy father's corpse, spell the will of Heaven."

Ferraro, in freezing obedience, raised the weapon before the amazed orb.—"**MARTINUZZI!**" he murmured, in half-uttered accents of mingled dismay and horror. There was mutual silence for awhile. It was broken by Isa-

"Is well," she cried, "your funeral tears do turn to blast the sceptred slayer."

"Mark me, madam!" replied Ferraro; and his stern countenance denoted the strength of his resolution,—"*were I once regent, and all tortures tyranny e'er invented set loose upon me for it, he should not sleep an hour. The man, who, in such bloody case, takes no name and title of his ancestors, is bound to ex- atone his sorrow, not by tears, but by avenging his father's death. The son of Pereny*"—and Ferraro's eyes shone as he spoke—"will, by the same blow, that avenges his private injuries, emancipate his country, from the rule of a tyrant!"

In a deep and steady voice, with which these words were delivered, evidenced the determined purpose of his soul, and seemed to evince, that the transports of passion, which had not long before wrought on him, to the brink of madness, were for a time subsided. His feelings were tempered, and, so to speak, solemnized, by the solemnity. The dread bolt, just launched forth against the tyrant, roused him to the encounter. He felt, that he was pledged to the world, that the blood, which flowed in his veins should not be poured forth unrequited, and that the purification of obtaining that "*wild justice,*" which was a durable and justifiable indignation almost un-attainable, strengthened his nerves, and induced a train of ideas and feeling, that was most grateful, when com-

CHAPTER IV

THE first thing I noticed when I awoke was a sense of disorientation. I was lying on my back, my head resting on a soft surface, but I had no idea where I was or what time it was. The room was dimly lit, and the only sound I could hear was the faint hum of a fan in the background.

I tried to sit up, but my head felt heavy, and my limbs were numb. I looked around the room, trying to make sense of my surroundings. There was a bed with a patterned blanket, a small table with a lamp, and a window with a view of a garden. The room felt familiar, yet I had no memory of ever being here before. A knock came from the door, and a woman in a white uniform entered, holding a tray with a glass of water and a small bottle.

"Here you are, Miss," she said, placing the tray on the bedside table. "I hope you're feeling better. The doctor says you need to rest for a few more days. Don't worry about anything else just now. We'll take care of you." She smiled at me, but I couldn't remember her name. I thanked her and watched her leave. The door closed behind her, and I was alone again.

I took a sip of water and felt a little better. The room was quiet, and the light from the window was soft. I closed my eyes and tried to think back, but my mind was blank. I had no idea who I was or what I was doing here. The only thing I knew for sure was that I was in a hospital, and I needed to find out what was going on.

I sat up in bed, looking at the clock on the wall. It was 10:30 in the morning. I had been in the hospital for three days, and I still didn't know what was going on. The doctor had said I was recovering from a severe infection, but I didn't remember anything about the illness. I had no idea how I had ended up in the hospital, and I didn't know who my family was. The only person I could remember was the woman who had brought me the water, but even she was a stranger to me. I felt a sense of isolation and loneliness, and I knew I had to find a way to get out of here. I looked at the door and decided to try and open it. I got out of bed and walked towards the door, but I was stopped by a nurse who was checking on me. She told me that I wasn't supposed to get up yet, and she took me back to bed. I felt frustrated and angry, but I knew I had to be patient. I would wait until I was strong enough to leave, and then I would find out what was going on.

The next day, I was feeling a little better. The nurse had brought me some food, and I had eaten it. I was still confused, but I was starting to feel like I was getting my bearings. I looked at the window and saw a garden with many flowers. I had never seen a garden like that before. I felt a sense of wonder and curiosity, and I knew I had to see it. I asked the nurse if I could go outside, and she said yes. I walked out of the hospital and into the garden. The air was fresh, and the sun was shining. I felt a sense of peace and tranquility, and I knew I was in a good place. I walked around the garden, looking at all the different flowers. I had never seen so many different kinds of flowers before. I felt a sense of joy and happiness, and I knew I was in a good place. I walked back to the hospital, and the nurse told me that I was doing well. I felt a sense of relief and hope, and I knew I was in a good place. I would wait until I was strong enough to leave, and then I would find out what was going on.

ed by the slightest particle of regard; and, urged  
e natural indignation of men, called upon to assist  
e seizing of a murderer, all present entered upon  
ursuit of the mysterious father, with right good

their issuing forth into the gardens, the monk was  
ed moving at a quick rate far down the broad  
e, leading from the palace. The simultaneous com-  
to stop or die, which rent the air, appeared to  
to the object of their hallowed wrath, the first  
tion of their being in quest of him. Ere the echo  
r voices died away, the confessor had turned aside,  
he more open path he before pursued, into an  
e avenue, and was instantly lost to sight.

palace gardens were of considerable extent, and  
ounded, in part, by the royal edifice itself, in  
y the course of the river Zibin, and were else-  
circumscribed with a broad and lofty stone wall.  
icers and retainers, therefore, believing themselves  
ely sure of their quarry, halted to consult on their  
ode of hunting it down. Pursuant to their plan  
rations, which seemed to ascertain the general  
if it had little else to recommend it, the whole  
ivided into small parties, and repaired to opposite  
of the compass at the extremity of the gardens.  
ping first the intervening distances, they pro-  
at a common signal, to converge in the direction  
palace. Soon they entered upon a portion of the  
which, according to the taste of that age, was  
d with uncommon care. Arbours, bowers, grottos,  
vered with a hoar and crystal foliage; statues,  
ted in admired order, presented themselves at  
ista. The terraces on this side the platform, just  
d the terraces on the other, whilst repeated  
of steps were made to terminate in the cultivated  
e, or were mirrored in the artificial fountain, whi-  
y conducted.

[The page contains approximately 20 lines of extremely faint, illegible text, likely due to poor scan quality or fading.]

ements were speedily quickened, and their attention acted to the right spot, by the clashing of swords. Now became evident, that persons were engaged in a struggle, somewhere in the midst of that thick rwood. The party of pursuers burst from every direction, through the copsewood that obstructed their way. Suddenly, the clashing ceased, when, just as the foremost of the party attained a little space of open level, the monk himself abruptly brushed him, and, taking advantage of a scarce-trod and unmarked track, with which the other was unacquainted, he thrived the intervening cover, to the common way, and was again, for a period, lost to view.

At the same time, other of the officers of the household arrived at that level before mentioned, and, on going around, they descried a cavalier, prostrate and lying in blood, upon the earth, whose splendid accoutrements at once proclaimed him to be noble, and a warrior. On approaching nearer, with the view of reviving him, it was discovered that he had swooned.

They proceeded to raise him, and, in the act, a red colour visited his cheek. His mind appeared to be slowly reviving to a sense of outward circumstances; still in a state of demi-consciousness, his eyes wandered to follow some obscure and fleeting object, and his countenance and energetic expressions escaped from him, at intervals.

"Couldst thou marry into royal families?—ha! haughty nobleman!—one blow!—not dead yet, and I struck thee?—there's to thy heart! proud exile!—go, thou Rome Lascus' child, in—in—in—I tell you 'tis I who did it not!—Monk! arch dissembler! fiend! Martinuzzi!—ha! ha! ha!"

He was totally startled at the import of this mysterious language, which seemed to burst from the wounded man's mouth with uncontrollable violence, those, who were witness of his half delirious exclamations, accompanied as

## REFERENCES

... and they were the rather ... presently ascer- ... the object of their ... of Padena, some ... prisoner-of-war in

... the ... ratings, ... .., who. ... .. a small portal in the ... .. described more ... .. as he gained ... .. two of ... .. to cut off ... .. have been doubt- ... .. "hedged" ... .. for the ... .. they would venture ... .. indecision, ... .. and applied it to ... .. the key turned in ... .. they saw his ... .. of his pur- ... .. and the temerity ... .. his skill and

"The stranger, however, was of the party, bolder  
 than the rest, and he took a seat. Instantly  
 looking at our host, he was struck by the fellow's  
 look, and he felt a while, with the other, he half raised  
 his head. The man uttered a low cry of surprise, at the  
 same moment that the monk, looking at him, caused  
 him to stagger back among his confederates, who, in that  
 extraordinary or infernal friend, which ever since the  
 strangeness of the rustic god, has gone by the name of



dic,\* to a man recoiled. The door opened, and already the confessor was through the aperture, when a general rush (defeating its own object) was made to seize by his girdle. "Stop, or die!" was uttered, in fear-proximity, to his ears. Despite the command, he loosed the fastenings of the belt, and passed through the ring. Several reeled backwards, holding, in their anxious grasp, the loosened belt, while the monk flung the door back, and turned the key. Here, however, a flood of fury welcomed him, and he beheld a multitude pouring down upon the spot, from the piazzas of the palace. Fetching a deep breath, he directed his course towards that ruinous porchway, which, in former manuscripts, hath made the scene of our changeful drama, and was not long in reaching the desired haven.

Observing him take refuge in that desolate spot, the multitude set up a triumphant hurrah, conceiving now at the term of his flight, and utterly in their power. The persons in quest of the ghostly fugitive were not confined to the official retainers of the palace. Every body, for some days past, had been recruiting the strength of his partizans against the struggle, which he had vowed, but in which it was decreed, by a higher power, that he should take no part. His existence had been secretly known to hundreds; and, during the day of the preceding night, unmindful of that unerring messenger, that already hurtled in the air, he had been consulting with many of the inferior magnats, and other of his adherents, to accomplish the restitution of the crown of Pennsylvania, to the rightful descendant of John of

But where was he the next day? — In that world of shadows, where kingdoms and crowns deceive not; where the world would know what bubbles they are, which are so

\* Polyæni Strateg. lib. i. c. 2.

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the conspiracy, even in the moment of its successful consummation. His duty is his duty to his country, and what was more his power, which Martinuzzi had not been able to see to the apprehension of his duty and loss of his soul. But when he found a country after these various vicissitudes he was not to be deterred with indignation at the thought of the truth according to Cavour, but he determined to give that domination to which he owed his life the reef of Hungary's independence, with the of Iwan, as not seen those of the future in striking; but also the great which would give the stream of events throughout a different navigation.

means the conspiracy proposed, as a step to their important enterprise, being the first step to ascertain. It is a proof that they had into a close confederacy with the Tatars, but their alliance could hardly have presented a chance of a successful issue. The same and the of Martinuzzi's last triumph could not have of so such multitudes of adventurers into the world, but him in a confidence of taking the first step; besides, the tremendous sword, being the first, was calculated to strike a blow to the councils of the Ottoman, who would naturally be provoked a similar castigation. The of Martinuzzi was established on the basis of his genius and pre-eminent talents for government, his few exceptions, the vows, wishes, and hopes of Magyar and the sons of Erdely, were turned on gent as their future king, at once the destined of Hungary, and the vindicator of the independent dominion of Transylvania. "The head and of" the present rash enterprise,—the man who could raise the standard of revolt, with the re-



loyalty, even in the moment of its consummation. His loyalty to his country, and, what was more, his loyalty to the family which Martinuzzi had acquired, would have been a grandizement of his family, and a grandizement of his family. But when his double treachery and its consequences, his aspiring mind bent upon the throne, at the thoughts of the regal crown of Czerina, and he determined on the throne, to which he could not submit, of Pereny's tergiversation were the consequences had been those of his father, in the end, but also, the rocks, which lay in the stream of events, threatened a difficult navigation.

The conspirators possessed, at all points, an important enterprise, history has given no opportunity to ascertain. It is in proof, that they had entered into a confederacy with the Turk, but even this could hardly have presented a reasonable issue. The same and splendid success of Martinuzzi's last triumph could not fail of attracting multitudes of adventurers into his service, and placing him in a condition of taking the field against the Turk, besides, the tremendous lesson, lately taught by the Turk, was calculated to strike a wholesome terror into the councils of the Ottoman, who would naturally have provoked a similar castigation. The authority of Martinuzzi was established on the basis of his genius and pre-eminent talents for government, and, with few exceptions, the vows, wishes, and hopes of the Magyar and the sons of Erdély, were turned on him as their future king, at once the destined ruler of Hungary, and the vindicator of the independence and dominion of Transylvania. "The head and the heart of" the present rash enterprise,—the man who could raise the standard of revolt, with the re-

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as they advanced, amounted, by the time they reached the gates of the palace, to several hundreds, and

like that of a herd of raging wolves, was still more universal and louder, as they burst into the hall, in the uncereemonious mode we related, some two ago. Such as had been in the confidence of the king immediately drew several paces back, with an involuntary impulse of respect for Ferraro's feelings, as he held him kneeling beside the body, of his murdered king. His new theme of sympathy got whispered from voice, and echoed from rank to rank, and spread electric rapidity, increased still more the rage of the riotous assemblage.

The "most sweet" vox populi, hushed for a time, found itself a vent,—Queen Isabella reached the scene of action. "What mean these clamours?—this uproar? What want you with us?" she demanded, in a commanding tone, of the rude mob; at the same time stepping into the midst of the crowded hall. The vitality with which, at the moment, her whole form seemed to be animated suited well with, and gave effect to, that regal air, which ever characterised her noblest movement.

"I seek for the person of the murdering villain who has stained the Graf Pereny, whose noble blood is not ditch-water—that it should flow unavenged;" replied one, looking upon himself to be the spokesman of the insurgents.

"If people are in quest of that man you name," replied the queen. "Knew I where he had hidden him, I would not, but I would instantly deliver him to the tri- bunal of justice; then, wherefore this uproar?"

"That's not what we require," returned the other; "the word of justice is like to fall light upon his head, and not Martinuzzi favours. Your highness must e'en render the assassin into our hands—we are bent on doing so, do ye see, and justice we will have, after our

1. The first of these is the fact that the Government of India has not yet decided whether it will accept the offer of the United States to supply it with atomic energy.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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ed their route, as they carried their well-nigh burthen into the middle of the hall, and gently on a seat. At his feet, lay extended the very spectacle of Pereniy. Planted before him, an avenging minister, his doublet splashed with blood, his outstretched arm, upholding the horrible instrument of crime, his brows bent, and his features rigid with indignation, stood Marc Antoine. Nearer still, Isaac—an accusing spirit, was stationed, fixing her eyes, like light, seemed to pierce through the recesses of his soul, upon his countenance; and on the other side, was one vast array of armed men, with fixed bayonets, and edged weapons, whose visages reflected, in stern and gloomy features, the sentiment, which, on his entrance into the hall, the son of the graf thundered in his ears; “Blood for blood!—Vengeance on the murderer of my father!” Castaldo, already faint with loss of blood, seemed staggered and aghast at the solemn scene, into the midst of which he had been unexpectedly transported; his eye wandered from one object to the other. A fearful impression, at once of soul and body, shook him, and a choked groan, he sunk down in a swoon, from his seat. By Isabella’s direction, delivered in an authoritative voice to her attendants, he was immediately confined in his insensible condition, into an adjacent apartment, and secured.

Castaldo’s awful and important business in hand, which the introduction of Castaldo had for a minute interrupted, was now resumed, by some one of the conspirators, without, breaking forth in a loud voice.

“The assassin hath found entrance into the home of the king, he lurks in an apartment of the regal palace! Enter, that we may drag forth the villain, into the light.”

“How know you thus much?” demanded the queen; “I will prove your assertion, and I am ready to surrender myself criminal, you are in search of; but be it at your own

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fully solicited, was at length attracted by the face of one of her officers, who seemed to distress her.

"Now,—not now,—I cannot now," she hastily and would have moved away.

"Iron bid me say, he must speak with your instantly," rejoined the officer.

"Sir,—presently will do. Whom, said you?" Baron Bathori."

"Oh! — hah!" said Isabella; "Well, I cannot be now."

"He affirms," rejoined the officer; "that he witnessed the execution of the fatal deed, from the window of his chamber. The person they seek is not the real assassin."

"Oh, hush, sir! — No more of that, as you value my life."

"Nay, an' that monk be not the murderer," she said, observing the surprise of the man; "we all of us, he well merits death on many another score,—not this go further."

"The baron says, that Piadena —," rejoined the officer.

"Now it, sir; I know, what you would say," interrupted the royal interlocutor in her turn; "and have I that man under ward? ha, sir?" and Isabella pointed emphatically to the door of the chamber, where she had ordered Castaldo to be confined. "Enough,—go, silence him, and tell him I will attend to hear what he has to say; within these five minutes,—that will be, I hope,"

she said, in a low inward tone, as the officer withdrew, "that will be, after he has struck home! They are all oil! — *Swell, heart! — it is accomplishing!*" and Isabella, anticipating the triumph of requited wrong, — every feature expressing the uncontrollable exultation that heralded the fruition of long-desired revenge, followed in the wake of the conspirators.

In the meanwhile, all the horrors of unrestrained violence and pillage, were enacting through the interior of the palace. Exasperated at not having discovered,



onstrations of joy, at beholding her in safety. Now informed of several important events, which a few hours had seen accomplished.

tumults, which, in the beginning, were no more than ebullition of popular wrath against Father Time, at length threatened the subversion of the go-

The misguided populace, for the most part ignorant of the tendency of their own acts, had been led to extremities, and, what was originally not, by a series of rapid gradations, expanded into revolution. The quarter of the city, from its centre to its battlements, by this time, filled with noise and tumult: the lower rank took arms, with the hope of improving their fortunes, in the general licence and

had the citadel been forced, the gates of the fortress of Hermanstadt thrown open, and, as a consequence, all state prisoners found themselves

Among others, who were thus let out of confinement, were the Counts Maylat and Nadastis, who, with Vicchy, Duke of Eisenburg, were hailed with appearance by a loud cry from the multitude, they conveyed their determination to commit, into the hands of those magnats, the further direction of affairs. Acclamations still rung above the crowds, who filled the space around the citadel, and the whole streets, when, by the direction of Vicchy, a man planting himself on the broad steps of the castle, and the Richter Iwan, King of Hungary and Transylvania.

thoughtless extravagance of the populace at present, this proceeding, however unexpected, was

with loud demonstrations of joyfulness, and the name of Iwan was hailed with acclamations, as the saviour of the nation. Amid this clamour, and the tolling of the alarm-bells gave discordant emphasis, the Richter presented himself on the balcony, and,

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. Next, it is important to gather relevant information and data. This can be done through research, consultation with experts, or by analyzing existing data sets.

3. Once the information is gathered, the next step is to develop a plan or strategy to solve the problem. This plan should outline the steps to be taken and the resources needed.

4. After the plan is developed, it is time to implement the solution. This involves carrying out the steps outlined in the plan and monitoring progress along the way.

5. Finally, it is important to evaluate the results of the solution. This involves comparing the actual outcomes with the expected results and identifying any areas for improvement.

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*[The page contains several lines of extremely faint, illegible text.]*

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way without the walls, to require the victorious Martinuzzi to march upon the city and put down it, but all the barriers had been surprised and after a sharp conflict; and, so strict and vigilant guard, the rebels established, that none of these emissaries could accomplish their errand. The garrison, which garrisoned the castle, declined to act on its own responsibility, though there could be little doubt, had Martinuzzi shown himself, he might, with his aid, have easily crushed this sudden and ill-revolution, and awed the people again into obedience.

In this state of confusion, the insurrection being at its height, and our hero not being forthcoming to take advantage of the general rise in his favour, it presently occurred to some of the insurgents, who were not in the family of Iwan's parentage, that the wisest use they could make of their power, would be to enthrone the Lady Catherine, whom they had ever idolized, and commiserated her state of tutelage in which her tyrannical guardian had kept her, in the sovereignty of the country.

A vast number of persons, who were now attempting to change in the government, not one in a hundred even initiated in the real character of the conspiracy; at the moment the propriety of the above course of action was hinted at, the popular opinion was immediately expressed in its favour. It spread through all the city, with a rapidity like lightning. The demand for the Lady Czerina was echoed from court-yard, and hall, and battlement, and every one shouted, "Long live the Lady Czerina!" The unanimity of the magistrates and the inferior class of inhabitants, on this point, was admitted; but even here their hopes were doomed to be disappointed. The fearful cry speedily flew through the streets, and passed into all quarters of the city, but her highness was no where to be heard of; and the probability, of the royal maiden having pe-

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## MANUSCRIPT XXXII.

"Te tua fata docebo."

VIRGIL.

Am te de statione tuâ, et de ministerio tuo deponam te."

ISAIAH, xxii. 19.

Two handmaidens came into the royal bed-chamber time on the morning of the day, to which the end of our story hath (with whatever tedium to the reader), at length, conducted us, they were disposed to perceive the Lady Czerina, lying senseless on the floor. Having gently lifted her upon the sofa, and with some difficulty, they were able to re-animate her intellectual life, and re-animate the vital spark, which was so marbly and attenuated, that their very endeavours seemed like contesting, with the king of terrors, the prey he had appropriated, and on which he had already set his seal. By the aid of restoratives, and accompanied with skill, and gentle tendance, she, at last, in some measure, successful; but still the faculties of our heroine appeared unsettled, and the bread, upon which her renovated existence evinced, seemed too finely drawn out to last long. Her feebleness intimated her wish, that her attendants withdraw into an adjoining room, they were inclined to leave her to the healing dews of slumber. The



At these words, she approached the fire-place, in view of casting the papers into the flames, when her purpose was arrested, by the sudden gripping of her hand, on looking round, she started, and our heroine faintly screamed in sympathy; for, unperceived by the reverend father had glided into the room, opportunely, to prevent the fatal perpetration. He, the female, for some seconds, contested the possession of the papers, and, during the struggle, the cowl and confessor fell from his face, which, to the incredible amazement of Czerina, disclosed the features of Cardinal Martinuzzi. At that instant the arras was pulled aside, and a gigantic wolf-dog stalked forward unbidden. The lady beheld, shrieked in sudden alarm, and went off into convulsions. While Martinuzzi's attention was directed to bringing her about, the papers, which was the object of their late contest, slipped, disregarded, to the floor. Nearly at the same moment, *unperceived of all but Czerina*, the animal snapped it up, and ran off with his prey. By whatever motive impelled, our heroine followed in pursuit. She tracked the footsteps of the brute through many devious passages, until she found herself in the same gloomy and subterranean passage here, it will be remembered, the sentry of the dog came, to overhear the colloquy, between the Cardinal and the gipsy Unna. It was lighted up. Here, the dog paused, the child approached him from behind, failed in resolution, when she would have taken the ravished roll, the recovery of which had been the inducement for instituting a pursuit. And now, as the dog, which sounded a short way off, startled her apprehension,

"Ye, Wurmser," cried one, "where's the dog?" "Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!" called several voices. The animal let go his prize, and hurried off, in obedience to the well-known signal.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the transparency and accountability of the organization.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data. It describes the process of gathering information from different sources and how it is then processed to identify trends and patterns.

3. The third part of the document focuses on the results of the data analysis. It presents the findings in a clear and concise manner, highlighting the key insights that have been derived from the data.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the implications of the findings. It explains how the results can be used to inform decision-making and to develop strategies for improving the organization's performance.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a summary of the key points discussed in the previous sections. It reiterates the importance of accurate record-keeping and the value of data analysis in achieving the organization's goals.

6. The sixth part of the document concludes the report and offers some final thoughts on the future of the organization. It expresses confidence in the organization's ability to continue to grow and succeed in the future.

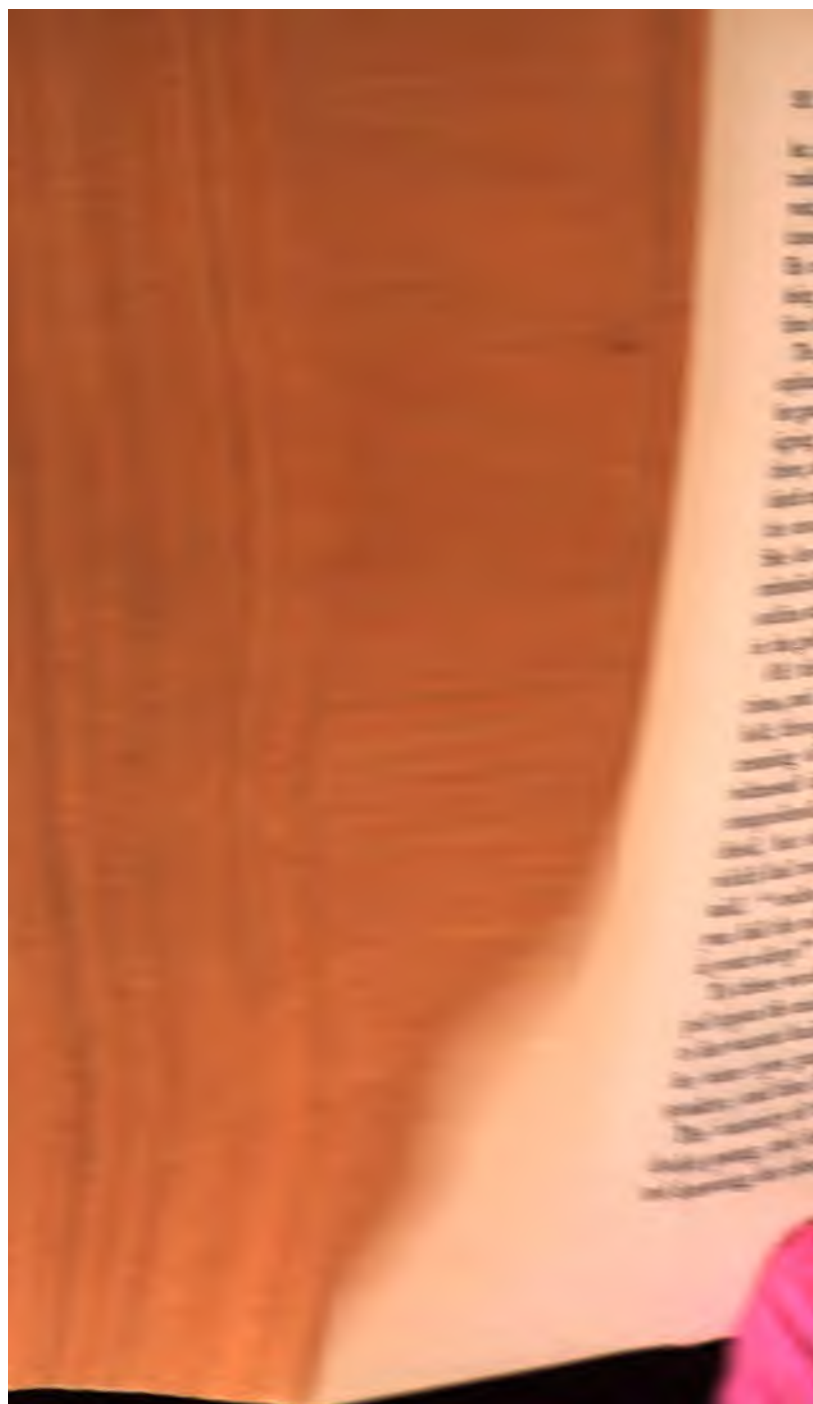
Desert of sleep was overleaped, and an impulsive  
 in its dim horizon, seemed gifted with a power  
 to the substantial realities of life. The slumber  
 is the enfranchisement of the soul, from the  
 of sense; and the influxes of our waking and  
 g thoughts, may be said to alternate on our con-  
 ss, as the Rhone and the lake of Lemman roll and  
 mselves within the same bed, without being con-  
 l, or commingling their waters. But for once the  
 f sleep, suspended in its course, swayed in corres-  
 pondence with the stormy undulations, which encom-  
 its silent flowing volume, or rather, as was proved  
 event, the apparent phenomenon attendant on  
 its awaking, might be compared to the confluence  
 of the rivers at Ballyarthur,\* whose troubled waves  
 l from their separate solitudes, to find repose in  
 p sea together—

"The blended waters are no more distinguished,  
 But roll unto the sea one common flood."

Mary!" murmured Czerina, still imperfectly  
 "Methought I passed away, as they say turtles  
 vision—but 'tis all a mockery,—or how came your  
 with me?" she continued, in a slow low voice,  
 ing, painful, and ineffectual effort to reconcile  
 nence of her reverend companion's questions,  
 rong impression of her having just awakened  
 dream.

uzzi silently contemplated for more than a  
 er wan and dilated orbs, and his eyes ran over  
 es of perturbation, so conspicuous in her coun-  
 as he gazed, his impatient temper subsided into  
 oly calm; and then, instead of entering upon  
 t, he evidently had so much at heart, he replied  
 ten interrogatory of our heroine, by informing

rim and the Avoca.—This second meeting of the waters in  
 takes place at a very short distance from the sea.



"...a, my child," he began, "until now have I made no mention of that mystery, which must be within this hour, at whatever risk, elucidated. Thee, love, and view with observant eye, the chamber;—call to mind, how and what thy hands last pressed those cushions, on which thou wert reclining;—there, there, lean on my arm—cling to its parent stem, when the north wind rages. The bolt that searches, chastens, and if thou art not all sapless; nor ever shall my state, be changed, and by the cutting blasts of perfidy thou wilt be left for a staff; look up, nor shrink thus in vain. No harm shall reach thee—none, by the deep ebb now ebbing at my heart!—none. Be composed." At this address, Czerina had risen from her seat, and cast wild and inquisitive regards on the few, insignificant accommodations of the chamber, she placed herself under the arm of her guardian, in manifest

Amuzzi, for an instant, remained almost irresolute, the stake that hinged upon that moment was too great to allow of his receding.—"Daughter," he shortly said, with uncontrollable earnestness and emotion, "the issue of this hour rests more than thou imaginest. Pardon me, then, if I seem harsh, since with whatever I must enforce an answer. Look around I say—nay, not,—where was thy sad soul e'en now, when my hand did visit thee like life, and stay thy ebbing spirit? *I must know thy dream.*"

"I must know thy dream," wildly responded Czerina, "When I ask me not," but close my eyes, my soul hath strange capacity for horror. Then, the real, deep, awful, the eternal sleep—me, and I, an empty shade, will wander all alone, in darkness, carrying my own sad bier; fleeing the monuments below, or peering into crypts, whose essences doth the light sepulchral not illuminate, and things abound, more horrible by far, than worms

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*Journal of Management Education* 30(6)

*[The page contains faint, illegible markings.]*



...es ; lighted torches were thrown in  
...nce there was one hurled with such  
...o dash through the casement into  
...chamber, which the regent and our  
...t fell at the feet of Czerina, and  
...and added to the state of trepida-  
...as shaken. In this condition, doubt  
...ding all her faculties, she imbibed  
...rmidons of the regent were waiting  
...with her blood the usurpation of her  
...gs could be more deplorable at that  
...a misconception, and Martinuzzi's  
...may be imagined, on finding unre-  
...possession of our heroine. For a few  
...speechless, the victim of ineffable  
...ing at his feet in agony—  
...earth would gape, and gulf me to its  
...med.

"Be calm !" interposed Martinuzzi, in an

... swift whirlwind would entangle me !"   
...roceeded, without heeding him ; " and  
...give unto the spot I stand on !—waft me  
...e world, sink me down to night, the ever-  
...which mortal eye can never penetrate."

...impossible to do justice to the emotions of  
...witnessing the distraction of Czerina. He  
...over her, and folding his arms across, to  
...him, sobbed like a child.

"A tear ?" cried Czerina ; " without doubt,  
...had a dream about me, thou art so pitiful. I  
...nge delight while thou dost clasp me ; and I  
...thou wilt not let the unhallowed multitude, the  
...erd—oh ! thou art too good for that—thou  
...er give me up to bleed to death ; but prithee,  
...to thy bosom—shield me !"



conceived, that she was at length invested with her regal power and havings, and that the regent was petitioning for pardon, on account of the high hand, with which he had carried his authority, during her non-age. Impressed with this idea, she broke with an air of majesty from the hold of Martinuzzi, and after walking to and fro in the apartment for the space of a minute, stopped opposite to the imaginary criminal, who remained prostrate, with his face locked in his hands, and his forehead buried in the crimson cushions of the settee.

"Rest you there, now, my lord cardinal," she said, in a tone of supreme haughtiness; "that posture best befits the man, so lately seated on my throne above me: so—'tis well. Now hearken to the high misdemeanours with which thou art charged withal, and, if thou canst, acquit yourself. Trust us, sir, however, we despair thereof; we wish you a happy issue out of this danger—'twill much content us. God's mercy! gentleman, we never knew what vengeance meant, but justice must not be persuaded; and to compromit the safety of high offenders, like yourself, were but to tempt the insolence of men of lesser note. Lord Cardinal Martinuzzi, erewhiles regent of this realm, give ear to our arraignment!"

"Hold my heart-strings!" internally ejaculated Martinuzzi.

"Nay," proceeded Czerina, "be confident and boldly plead; nor, at the worst, doubt but that we shall temper justice with mercy; we were to blame else. Your eminence stands here, accused of grievous sins against our own and dear country's weal—firstly, of whistling to thee the rank breath of the common feudaries, to swell the topmost gallant-sail of thy ambition, and bear down the barks of many best and wisest of our liege magnats, contrary to the old usage of our land. Thou art further charged with having long conspired against our sovereign person, till we were led to think, thy dark devices must rip our father's cenotaph, and provoke his royal dust to



remark, in the course of his experience with the *beaux sexes*, that the souls of such are, for the most part, of a magnitude, vastly disproportioned to the minuteness of the fragile tenement, wherein they are doomed to be "cabined, cribbed, confined," during their detention from their native sphere. Thus it was with Czerina; and the magnificence of her passion, excited into full play, can hardly be conceived, without recollecting, that her gentle nature, being overwrought, was fain to make an extra demonstration of mind, to countervail the physical disadvantages, under which she laboured.

"Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus." \*

Her soul flamed out, as it were, all the more violently, through very indignation, that her bodily structure should be so inadequate, to represent the majesty of her wrath.

When Czerina bade Martinuzzi raise himself, and look what a wretch she had become, he lifted up his eyes, and riveted them upon her; and the pang of agony that shot through him at that moment, was almost more than man might bear. When she had done speaking, he reverted his gaze, and murmured several sentences in a broken inarticulate voice; the almost inaudible sounds were not addressed to his daughter, but were the spontaneous expression of a desolate and contrite heart, that made confession and sought consolation, where alone that could avail, or this be obtained. The state of feeling which the invective of our distraught heroine evinced, was of too exaggerated a character to subside into calm, and the impulse of her emotions soon prompted her to resume the discourse.

"Thou wert cognizant," she proceeded, with a look of fixed indignation; "all along, of the unhappy attachment subsisting betwixt me and Marc Antoine Ferraro. It matured under thy auspices. For a while thou smiled'st

\* Statius.



on, save that of the regent and herself, was in the chamber. The tone of Czerina's mind had been already altered to a pitch bordering on insanity; therefore, from an instinctive and indefinable law of sympathy, the sudden sounding forth of the mysterious voice did not strike her as being so very wonderful and inexplicable, though to another frame of mind, such a circumstance was calculated in no ordinary degree, to excite astonishment. But, by a sort of mental necessity, the morbid condition of feeling, which our heroine owned at the period, must have flowed into, and harmonized with aught, that presented itself to her contemplation, partaking of the same general preternatural character.

Upon this marvellous property of the human mind, Martinuzzi founded his present hopes; and without allowing his daughter time to give utterance to the feeling of surprise, not unmixed with horror, that came over her, he demanded, whether she did not remember the tones of that plaintive voice? Circumstances favoured the deception practised on our heroine; her dream wrought in her still, and the very fact that the last and only time she had been in that apartment, similar accents had vibrated on her ear, induced her the more readily to imbibes the notion, which it was Martinuzzi's object to convey into her mind.

"The voice was that of the melancholy inmate of this chamber," replied Czerina, to the inquiry of her guardian. "Oh! how a dawn of light breaks in upon me!—Where is that lady?"

"In heaven," solemnly answered Martinuzzi.

"Then 'twas her spirit spoke," rejoined our heroine; "but list!" And she leant forward, as if to catch every syllable of that invisible sounding forth.

"Czerina!" repeated the low melancholy voice; "my poor unhappy child! I'm the same thou named'st,—give ear unto my words. Thou art not the rightful queen of Hungary,—she is thy maternal parent, who

now addresses you, and be not wrath with Martinuzzi, for he is thy father."

What a torrent of feelings rushed through the bosom of Czerina, at this announcement! Not if the skies had opened, and the speaker had shown herself in all the beatitude of heaven, would it have obtained a more ready credence. The mind of our heroine was so prepared by a long train of circumstances, to receive the information, that directly the word was spoken, it pierced into her soul with the strength of inspiration. She doubted not the truth of the declaration, for an instant, but cast herself at the feet of Martinuzzi, exclaiming,—

"Bless! oh bless thy daughter! I know thou art indeed my sire,—oh! bless and forgive me, sir, and for awhile shadow and shut me in thy silent soul; but ere I breathe my spirit away, which will be soon,—I feel,—do thou, Form of air! which art my mother's shade, enfold thy wings about me! wrap me up in love! and, if thou canst, transport me to thy mysterious source, in the world of spirits, to which I feel I am hasting."

"Czerina, my child, Christ pardon! Jesus have mercy on thy soul!" resumed the same mournful voice; "thou must endure thy mortal coil, for thy father's sake, whose clue of life is spun along with thine. The allotted charities that soothe the woes of life, are scattered in thy path,—so live, to cultivate thy happiness, by practising pure thoughts and pious deeds. But now, give heed unto what thy father hath just spoken, and acquaint him, where was't thou concealedst those papers, in thy childhood. Farewell! obey me, and be happy!"

Never was there a more thorough and sudden revolution of sentiment than that, which the deceptive procedure of Martinuzzi, wrought in the breast of Czerina. A tumult of emotions overcame her; her eyes gushed out unbidden tears, which streamed down her cheeks, and the words she heard falling upon her ears, as the admonition of an angel, shook her very soul. Only a few



minutes gone by, and she towered aloft his judge, accuser, sovereign,—and now, like a meek and repentant child, she wept and trembled before her mitred companion, who raised her from her incumbent posture, and strained her, with fond emotion, to his breast. By no other expedient than that to which he had recourse, considering the state of his daughter's mind at the time, could the information it behoved Martinuzzi to convey, have been so directly imparted, or have operated such important results. More than a minute of deep and awful silence ensued after the voice of the vision died away. At length, in a low insinuating cadence, sympathetic with the breathless feeling of the moment, Martinuzzi again addressed his entreatance to his now obedient daughter.

“The hour, the occasion, suit not to explain these mysteries,” he said; “at present, one consideration is all paramount. Thou didst witness, that my late request stirred up thy mother, from the rest of the grave; thou heard'st, how she seconded my prayer. Indeed, you know not how much depends on that roll of writings being forthcoming. Bethink thee, dearest,—where have you concealed a document, big with the honour and acquittal of thy father. Oh speak! give me instant satisfaction herein.”

Czerina looked her father earnestly in the face, for a few moments; then she half closed her eyes, as if every faculty of her mind was occupied in revolving occurrences, that flitted across the haze of her distempered brain; she spoke not,—she scarcely breathed. Her heart, with the violent and impotent effort of a young bird against its bars, struggled within her bosom; and the faint hectic, which more than once during the previous hour, had tinged her cheek's translucent alabaster, seemed finally drawn off and imbibed, by that fluttering pulsation. With dreadful strain on her mental powers, wound up beyond the apparent limits of endurance, Czerina at length essayed to reply to Martinuzzi. She commenced



do you think, to recover the possession of those papers, you conveyed from hence?"

"Assuredly, I might in that case, ascertain and point out where I concealed them," was the reply rendered, after a moment's thought.

A hysteric affection struggled audibly in the throat and chest of Martinuzzi; it lasted but an instant; and without speaking another word, he inclosed his daughter's hand in his own, and drawing aside the arras, opened a narrow door, through which he mutely signified his wish to conduct her.

"Whither would you have me accompany you, father?" asked Czerina, hanging back within the threshold, and manifesting no small reluctance to proceed.

"Be still, and confide in me, dearest; this way,—there!—not a word,—do not flurry yourself, all shall yet go well."

Thus saying, Martinuzzi quitted the room, drawing the trembling girl after him. They descended several flights of stairs, and then her venerable guide, hardly less agitated, though from a different cause, than she was herself, led, or rather bore her, through the dreary vaults of Hermanstadt. Ardently as ever father's heart beat in aspirations for his child's happiness, did Martinuzzi desire that Complacency, the stranger, should revisit the bosom of Czerina; but now, one master-thought swayed every faculty of his soul, and drank up all the springs of his being; and his stern self-centred absorption, and apparent disregard of her tottering steps, and almost exanimate condition, during their subterranean progress, may serve to indicate, with what exclusive intentness his whole soul anticipated the recovery, he believed at hand. Martinuzzi was provided with a small lantern, by whose aid they explored their way, through those obscure and devious avenues. At length, on turning a sudden angle at the termination of a long and narrow passage, they

returned at the entrance of a dark and noisome vault. They passed within, and Czerna felt the exhilarations of the brown, moist walls, permeating every pore of her flesh. The place struck her, as being obviously more still and closer than any other she had yet encountered in those caverned regions. The ground was slippery, as well with accumulated ooze as with the poisonous concentrations of slime and darkness, that almost covered its craggy surface. In the midst of this danger-looking recess, the cardinal made a full pause. He would have dropped the hold which he had of Czerna, but she retained his hand with both of hers, with a convulsive pressure. Raising the lamp on high, Martinuzzi shed its light on those dim and earthy exhalations, that saddened the air, which thus, suffused with a "counterfeit" illumination, became the indistinct medium of vision. The gloomy interior of the vault, grew upon the gaze in slow and horrible detail. All was bare, dripping and desolate, and the solitary spot would have seemed for ever to have been unvisited by the tread of man, but for an object, fabricated by human hands, which presently fell within the range of the flickering light,—even that bore a strange correspondence, with the other revolting appearances of the cell. *It was a coffin, which rested against a side of the chamber, near the unpenetrated gloom of the opposite entrance, and which appeared falling to pieces, from the effects of time or accident.*

"Look around you, child," whispered Martinuzzi, in a hoarsely still-strained tone, that almost burst without the bounds of his forced and preternatural calmness.

Czerna, with a wild and troublous expression of countenance, traced the course of the unsteady ray, as it successively pierced the recesses of the vault, but when, at length, the lamp was made to shed its gloomy halo on the delapidated chest, she started back, and her eyes recoiled in inward and uncontrollable affright,—she feebly essayed to indicate with her finger, that decayed receptacle, but

her nerves, which the courses of her past life, and her late dream, had already stricken with wildering terror, became at the moment, absolutely bound up in impotence—she shook in every joint,—her hand trembled, and it was in vain she would have raised her arm,—the limb, unequal to the effort, remained just parted from her side, not listless, but paralyzed. Her anxious companion, however, recognised the scarcely developed movement, and with the tact, inseparable from high-wrought feelings, divined what was its object. As the light form of his daughter quivered and sunk from his support, he moved a few paces forward, leaving her reeling, while all objects around seemed to recede before her glazed eyeballs. Long Martinuzzi leant over the broken coffin. At that instant the eyes of our heroine rested on a wild form, such as had often troubled her, like an imposture of the memory, to cheat her nights of rest, but which now appeared to rise up on her waking. When from the obscure threshold, that darkly terrible shape emerged into the dim light of the lamp, the closing portent of her last dream was re-enacted. As that dread presentment gradually lost the vagueness of outline it at first bore, it seemed to thrill through the marrow in her bones,—her eye-balls were ready to start and crack their sockets,—she gasped for breath, and with semi-voluntary energy, sought to express the extremity of her dismay, but her voice sunk to a low murmur; and finding she strove in vain, she yielded to the full flood of horror, that hovered upon her soul,—her eyes closed, and her throat choked with emotion; a sickness stole across her heart—she tottered, and the next instant fell exhausted and insensible on the damp ground.

The soul of Martinuzzi, meanwhile, was too intent upon his quest, for him to be aware of what had happened; he peered into the hollow of the coffin, where all viperous and speckled things seemed to have made their nestling

place, but of whatever else he expected to find within that cavity, it was vacant. The papers, which from the slight sign of Czerina, he gleaned had been there deposited, were not visible. Martinuzzi shrunk aghast, and in a tone of bitter disappointment, which his intense emotions bordering on despair, made unconsciously audible, murmured, "Gone! the testimony, that would have redeemed me, mouldered away!—my evil destiny then is too strong for me."

"It might have been, but for a Providence that is sleepless!" spoke a well-known voice in the ear of Martinuzzi: he raised his head, and directed his eyes mournfully, but composedly, towards the person who thus abruptly made her presence manifest. She was the Gipsy Unna. Her features were haggard, and her eyes bloodshot; but in other respects, the wild expression of her countenance seemed effaced by suffering, and her humble mien accorded ill with her usual character, and supernatural pretensions. "You are in search of that roll of writings," she said, after a pause, "which your ill-fated daughter would once have consigned to the decomposition, proper to all things, enclosed in such a chest as that?"

The prelate was silent.

"Know, I arrived on the spot, just in time to witness the act, and avert the destruction. That manuscript in thy hand-writing, I retain in my possession."

"Now, God be thanked!" ejaculated Martinuzzi, with deep and pious emotion.

"Or, at least, I can point out where it is now secured."

"What spot? Is it far from hence?" demanded Martinuzzi, in a breathless voice.

"It is in a secret recess, within the hallowed dome of St. Theresa," replied Unna, "where I meant it to have remained till the day of doom; but now, I care not if you have it back again. In any event, my race will never

eign in Hungary ; for, ha ! look where the young queen lies withered, and lifeless."

Martinuzzi started, and turned his head. Then he moved to the dark spot, on which his child had fallen, and raising her in his arms, strained her convulsively to his breast. There was a dead pause—how full of painful reflection to both ! " Oh God ! Is't come to this ? Czerina, my pale and blighted girl, sleep you on the chill earth ?" mourned the wretched father, after a long silence, in a paroxysm of uncontrollable feeling. " Not there, love, but next my heart,—alas ! that's chiller yet!—how happened this ? What, still ? It is thy father, sweet !—how cold thou art ! death is upon thee ; oh, my injured child ! But wait, and I'll die too—methinks, it now were best to lay me down for ever in this dungeon,—here by thy side, and fail away together,—why should I halt behind i' the world, when thou I loved art —. No, thou hast not yet wasted away from sight, though, whilst I lock thee in my arms, I feel thee melt from my embrace.\* Dear, most dear ! all my delight a leaving me—then where, and what's the world ?" There followed a long and solemn pause, as Martinuzzi closed his lament ; and then abruptly turning to where Unna, much affected, stood attentively regarding him, he resumed, in a cadence of mingled agony and bitterness, " and this is the work of thy insane ambition,—the issue of thy insensate machinations ; was it a kind deed of thee ?"

" 'Twas meant for the best," was the reply, rendered in a more subdued and humane tone of voice, than had issued from the speaker's lips for years ; " and if it be reproach, which I will not deny, thou mightest forgive it."

" Oh ! pause there," returned Martinuzzi, bitterly. " My sweet child, the thing that lay so near the fibres of my heart, is withering away. Look on her, cruel mother !

\* *Stringebam brachia, sed jam miseram quam tenebam.*—St. Ambrose, *Orat. de Ob. Sat. fr.*

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

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The following information is being furnished to you for your information and guidance. It is not intended to be used as a basis for any action or decision. The information is based on the best available information at the time of preparation. It is subject to change without notice.



course, with Czerina in his arms, towards the cathedral  
arch.

Anna remained in momentary forgetfulness, and then,  
in absorbed air, woe-fraught visage, and feelings and  
remembrances tugging at her heart strings, which, if we  
dared to describe, would defy our analysis, she  
used herself to follow, with exequial tread, her eldest  
son, her justly celebrated, but smitten, broken-hearted  
son.

## MANUSCRIPT XXXIII.

" Princeps induetur mœrore, et manus populi terræ conturbabuntur."

EZEKIEL, vii. 27.

" Venez voir le peu qui nous reste de tante de grandeur."

BOSSUET, *Oraison Funèbre*.

" Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;  
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd,  
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade."

TICKELL.

" He might have been a king,  
But that he understood  
How much it is a meaner thing.  
To be unjustly great, than honorably good."

BUCKINGHAM.

In an ancient and desolate apartment, attached to one of the side aisles of the cathedral, paced the stately and military figure of our hero. He was occupied, as may well be believed, in no agreeable meditations ; his power was past ; he was the prisoner of his arch-enemy, who would, doubtless, without scruple, consummate his long projected usurpation in the blood of his benefactor's son. The knowledge of his lineage, and the operation of late events, had contributed rather to strengthen, than to

dissipate the prejudice and enmity to Martinuzzi, which had been so artfully instilled into our hero's mind, in his boyhood. Influenced by the advice and argument of Luke Swartz, he had disguised his superior endowments, beneath the impenetrable cloak of mental imbecility. He trusted, by this means, to avert from himself a similar fate to that, which had overtaken the venerable Count Rodna, whose murder was attributed to the orders of the regent. He was led to apprehend, that Martinuzzi, having, in some way not explained to him, done him irreparable injury in infancy, would certainly cause his being put to death before he attained the age of manhood, unless the semblance of foolishness, to which he fashioned his behaviour, should ascertain his safety in contempt. "*Contemptuque tutus esse ubi ex industria factus ad imitationem stultitiæ.*"

Sigismund, plunged in painful musing, gave no heed to the insurrectionary uproar, that, for a considerable time, had penetrated even his remote retreat, and his attention was only, at length, diverted from his own indignant reflections, by the withdrawing of the outward bolt, which secured the low door of his place of durance. On its hinges slowly revolving, Cardinal Martinuzzi was discovered in the act of reverting his head, to address Baron Bathori, who stood a few paces beyond the threshold.

"You will please place yourself, baron, at the head of what troops are in the castle. March them straight hitherward, and have them drawn up in front of the cathedral gates; — but, hold! perchance the present disorders of the city may infer the possibility of bloodshed; — I would not for the world incur that danger."

"The tumult is fast subsiding," replied Bathori; "I will answer with that life, your eminence so nobly rescued from the flames, to conduct a guard hither, without their encountering the slightest let or hindrance, during their passage."

... with his  
... see to it, then,  
... the task I have en-  
... with com-  
... the chamber, and

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

[illegible]

... the ... the ... demand ... with me.

...the ... of ...

... and ... who.

the earnestness of his present purpose, either over-  
d, or deigned not to take notice of the disrespectful  
and manner of his youthful interlocutor.

"Nay," replied Sigismund, sneeringly, "this posture  
accords with our present relations; 'twere un-  
only for a man, who hath outlived fortune, to sit in  
presence of his victor."

"In this, and all things else, be it according to thy  
," returned Martinuzzi, with stately and pensive  
erve. "Stand then, sir, and hear the complaints of  
man, undone by thy subterfuge, and the duplicity  
th which thou hast conducted thyself, in thy dealings  
ith him."

Sigismund looked astonished for a moment, but pre-  
served a contemptuous silence.

Martinuzzi continued; "Thou hast inflicted an in-  
jury upon me, which not all the means and havings of  
thy greatness can ever redress."

Sigismund again smiled his incredulity, but did not  
answer.

"What are the gifts of princes?" proceeded the re-  
gent, with animation, — "wealth, power, and dignity.  
I have tried and proved their nothingness: still men think  
much of these baubles; and thy father, Sigismund, only  
measured the extent of his bounties, by the capacity of  
his friendship; — his nature was godlike, and he shower-  
ed his trusts upon me, with the liberality of Heaven. But  
two blessings, sir, were mine, which transcend all other  
earthly acquisitions, — blessings, with which King John of  
Zapola could not endow me, because they lie not in the  
gift of potentates; the one, sir, was my fair reputation and  
unsullied character in the world's regard, — a possession  
beyond the purchase of mere wealth and fortune, and  
such as kings might envy, but never confer. This hap-  
piness I conquered for myself, how truly and without  
alloy, I need but appeal to the universal voice, not of  
Hungary, but of Europe. — Nay, sir, I must be heard

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

[illegible]

... and ...  
... from ...  
... but ...  
...  
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...  
...

[illegible][illegible]

or ! — no, sir, it is not I, that have begged  
think thyself."

And was it, Sigismund, whispered in thy  
ed the prelate, "to practise on my credulity  
for thy long, and fatal imposition, death  
now prefer a claim, to mar my earthly peace,  
dishonour set his brand upon the front of

Why, why didst pretend unto the world,  
was unsettled?"

my life might not be drawn to an untimely  
assure his impunity, who meant to stamp, with  
seal of Hungary, his daughter's usurping brow,"

Sigismund; "and, if the policy of the pro-  
was not all along self-evident," he continued,  
short pause, "do not my late defeat and present  
justify, at length, the apprehension that dictated  
rise?"

al mistrust!" exclaimed Martinuzzi, — "wound  
incorporate, I perceive, with your young and  
reason, under the malign auspices of Luke  
who presumed to judge of my purposes, by his  
d and ingrateful nature. Your discomfiture this  
, involved the destruction of those marauding  
who are the worst enemies of Hungary; and that  
here alive, to upbraid the preserver of your fa-  
kingdom, and the upholder of his sceptre and its  
ndence, you owe to my interposition, who, ere  
ned in battle, gave directions, that, at whatever  
the Richter Iwan was to be brought, unharmed  
cathless, into my presence. We are met, sir, and  
thus enabled to make that restitution, to the right-  
sir of Hungary and Transylvania, which, until this  
from the hour of your highness's birth, I have had  
portunity of doing. At the threshold of life, with-  
ny intervention of mine, you were defrauded of your  
birthright. During your early boyhood, important  
ns, which I will explain, recommended silence,

not, stood up there, at that time, any immediate necessity for my divulging the secret; then intervened your fatal pretence of an alienated mind, frustrating all my projects, and driving me to persist in maintaining a deception, which has proved the canker-worm of my past life, and the consequence of which will speedily consign me to a discovered grave."

A strong and evident impression was produced upon the eloquent countenance of Sigismund, by the words of Martinuzzi. His bosom heaved, and his features worked almost convulsively. After a moment's pause, with emotion that visibly mocked his every effort to control, he repeated the words, — *Without any intervention of your knowledge!* — How can it be! Were thou clear in this... so perfect in all else! so like a god! I've surely not been under a misconception for so many years — no, no — I do not believe it. You pretend this now, indeed — it may suit your present purposes; perhaps your heart may have relented, but you cannot have meant uprightly in my boyhood — it is impossible. Then say, your eminence. —"

He broke off abruptly, for even as he spoke, he caught the glorious steadfastness of Martinuzzi's eye, and marked his calm, melancholy, but proud smile. Conviction, like an intuitive inspiration from Heaven, shot into the quivering soul: his cheek grew suddenly and startlingly pale, and he burst into tears, as seizing the regent by the hand, the *Reichs-Iwan* resumed, with faltering, quivering lip —

— *Oh God! I must believe your eminence — that I said!* — *But, yet say — can you give me any proof you meant me*

Martinuzzi extricated his hand, from the unconscious pressure of his companion, and, placing it within his vest, drew from thence a roll of papers. Slowly he unfolded it before the eyes of Sigismund, and raising the document pointed, with his right hand, to some words



corn of one of the pages. Sigismund was electrical.

"Use this appellation, sir?" demanded "do you remember your signature?"

"Z," dropped faintly from the lips of — "I remember the circumstance of my subscription that night, when —"

And Martinuzzi, in a solemn voice, and possibly majestic, "if you recollect so much, you can call to memory the observation, which I made, in the presence of that venerable man, hurried to his recompence in another world, informed you, that these writings were the fruit of the evil, consequent upon a most base treachery; — to vindicate the conduct of an accomplice thereof, from much misrepresentation of his name from eventual obloquy. You perceive the obscurity of my language, and I propose that you cast eyes upon these three signatures, Stuart, Iwan Sigismund, and George Martinuzzi, that obscurity would be illumined, and you would be cognizant of the purport of these papers. It is because you are here, my lord; it is for that purpose I have brought them with me; — but let me add, that the documents, which include my last testament, and an acknowledgment of the confession of Swartz's sister, were meant to be deposited in the archives of Coloswar, lest a sudden death, or other accident, should prevent me, during my life, from performing that justice, I therein, as you perceive, have meditated. But on the very day, which would have preceded the execution of my contemplated purpose, this roll, by some strange agency, was removed out of the place of keeping, and only within this hour, most providentially, and almost miraculously, have I recovered possession of it. Receive at my hands, noble sir, the document, which at once certifies you of your rights, and

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes both traditional manual methods and modern digital technologies, highlighting the advantages of each approach.

3. The third part focuses on the interpretation of the collected data. It provides guidelines on how to identify trends, patterns, and anomalies, and how to draw meaningful conclusions from the information gathered.

4. The fourth part discusses the challenges and limitations of the data collection and analysis process. It acknowledges that while technology has advanced significantly, there are still many obstacles to overcome, such as data quality issues and privacy concerns.

5. The fifth part offers recommendations for improving the overall process. It suggests implementing robust data management systems, ensuring data security, and fostering a culture of data-driven decision-making within the organization.

6. The sixth part concludes the document by summarizing the key findings and reiterating the importance of continuous improvement in data management practices. It encourages stakeholders to stay informed about the latest developments in the field and to adapt their strategies accordingly.

less of these whimsical & singular  
peculiar composition having a  
denouement if not the denouement  
views, and just to the end of  
after the demise of King John the  
reflections and observations which  
which, on the death of Henry, and  
ers occasioned, he mentioned a little  
we were, as it were, in a  
itary way, as it is the nature of the  
"

some good, better for

right summer mingles with the air

and satisfaction, which is a better  
changed its aspect, and which is a  
pair.

only left space for a few extracts  
ry documents, which our own  
our inadvertence, however, as to the  
since, were we to give history, and  
transactions entire, it would be a  
many of the incidents of our history  
ourselves to extracting from the  
few essential passages, which would be a  
main intricacies of our past history, the  
difficulties have been long and  
our own sagacity.

"Tu mihi, et qui te sapientium multitudine circumdatus es, et  
suscipis, nullum me ad magistratum, sed ad magistratum  
annuum studium, detulisse."

BOETIUS DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIE

Having been appointed regent of these kingdoms  
under peculiar circumstances, I deem it necessary to

\* Campbell.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes the use of surveys, interviews, and statistical software to ensure that the information gathered is reliable and valid.

3. The third part focuses on the ethical considerations surrounding data collection and analysis. It highlights the need to protect individual privacy and to use data responsibly, avoiding any potential for misuse or discrimination.

4. The fourth part discusses the challenges faced in the process of data collection and analysis. These challenges include issues related to data quality, sample size, and the complexity of interpreting the results.

5. The fifth part provides a summary of the findings and conclusions drawn from the study. It reiterates the importance of rigorous data collection and analysis in making informed decisions and achieving the study's objectives.

6. The final part of the document offers recommendations for future research and practice. It suggests areas where further investigation is needed and provides guidance on how to apply the findings of the study in real-world contexts.

es, such as 'Forgive me, George! I have destroyed you!'

but in vain, I begged her to be more ex-  
entreaty her lamentations were redoubled.  
and, too soon, the dreadful solution of  
guish was afforded me. My child I found  
stituted for the royal heir of Hungary,  
of King John was already far on the road  
au of Count Rodna. I stood, for a con-  
e, upon hearing this acknowledgment, as one  
patient being, the light of mental and physical  
had been suddenly extinguished. Slowly  
truth redawned. My life of life, my unble-  
mour, was compromised; never, probably, to  
re-established. I will not,—I cannot dwell  
sufferings——.

gnant was my wrath, and I signified my in-  
immediately on his majesty's return, to lay  
him and the states, the whole particulars of their  
iracy. Whereupon, the princess slid from her  
t, and conjured me, on her knees, to spare her,  
the gipsy's life;—their crime was treason, and ——  
ited not to hear her to an end, but quitted her in  
tears, and her convulsions.

The bitterness of my first agony had not subsided,  
en the fatal intelligence reached Buda of King John's  
mise. This event, by changing the aspect of affairs,  
rought a material alteration in my views and conduct.  
Whilst armed with the rights and title of regent of Hun-  
gary, I conceived that it might be in my power, to up-  
hold the integrity of the kingdom, despite the ambitious  
views of neighbouring potentates, and so preserve the  
crown of St. Stephen, for the son of my departed friend;  
but there was no other man possessed of the vigilance  
and spirit of command that the necessities of that time  
required; a darkness loomed over the whole region, and



act of sin ; nevertheless the stings of conscience  
tear through the fibres of my soul, and  
more weeps tears of blood."

The regent goes on to narrate, how for years  
after the death of King John, the state of  
the country was such, as to render the publication of  
Beatrice's treason, a matter, so teeming with  
consequences pregnant with national convulsion, that Mar-  
quis de M... his making the discovery would be sub-  
ject to the very object, his concealment was meant to  
prevent. Then after noticing the abduction of the prin-  
cess, and knowing the place where she was to be found,  
after obtaining the requisite evidence, to ascertain and  
bring to light the principal party, the regent thus concluded :—  
I will forthwith betake me to the chateau near  
Paris where Prince Sigismund, the son of the late  
King and Isabella, at present resides, and having  
with me Count Rodna and the prince, to witness this  
proof of my innocence, I purpose, after making a  
record, depositing the record among certain other  
records, which, it will be necessary should be read,  
when it shall please Almighty God to call me from  
this probation ; and finally, since the state of the Prin-  
cess Beatrice's intellect will defend her from punish-  
ment, I can only solemnly adjure the states of Tran-  
sylvania, and Prince Sigismund, whose good, next to  
that of my country, I have consulted in this matter, not  
to visit the crime of the parent upon the unoffending  
head of my beloved child. If I shall be judged to have  
done aught memorable, or worthy of being engraven  
on the minds of living men, I wish not to have en-  
sculptured in cold and feeble imagery, my victories  
and my laws, for posterity to worship at my trophied  
tomb, but I bequeath the Lady Czerina, as a living  
escutcheon, to the country I have saved."

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The following table shows the results of the survey conducted in the year 1998. The data is presented in a tabular format, with the first column representing the year and the subsequent columns representing the different categories of the survey. The data is as follows:

| Year | Category 1 | Category 2 | Category 3 | Category 4 | Category 5 |
|------|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| 1998 | 12         | 15         | 18         | 20         | 22         |
| 1999 | 14         | 16         | 19         | 21         | 23         |
| 2000 | 16         | 18         | 21         | 23         | 25         |
| 2001 | 18         | 20         | 23         | 25         | 27         |
| 2002 | 20         | 22         | 25         | 27         | 29         |
| 2003 | 22         | 24         | 27         | 29         | 31         |
| 2004 | 24         | 26         | 29         | 31         | 33         |
| 2005 | 26         | 28         | 31         | 33         | 35         |
| 2006 | 28         | 30         | 33         | 35         | 37         |
| 2007 | 30         | 32         | 35         | 37         | 39         |
| 2008 | 32         | 34         | 37         | 39         | 41         |
| 2009 | 34         | 36         | 39         | 41         | 43         |
| 2010 | 36         | 38         | 41         | 43         | 45         |
| 2011 | 38         | 40         | 43         | 45         | 47         |
| 2012 | 40         | 42         | 45         | 47         | 49         |
| 2013 | 42         | 44         | 47         | 49         | 51         |
| 2014 | 44         | 46         | 49         | 51         | 53         |
| 2015 | 46         | 48         | 51         | 53         | 55         |
| 2016 | 48         | 50         | 53         | 55         | 57         |
| 2017 | 50         | 52         | 55         | 57         | 59         |
| 2018 | 52         | 54         | 57         | 59         | 61         |
| 2019 | 54         | 56         | 59         | 61         | 63         |
| 2020 | 56         | 58         | 61         | 63         | 65         |
| 2021 | 58         | 60         | 63         | 65         | 67         |
| 2022 | 60         | 62         | 65         | 67         | 69         |
| 2023 | 62         | 64         | 67         | 69         | 71         |
| 2024 | 64         | 66         | 69         | 71         | 73         |
| 2025 | 66         | 68         | 71         | 73         | 75         |
| 2026 | 68         | 70         | 73         | 75         | 77         |
| 2027 | 70         | 72         | 75         | 77         | 79         |
| 2028 | 72         | 74         | 77         | 79         | 81         |
| 2029 | 74         | 76         | 79         | 81         | 83         |
| 2030 | 76         | 78         | 81         | 83         | 85         |
| 2031 | 78         | 80         | 83         | 85         | 87         |
| 2032 | 80         | 82         | 85         | 87         | 89         |
| 2033 | 82         | 84         | 87         | 89         | 91         |
| 2034 | 84         | 86         | 89         | 91         | 93         |
| 2035 | 86         | 88         | 91         | 93         | 95         |
| 2036 | 88         | 90         | 93         | 95         | 97         |
| 2037 | 90         | 92         | 95         | 97         | 99         |
| 2038 | 92         | 94         | 97         | 99         | 101        |
| 2039 | 94         | 96         | 99         | 101        | 103        |
| 2040 | 96         | 98         | 101        | 103        | 105        |
| 2041 | 98         | 100        | 103        | 105        | 107        |
| 2042 | 100        | 102        | 105        | 107        | 109        |
| 2043 | 102        | 104        | 107        | 109        | 111        |
| 2044 | 104        | 106        | 109        | 111        | 113        |
| 2045 | 106        | 108        | 111        | 113        | 115        |
| 2046 | 108        | 110        | 113        | 115        | 117        |
| 2047 | 110        | 112        | 115        | 117        | 119        |
| 2048 | 112        | 114        | 117        | 119        | 121        |
| 2049 | 114        | 116        | 119        | 121        | 123        |
| 2050 | 116        | 118        | 121        | 123        | 125        |
| 2051 | 118        | 120        | 123        | 125        | 127        |
| 2052 | 120        | 122        | 125        | 127        | 129        |
| 2053 | 122        | 124        | 127        | 129        | 131        |
| 2054 | 124        | 126        | 129        | 131        | 133        |
| 2055 | 126        | 128        | 131        | 133        | 135        |
| 2056 | 128        | 130        | 133        | 135        | 137        |
| 2057 | 130        | 132        | 135        | 137        | 139        |
| 2058 | 132        | 134        | 137        | 139        | 141        |
| 2059 | 134        | 136        | 139        | 141        | 143        |
| 2060 | 136        | 138        | 141        | 143        | 145        |
| 2061 | 138        | 140        | 143        | 145        | 147        |
| 2062 | 140        | 142        | 145        | 147        | 149        |
| 2063 | 142        | 144        | 147        | 149        | 151        |
| 2064 | 144        | 146        | 149        | 151        | 153        |
| 2065 |            |            |            |            |            |



He have held his way through the storm, and  
 the times; but, wherefore, should Martinuzzi  
 boast of his owl strength, when there was no  
 in the state, capable of upholding the powers  
 left?

About this time, after serious cogitation, and  
 a long musing, believing that Sigismund's men-  
 tion rendered him for ever incapable to advance  
 the restoration originally contemplated, and  
 no other way to break the fall of Czerina, or to  
 either the discordant elements that composed the  
 of the state, that Martinuzzi first conceived the  
 conformably to the course which he found recom-  
 by his favourite philosopher,\* under such contin-  
 of taking the sovereignty upon himself, and per-  
 transmitting it to the Lady Czerina, in his right,  
 of in that of John of Zapola. The question was not  
 he and his daughter should retire into private  
 or gladly would Martinuzzi have embraced that  
 tive, but he could not, after Sigismund's malady  
 ended, decline the burden of government, without  
 g Transylvania one scene of commotion and blood-

The only point, which, owing to the state of  
 s, and the fortuitous concurrence of jostling cir-  
 cumstances, he had to decide, was by what title he would  
 ent to hold the sceptre. To promulge the treason  
 e princess, and retain the regency, by right of the  
 f Strigonia, would be to undermine the foundation of  
 authority, and were doubtfully to put off the evil day  
 anarchy, without any countervailing advantage. He  
 lived, therefore, to let matters take their course, to  
 e the earliest favourable occasion, himself to dethrone  
 daughter, and not to leave it after his death, for an  
 of duty or of treason, to rougher hands, to hurl her  
 n her greatness,—so that if any light should hereafter

\* Plato; see Dial. 6 De Repub.



mitted an act of sin ; nevertheless the stings of conscience penetrate through the fibres of my soul, and my sensible pore weeps tears of blood."

The instrument goes on to narrate, how for years subsequent to the death of King John, the state of affairs continued such, as to render the publication of Princess Beatrice's treason, a matter, so teeming with danger, and pregnant with national convulsion, that Maruzzi feared his making the discovery would be subversive of the very object, his concealment was meant to observe. Then after noticing the abduction of the princess, mentioning the place where she was to be found, and supplying the requisite evidence, to ascertain and identify the principal party, the regent thus concluded :—

" I shall forthwith betake me to the chateau near Coloswar, where Prince Sigismund, the son of the late King John and Isabella, at present resides, and having caused Count Rodna and the prince, to witness this eviction of my innocence, I purpose, after making a transcript, depositing the record among certain other memorials, which, it will be necessary should be read, whenever it shall please Almighty God to call me from my probation ; and finally, since the state of the Princess Beatrice's intellect will defend her from punishment, I can only solemnly adjure the states of Transylvania, and Prince Sigismund, whose good, next to that of my country, I have consulted in this matter, not to visit the crime of the parent upon the unoffending head of my beloved child. If I shall be judged to have done aught memorable, or worthy of being engraven on the minds of living men, I wish not to have ensculptured in cold and feeble imagery, my victories and my laws, for posterity to worship at my trophied tomb, but I bequeath the Lady Czerina, as a living escutcheon, to the country I have saved."

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The other memoranda accompanying this document were composed at sundry subsequent periods. One of these, referring to the death of Alicia, and professing the writer's previous ignorance of her attachment, attributes the detention of the maiden among the Cygans, (of which circumstance Martinuzzi was at the time unaware,) to Unna's apprehension of her betraying to the world, her knowledge of the transposition of the children. Martinuzzi's communication to Alicia, upon which she grounded her belief of his guilt, merely bore reference to her having to deliver his own child to Unna, to be conveyed away to Count Rodna.

A paper, written on first receiving information from Swartz of Sigismund's insanity, depicts the horror, with which this event overwhelmed Martinuzzi. The delicacy of his position became complicated in the extreme,—he contemplated in a few months disembarassing himself of the clouds of error and mystery, which, without a fault or error on his part, obstructed and obscured the walk of his soul, when this lamentable accident came to frustrate all his plans. — His child, besides, was now growing up to woman's estate, and his affection forbid his letting her build her nest upon the seat of kings, lest sovereignty should become her familiar; so that when he, at length, sought to reduce her to the level of a subject, he should find the accidents of royal state, incorporate with her being. The measure could not, with a prospective eye to the happiness of her future life, be much longer postponed,—and yet, how now could the announcement be made, and to what end? since according to the laws, the Palatine, or otherwise, that office being unoccupied, the archbishop of Strigonie, (which see Martinuzzi held,) was entitled and authorised to assume the regency. What good purpose could it answer to plunge the country into convulsion, by the promulgation of treason past, and irremediable? Prince Sigismund, under his auspices and the counsels of ministers of his choosing.

ght indeed, have held his way through the storm and dangers of the times; but, wherefore, should Martinuzzi weaken the basis of his own strength, when there was no other man in the state, capable of upholding the powers of government?

It was about this time, after serious cogitation, and much inward misgiving, believing that Sigismund's mental alienation rendered him for ever incapable to advantage, by the restitution originally contemplated, and seeing no other way to break the fall of Czerina, or to hold together the discordant elements that composed the fabric of the state, that Martinuzzi first conceived the idea,—conformably to the course which he found recommended by his favourite philosopher,\* under such contingency, of taking the sovereignty upon himself, and perhaps of transmitting it to the Lady Czerina, in his right, instead of in that of John of Zapola. The question was not whether he and his daughter should retire into private life: how gladly would Martinuzzi have embraced that alternative, but he could not, after Sigismund's malady intervened, decline the burden of government, without making Transylvania one scene of commotion and bloodshed. The only point, which, owing to the state of parties, and the fortuitous concurrence of jostling circumstances, he had to decide, was by what title he would consent to hold the sceptre. To promulge the treason of the princess, and retain the regency, by right of the see of Strigonie, would be to undermine the foundation of his authority, and were doubtfully to put off the evil day of anarchy, without any countervailing advantage. He resolved, therefore, to let matters take their course, to seize the earliest favourable occasion, himself to dethrone his daughter, and not to leave it after his death, for an act of duty or of treason, to rougher hands, to hurl her from her greatness,—so that if any light should hereafter

\* Plato; see Dial. 6 De Repub.



sition. Although he became not cognizant of the existence of a son of John of Zapola, Ragotzy learned enough, in ascertaining the rottenness of our heroine's title, to embitter the moments of her father, till, as his victim declared to him, in an early manuscript, it would have been a mercy had he cut direct into his heart with a quick steel, so he had perished once, and felt not death dropping for ever from his perjured lips.

Meanwhile, as circumstances seemed to increase the chances of a discovery, which were it brought about by the interference of others, Martinuzzi felt that hardly any explanation, which he could give, would suffice to retrieve his character, his longing desire, that at least, his daughter should be placed beyond the reach of a single contretemps daily augmented, but up to the date of the opening of our story, no opportunity had presented itself of accomplishing his wishes.

With every year's delay, the difficulty attendant on the *coup d'etat* he meditated, became greater, and the risk to the peace of mind of Czerina, were he suddenly to dis sever her from all those associations and habits of royalty, in which she had been nourished and brought up, grew critically imminent. He would have confessed to her the facts of her involuntary usurpation, and so gently prepared her for the fall from power, which he believed, sooner or later, inevitable, but he was apprehensive, that her pride would disdain to any longer arrogate honors, to which she knew she had no real claim; and thus his premature revelation would tend to precipitate the universal anarchy he had hitherto warded off. He could only, therefore, break the impending blow, by causing those reports of his design, at no distant period, to make himself king, to reach her ears through so many and various channels, that she could hardly fail to believe they had some foundation; and, by his stern and inflexible deportment, during their hours of business or intercourse (wherein sometimes he found it a hardness to

dissemble), to render the idea of state details and cares, rather irksome than agreeable to the imagination.

This proceeding, so far as it tamed down any overweening hopes, of what the future had in store for her, answered the desired end; but the breath of rumour struck chill upon our heroine, as all the winds of winter had thrown cold upon her heart; and the presence of her guardian, indescribably stately, solemn, and reserved, came, like a spell of power, to whisper, in melancholy accents, his fascinated and unhappy child to marble. His temper, moreover, at every fresh meeting, seemed to grow more unequal; for his momentary liability to disgrace, from the false motives, which would be sure to be imputed to him, in the event of an exposure, wrought upon his delicate sensibility, and nice sense of honour, even, as we have seen, to the verge of madness. — “Ah! quelle grande victime se sacrifie au bien public.”\*

This state of irritable emotion, and susceptibility to every casual impression, found of late, fresh food in an occurrence, which we cursorily noticed in our earlier manuscripts. Pereny, in the guise of Father Dominick, picked up, on the ramparts of the citadel, a note, which Swartz had dropped, addressed to his pseudo-keeper from the Richter Iwan. The graf immediately laid it before Martinuzzi, in whose mind, it was what first suggested the possibility, of that man's having betrayed him, — a suspicion, which appeared to receive confirmation, soon after, by his flight. This incident completed the turmoil and distraction, in the secret depths of Martinuzzi's soul. He offered a considerable reward for the apprehension of the keeper, though it would have been difficult for him to have explained what was his object; and his marked trepidation upon this subject, and evident desire to seize upon

\* Bossuet.



artz's person, he was at the pains to interpret to Pereny and others, by imputing to that man treasonable practices against the state, — an allegation which failed to impose upon Pereny, who surmised what were the real causes of Martinuzzi's unwonted manifestations of anxiety.

Then followed the obtrusion of the Duke of Eissenburg; and the startling discovery of that noble's being in possession of the secret of Alicia's confession, which, as an *ex parte* statement, involved such weighty charges against Martinuzzi's honour. What wonder that his starts of horror, passion, and affright, lest the world should be surreptitiously instructed in regard to those transactions, and so, upon plausible evidence, conceive him capable of guilt of such a die, should have all the sensitive character, and fierce colouring, proper to the paroxysms of the real criminal, similarly circumstanced?

The same observation applies to his last interview with Pereny; and, on that occasion, to such a degree was his mind upset, that it was not until the gentle influence of a communion with Heaven had allayed his spirit to peace, that the thought of the redemption, contained in the fact of Sigismund's not being insane, fell, like a ray of light, upon the dark and troubled waters of his soul. He instantaneously conceived the course of action, it behoved him to pursue, and, the same night, he achieved his object, with his wonted Nelson-like audacity. The heir of the kingdom once in his custody, it was his intention to submit for his consideration, a copy of the narrative, which he had lost, containing the evidence of Sigismund's title, together with the several supplements which went to elucidate the motive of his (Martinuzzi's) subsequent conduct. The timely recovery of the missing document, he trusted, would put his innocence of purpose to a proof, which would not admit of the shadow of a doubt, and in this hope he left our hero, to peruse, in

SECRET

[illegible]



"*Alas!*" in those moments, the body of the dead king was covered, and Sigismund rested in the arms of the queen maternal and paternal, as if he were still alive.

"*A curse on Hungary!*" and numbers of Bohemians shouted, Martinuzzi, collecting his last expiring breath in his arms — "revenge the son of John the Good, on the House of Habsburg! He is your king — I acknowledge his claim — he will crown all in your land — and I love him — Sigismund —" and Martinuzzi pressed his arms round with the convulsive energy of a dying man. "He will save my honour — and cheer me — will you not — in Hungary — in Europe — in the whole world — I protest. My name will not be treated with contempt — it will not be long — my country — my house — Sigismund my king —" These were the last words of George Martinuzzi — "Revenge of yours now, great queen of France, for John the Good!"

As Ferraro, in a state of mind which may be imagined, but which we will not seek to describe, was being borne out of the cathedral gates under the escort of his guards, a voice whispered in his ear. He turned his head, and his eye was transfixed by the flashing lance of Isabella's domineering smile.

"*Know you?*" she asked — "what caused the death of your injured father?"

"*Alas!*" said Ferraro.

"*I know her name — you — you, Ferraro, who have just called her father. Now, tell me the story,*" and taking the last domineering glance upon her victim, which rendered his inward the injury deeper, passed on, in imperious triumph... a triumph which none could

and which the reader, pitying, not condemning, transitory passions of humanity, must leave her to, as she can, with her God.

Castaldo found means, during the conflagration, to escape from the palace; and, on learning that Martini ( " de scitu et mandata Ferdinandi " ) was slain, he, conscience stricken, from Hermanstadt.\*

On the night succeeding the following day, an Emir, attended by a small train of followers, rode up to the apartments, and requested speech of Iwan. He was admitted, and our hero advanced to welcome him to Hermanstadt, with every demonstration of respect.

" I make this visit," said the Ottoman, after a short previous parley, " with the view of acknowledging that vast obligation, under which you once laid me, by preserving my life."

Iwan looked surprised.

The Emir paused; but, presently, thus proceeded:—  
 " It is contrary to our institutions, you must be informed, for the sultan to sojourn within the walls of any var, or city, but what is his own, by right of conquest, or inheritance; so, on a late occasion, I found myself under the necessity of bivouacking without these walls, while the greater part of my retinue, pitched their pavilions upon the site of certain dilapidated demesnes, within an arrow's flight of this citadel. In preparing the foundations of their temporary residence, certain of my followers lit upon this casket, and straightwise brought it to me. Accept it at my hands:" and the speaker presented Sigismund with an iron box. " You will find it to contain the only gift, worthy of Sultan Solymán to make, to the son of his fast friend, John of Zapola;—THE

\* Castaldus vixdum patrato facinore, sibi male metuens, festinus cibinium abiit omnesque cogitationes in se ipso, si quid forte turbaram a Transilvaniis Georgii Martinusii nece efferatis, incidiasit.

CROWN OF ST. STEPHEN—THE REGALIA OF HUNGARY!—"I will be with you at your coronation."

The body of Cardinal Martinuzzi was interred with great pomp and solemnity, in the cathedral of Alba Julia, whither it was conveyed in sumptuous state, amidst the tears and lamentations of the whole province. The mightiest in the land, were proud to bear his hearse: and as the long-drawn funeral train, mid the stately tapers, the passing knell, the swelling anthem, and requiem of chaunting litanies, moved through the shadowy aisle, the eye missed nothing of glory in his sad solemnities, *save himself alone*.† His ashes repose by the side of those of the greatest man, next himself, that Hungary ever produced, the famous John Huniades Corvin.

For months after the celebration of his obsequies, there was a confluence of people from all parts, to Alba Julia, to behold the sepulchre of their beloved regent, with his particular trophies suspended over it. There divers miracles were wrought, and, from dawn of day till nightfall, the holy crypt was crowded.

One afternoon, towards twilight, an aged female, tall, and closely enveloped in her mantle, was heard to laugh hysterically, as she joined the group, assembled round the sepulchre. No notice was taken; but the next morning, upon flocking to the spot, as usual, the people were startled to discover a human form, stretched stiff and lifeless, at the base of Martinuzzi's monument. It proved to be that of the same ancient woman, who,

\* The loss of this sacred relic; its having fallen into the hands of Solyman, and been by him restored to Sigismund, are so many "événemens d'histoire" recorded by P. de Reva, cent. vi.

† "Et rien enfin ne manque dans tous ces honneurs, que celui à qui on les rend."—Bousset.

‡ This monument, with its truism of "Moriendum est omnibus," still exists.

ne accident, must have been shut within the church, the doors were closed on the overnight. She had dead some hours. She was buried just without north transept of the sacred edifice; and over her was placed, soon after, a plain tablet, having a Latin inscription, to the following purpose:—

TO UNNA,

RELICT OF THOMAS POLGAR,

LEADER OF FIVE HUNDRED TENTS OF GIPSIES,

THIS STONE IS ERECTED,

IN GRATITUDE FOR LIFE PRESERVED, IN CHILDHOOD;

BY VERONICA,

QUEEN OF HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA.

THE END.





## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader, whose previous knowledge of the history of our story, will probably have been derived from the pages of Robertson, Coxe, and Knolles, may be apt to conclude, that we are wholly unwarranted in substituting a daughter of Martinuzzi, to so conspicuous and exalted a station, as that in which we have introduced our heroine.

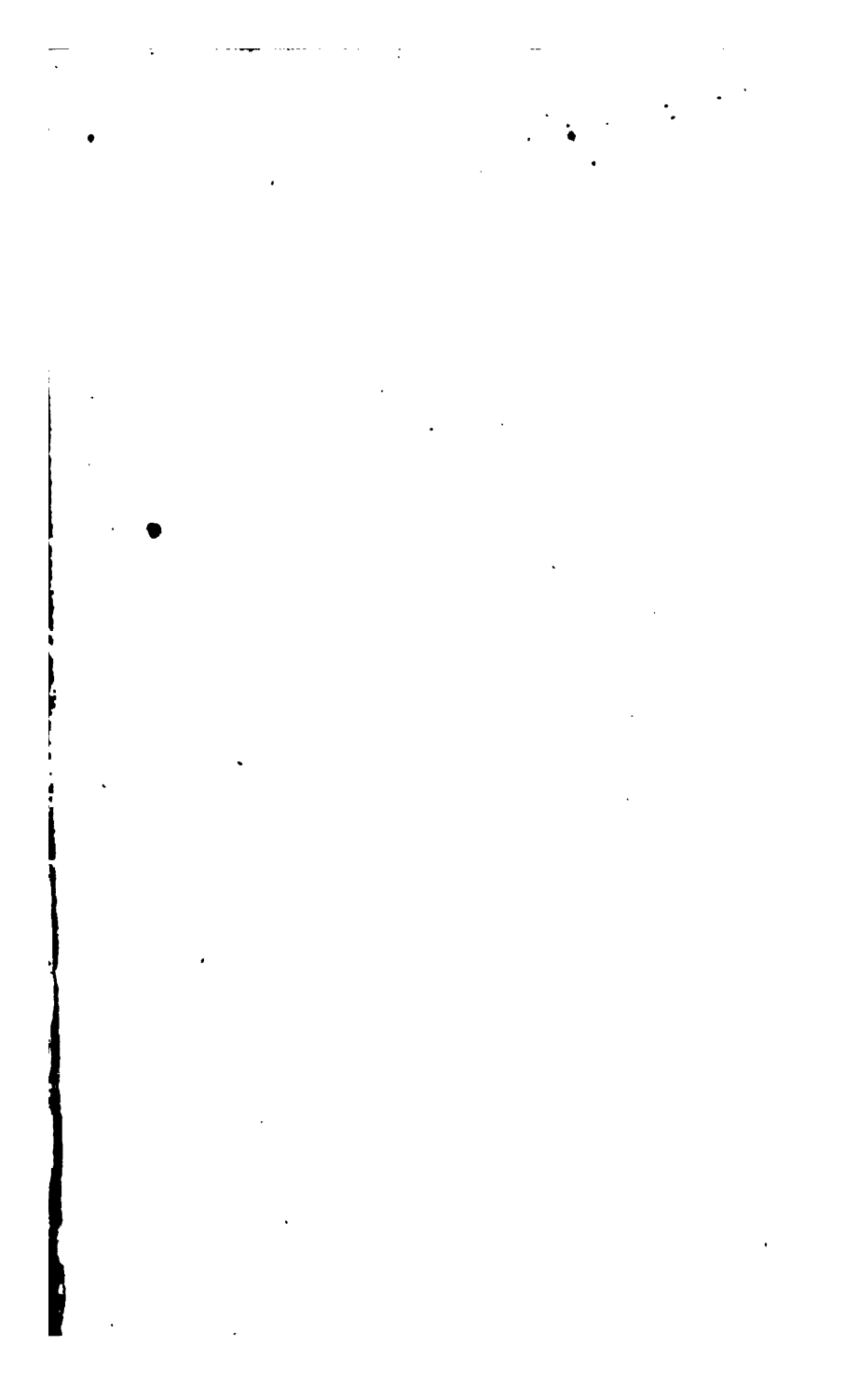
We can produce, however, good authority for our apparent disregard of the frontier line, which separates historical truths from the traditions of the legendary, or the fictions of the romancer.

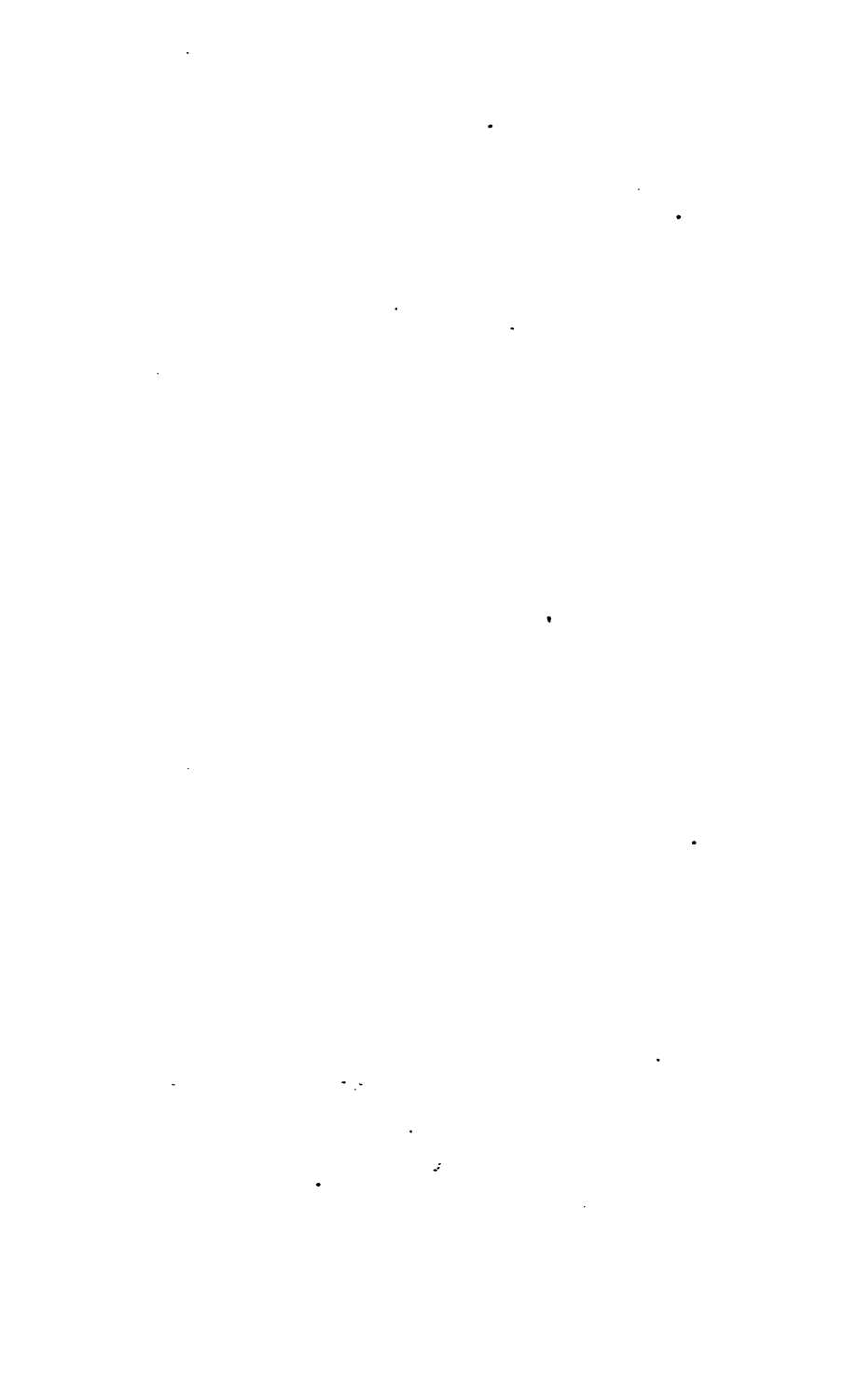
See Michael Brutus, *Epistola ad Berzeniacum*, p. 236, and Franciscus Forgachius, who (l. i. p. 35, 36, "*inter occultas Martinusii destinationes*," ) has recorded the "*arcana consilia*," which make the foundation of our tale.

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